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Collier's

JULY 9, 1949
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NEW REBEL YELL IN DIXIE

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July 9, 1949

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Provides the magic for matchless mixing!

DIXIE BELLE

Your drinks gain bright, enticing flavor and rare smoothness with this finer gin. Distilled from finest imported fruits, herbs and berries.

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THE IRIS
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"Try the IPANA way—dentists say it works!"

. . . say dance stars Marge and Gower Champion—who show how it can work for your smile

Taking a bow! Marge and Gower Champion's dazzling dances—and smiles—have really paid off! A starring role before the television camera is their latest triumph.

"We know how important firm, healthy gums are to sparkling smiles," Marge explains. "So we follow the *Ipana* way to healthier gums and brighter teeth—*because dentists say it works!*" Try this professionally approved Ipana dental care yourself—see what it can do for *your* smile . . .

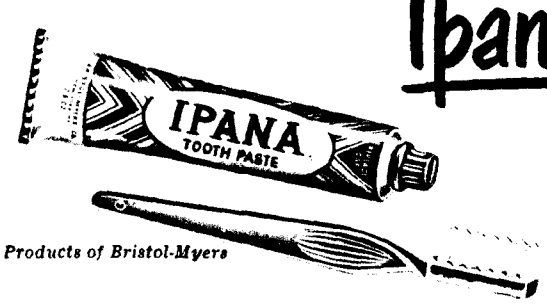
Marge demonstrates the Ipana way—so pleasant, and easy as 1, 2:

1. *Between regular visits to your dentist,* brush all tooth surfaces with Ipana Tooth Paste at least twice a day.
2. Then massage gums the way your dentist advises—to stimulate gum circulation. (Ipana's unique formula actually helps stimulate your gums. You can *feel* the invigorating tingle!)

Do this regularly for healthier gums, brighter teeth—an *Ipana* smile. Ipana's extra-refreshing flavor leaves your breath cleaner, your mouth fresher, too. Ask *your* dentist about Ipana and massage. Remember, a good dentifrice, like a good dentist, is *never* a luxury—so switch to Ipana today!

YES, 8 OUT OF 10 DENTISTS SAY:

Ipana dental care promotes Healthier gums, brighter teeth*



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July 9, 1949

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Week's Mail

Palomar Quiz

EDITOR: How can you publish so much material about the new Palomar telescope (Behold, The Universe!, May 7th) without showing or discussing any pictures of the moon or Mars?

LIONEL GOODWIN, Laguna Beach, Cal.

Mars, as explained in Mr. Woodbury's article, will not be in a good position for a careful look until 1954. As for the moon, the Hale telescope is a specialized instrument which is not designed for near-by work. As good a picture of the moon could be taken through a smaller telescope.

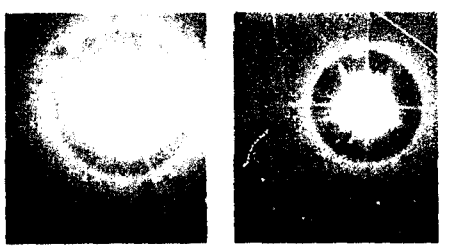
. . . The thought that first hits this Constant Reader, after the admirable Palomar telescope articles, is: What will happen to all these years of development and installation, when the next temblor (Californiese for earthquake) knocks it slightly off its trolley? DON F. KENNEDY, Detroit, Mich.

The Palomar observatory is built on a deep-seated rock formation, similar to the one supporting the observatory on Mount Wilson. The latter has never recorded a noticeable quake since it was built in 1903.

. . . I wish to thank Collier's for the first Palomar pictures, but would like to ask one question. Why does the near star appear larger and closer in the photograph made by the 100-inch telescope than in the one made by the new 200-incher?

W. C. PARIS, Dyersburg, Tenn.

It's a matter of photographic plates, not telescopes. What appears to be size in the picture made by the smaller instrument is scattered light. The plate in the 200-inch telescope's camera was treated to eliminate this diffusion.



Same star through the 100-inch (left) and 200-inch telescopes. The bigger one is really smaller!

. . . In his erudite article, The Men of Palomar, Mr. Lagemann does Dr. Fritz Zwicky too much credit in ascribing to him a scoop on "atomic fusion."

"Atomic fusion" is a phenomenon that materializes during the fifth highball, after which it becomes a true chain reaction and whirls dizzily through space, mingling happily with nuclear fusion, atomic diffusion and astronomical confusion.

GEORGE W. COX, Detroit, Mich.

Labor not under a delusion (or delission)—atoms fuse as well as fiss.

. . . I should like to express my appreciation of the magnificent job you have done in describing the Palomar observatory and its work, and in the publication of the first photographs taken with this mighty instrument.

I would like to call attention, however, to an omission in the roster of distinguished scientists shown and mentioned—the name of the late great Dr. Russell Porter.

Dr. Porter was associated with the Palomar project, since its inception, as an astronomer, engineering designer and artist.

I think that this wonderful man should be more widely known and appreciated, and I believe that Collier's would be rendering a

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Some hopeful facts about ALLERGIES

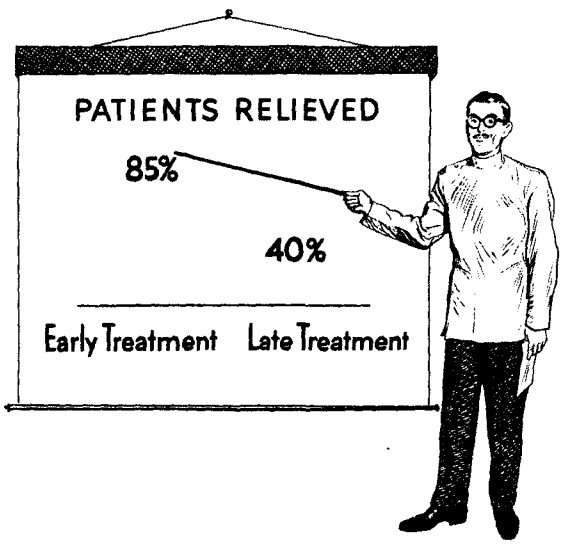
IT HAS BEEN estimated that one out of every two people in our country suffers, or has suffered, from an allergy. These people are unusually sensitive to certain things which are harmless to the average person.

Plants, dust, animals, foods, drugs, chemicals and bacteria are among the most common causes of allergic disorders. When susceptible persons come in contact with these troublemakers, it is thought that a substance called *histamine* is released by the body into the blood stream. This in turn may lead to sneezing attacks, skin rashes, digestive upsets or more serious conditions.

Fortunately, recent developments by medical science make it possible for the doctor to do more than ever before to relieve allergies. New drugs, known as anti-histaminics, are helpful in many cases, especially those caused by substances which are inhaled. This includes hay fever which alone attacks some three and one half million people each year.

The doctor may recommend injections of the allergy-causing substance to help build up resistance to it. He may also suggest steps for avoiding or lessening contact with the troublemaker.

Recent research has shown that some allergic conditions improve when the patient is helped to resolve emotional conflicts. Today, authorities say that, with proper medical care, 3 out of 4 allergy victims can be greatly helped.



For the best results, treatment to increase resistance should be started in advance of exposure to the causes of allergy. Hay fever treatments, for example, are more than twice as effective when given before the pollen season starts rather than after.

There is still no "sure cure" for allergies, but patients who maintain close and continued co-operation with the doctor have the best chance for a great measure of relief. To learn more facts about allergies, write for a copy of Metropolitan's free booklet, 89-C, "Allergic To What?"

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ATHLETE'S FOOT MISERY?

ABSORBINE JR.'S "WET-DRY" ACTION BRINGS RELIEF!

Absorbine Jr.'s "Wet-Dry" action helps relieve Athlete's Foot in two ways!

First, Absorbine Jr.'s "wetting" action cleanses the area of infection by removing dead skin and dissolving the stale perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot micro-organisms thrive. This allows Absorbine Jr.'s active ingredients to contact and kill all of the Athlete's Foot micro-organisms it can reach.

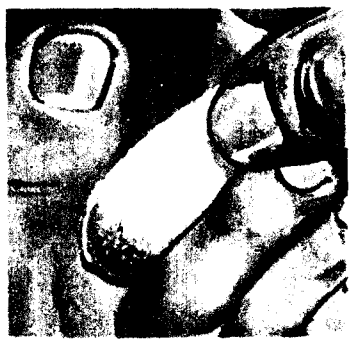
Second, Absorbine Jr.'s "drying" action between the toes inhibits the growth of infecting micro-organisms. Absorbine Jr.'s "Wet-Dry" action helps to heal the open cracks and promotes regrowth of a smooth unbroken skin barrier against reinfection!

When tested clinically under strictly controlled conditions, Absorbine Jr. proved successful in 3 out of 4 cases!

Caution: In severe cases of Athlete's Foot it is not possible for Absorbine Jr. to reach and kill all of the Athlete's Foot micro-organisms. If your own case of Athlete's Foot persists after using Absorbine Jr. as directed, consult your physician.

Guard Against Reinfection: Don't share towels or bathmats. Boil socks at least 15 minutes to kill the micro-organisms. Get your Absorbine Jr. at any drugstore today . . . $1.25 a bottle.

Examine the skin between your toes tonight. When cracks appear between your toes it means that Athlete's Foot micro-organisms can strike. It's time for Absorbine Jr.



Pass a swab of cotton soaked in Absorbine Jr. between the toes. Its "wetting" action removes the flaky dead skin and dissolves the stale perspiration products on which Athlete's Foot micro-organisms thrive.

"Rinse" between the toes with Absorbine Jr. full strength. Its rapidly evaporating ingredients dry the skin between the toes to inhibit growth of Athlete's Foot micro-organisms. Absorbine Jr.'s "Wet-Dry" action helps heal broken tissue, thus promoting a smooth unbroken skin barrier against reinfection.

Look for cracks between the toes tonight

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ABSORBINE JR.

service to humanity by publishing a series of articles on the life of Dr. Russell Porter. I need hardly add that such a series would make fascinating reading.

JOHN SCOTT CAMPBELL, Pasadena, Cal.

David O. Woodbury replies: "Dr. Porter was an intimate friend of mine and I would have liked to have mentioned him. But, as the article dealt mainly with the future of the instrument, it just wasn't his story."

. . . In your wonderful illustrated article on the Palomar observatory, David O. Woodbury uses the following language: ". . . today, the first message from continents of stars so frighteningly far away that they may actually be at the ends of space."

Suppose that Mr. Woodbury were "at the ends of space." What would he find there: a stone wall or a jumping-off place? If a jumping-off place, what would he jump into except space?

S. M. MANN, M.D., National City, Cal.

Although Dr. Einstein and some others believe that there is a mathematical possibility that space has an end, Author Woodbury was writing with poetic license rather than with mathematical precision. Since an end of space is beyond human comprehension, maybe we'd better forget the whole thing.

Sorry!

EDITOR: Your article, I Flew for Israel, by Julian Swing (Apr. 30th) has an introductory statement which reads in part:

"A veteran of our Air Force with Jewish blood tells why he fought for Israel . . ."

Please be reminded that, as every anthropologist and biologist knows, there is no such thing as Jewish blood.

ABRAHAM F. CITRON, New York, N. Y.

Mr. Citron is entirely right, of course. We apologize for a stupid error.

What Ails Them?

EDITOR: Congratulations on your wee editorial, Leave Us In Too, Henry (May 28th). Today is the day for honest Americans who believe in their country to ask what's the matter with these people who seem to feel there's nothing, absolutely nothing, good about America!

SEYMOUR POND,
Cooper Station, New York

Heroic Lesson

EDITOR: My Child Is a Diabetic, by Camille Macaulay (June 11th), is a true picture of the mental qualms experienced by the mother of a diabetic child. The heroic approach of a devoted mother in meeting the realities of a prospective lifelong affliction in her child should carry a lesson in conduct to all parents in similar plight.

The "namby-pamby" type of mother cannot possibly meet the "all-or-nothing" challenge presented by the diabetic child. The destiny of Cathy rests truly in her mother's hands. She is doing a fine job.

GEORGE E. ANDERSON, M.D., Secretary of
The American Diabetes Association

Federal Help in Curbing Crashes

EDITOR: I have just read your article, Kid Killers at the Wheel (May 28th), in which three recommendations were made for cutting down the teen-ager accident rate:

1. More free driving facilities.
2. Better enforcement of traffic laws.
3. Making parents more aware of their responsibility toward teen-age drivers.

I would like to add that there are three main reasons why such a program may not be widely practiced.

1. Free driving schools are few and far between, and the publicity given such schools amounts to nothing; moreover, small towns would need state aid for such a program, and many states are too penny-pinching to help much.

2. Most of the local voters drive cars. This is a factor which causes local public officials, lawmakers and judges to be ridiculously lenient in the enforcement of the law.

3. Teen-agers, that really need parental help, think that their parents are old-fashioned, and so they drive as they please.

This is not mere criticism, for I think that the author's first two suggestions can be improved in this way:

1. *Federal aid* for our many towns which may desire driving instruction facilities for the public.

2. *Federal enforcement* of the traffic laws, divorced from local politics.

FRANK O. DOLEZAL, San Francisco, Cal.

Baked Alaska?

EDITOR: Re Pat Frank's New Jobs for Liberty Ships (Apr. 30th): If an area is "too cold for human habitation" are the 35,000 souls that live there inhuman?

Would you please inform Mr. Frank that approximately 35,000 people call the Cook Inlet area of Alaska their home, and, from where I sit, they seem to be human.

However, I am very glad that I found out that the "Cook Inlet area" is uninhabitable —I will move out of it immediately.

ROBERT O. HOSCHOUER,
Anchorage, Alaska

A Plea for Premedics

EDITOR: In your editorial Medicine and Politics Don't Mix (May 14th), I read: "We think the American standard of living is the highest in the world because every ambitious child is free to develop all his capabilities and to get paid for his services. We see no reason to exclude doctors from the benefits of a free enterprise system." The unqualified statement of what every ambitious child is free to do is distinctly untrue! It will remain untrue until the educational opportunities it involves are available to every ambitious child without regard to ability to pay.

My sister will be graduated from Oberlin College in June, receiving an A.B. degree with a major in zoology-premed. She has attended two summer sessions while holding a nearly full-time office job, and has earned from half to two thirds of her board each semester. Her grades have been excellent and she has been on a scholarship this year. She has been admitted for training in physiotherapy at Northwestern.

Our father is a Congregational minister, a not very highly remunerative occupation. It is doubtful under the circumstances whether my sister can "develop her capabilities" to the full. We could not both have been in college at the same time if I had not been assisted by the G.I. bill.

Do you see some reason to exclude *potential* doctors from the benefits of the free enterprise system?

WILLIAM R. CATTON, JR., Oberlin, Ohio

Disgust & Shudders

EDITOR: Imagine the thoughts in the minds of young people after reading I Was King of the Safecrackers (May 21st-June 18th).

I am disgusted with the editors of Collier's for not having the foresight to see what such an article will do to the "potential" juvenile delinquents.

They are going to learn a little of the thrill and want more, thinking they can beat the cops where Mr. Wilson failed.

MRS. GLENN GRIBBLE, Austin, Minn.

. . . I am allergic to honest toil. Even when I hear or read the word toil I shudder (I've already shuddered twice while writing this).

I wish to become a successful safecracker. Will you please furnish me with the address of the "old master"? Before starting my new career I would like to have some useful hints.

I intend to play it safe and will retire as soon as the "take" reaches $500,000. As I am unmarried and over sixty, and neither drink, smoke, gamble nor chase fire engines, half a million will, I'm sure, keep me in comfort and, I hope, cure me of shuddering.

EDWARD ORPEN, Toronto, Ont.

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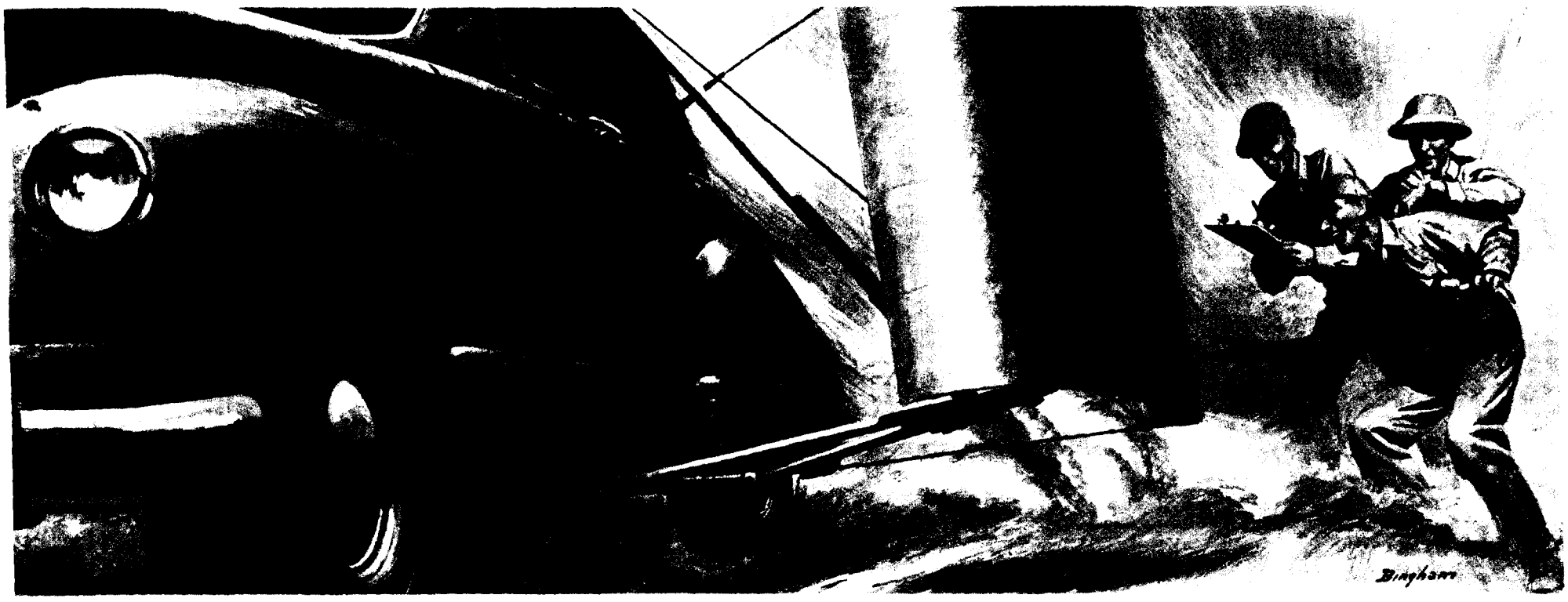
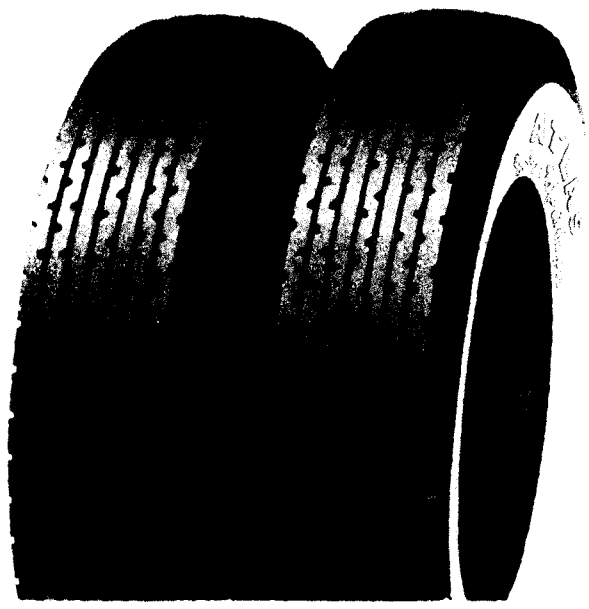
Why ATLAS Tires test best among 5 leading brands



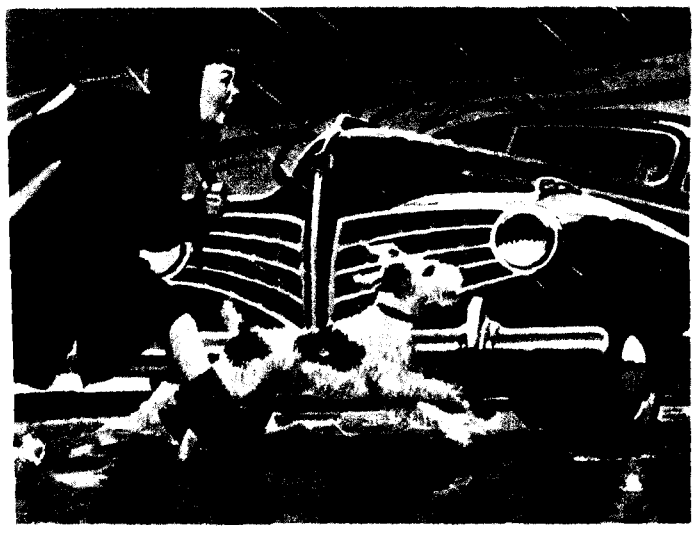
In our grueling tests of America's 5 leading tire brands, Atlas was first! Atlas tires stood up longest, tested best—at high speeds, over rough, rocky roads and in the searing heat of deserts.



2. Tests included Atlas Grip-Safe* and low-pressure Cushionaire* Tires, shown above. Both contain the new "cold" rubber and special abrasion-resistant carbon black.

3. All tires, wheels and drivers were rotated to assure fairness. Wheel alignment on all test cars was checked twice daily.

4. Tests bear out experience had with Atlas tires on some of the world's largest fleets of cars and trucks, driving millions of miles a year in all weather and road conditions.



5. The wide, flat Atlas tread with deep grooves and hundreds of anti-skid edges, is designed for greater mileage—*and* greater driving safety.

6. The broad Warranty on Atlas tires is honored 7 days a week by 38,000 dealers in 48 states. Honored in Canada, too.

7. See your local Atlas dealer for outstanding value.

No Greater Service Anywhere

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Her eyes light up for the man with P.A.*

● Pipe Appeal—that extra-masculine attractiveness that appeals to the ladies—is an added advantage of the pipe-smoking man. And with Prince Albert in his pipe, a man has a smoke that's rich-tasting and mild.

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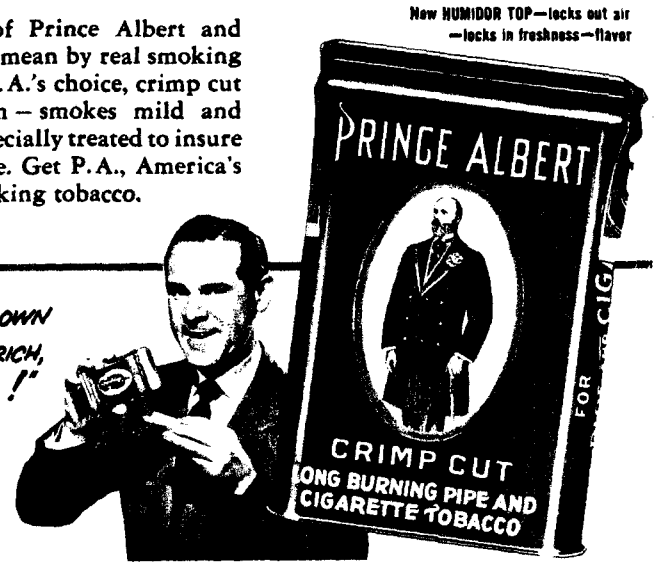
P.A.* means Pipe Appeal
P.A.* means Prince Albert

Light a pipeful of Prince Albert and you'll see what we mean by real smoking joy and comfort. P. A.'s choice, crimp cut tobacco tastes rich — smokes mild and tongue-easy. It's specially treated to insure against tongue bite. Get P. A., America's largest-selling smoking tobacco.

New HUMIDOR TOP—locks out air —locks in freshness—flavor

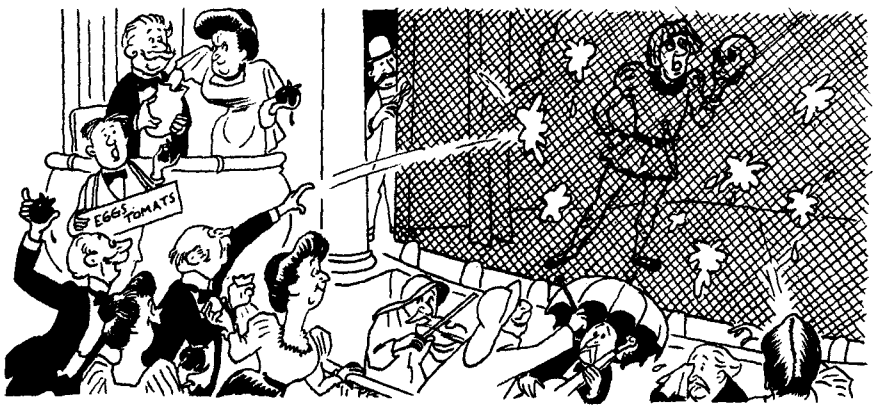


"TRY ROLLING YOUR OWN CIGARETTES WITH RICH, TONGUE-EASY P.A.!"

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER



BO BROWN

America's most determined ham actor was James Owen O'Conor of New York who, upon inheriting a small fortune in 1887 at the age of thirty-eight, dropped his law practice to become a tragedian. As the backer and star of his own company, he presented Shakespeare's plays from coast to coast until his money gave out four years later. O'Conor was convinced that his acting had never been equaled and his audiences agreed with him. They came only to jeer, catcall, and throw elderly eggs and tomatoes, from which he had to be protected throughout his career by a wire screen stretched across the front of the stage.

A new-type light bulb, the size and shape of a small dumbbell and visible for half a mile, uses no electricity. The glow is produced by the reaction between mercury and phosphorescent substances. The bulb lights up when it is shaken and will burn indefinitely—as long as it is agitated. It has numerous uses on moving objects such as vehicles, small boats and canes for the blind.

After years of patient work, a London artist completed in the early 1930s a singular miniature portrait of King George V which can be seen only through reflection. Executed on a canvas two feet square, the work is a meaningless, crescent-shaped jumble of form and color. But when it is laid on a table and a shining silver pillar, one inch in diameter and four inches high, is placed midway between the points of the crescent, the formless mass is gathered up and reflected by the pillar as a locket-sized picture. The detail is so perfect that the king's medals are easily distinguished.

Every wellborn married woman in 18th-century Italy employed a male companion who escorted her nearly everywhere and whose connection with the lady was approved by her husband as well as society.

One morning, in 1705, some fishermen on the beach of West Hartlepool, England, noticed a rowboat come ashore and a peculiar character climb out. As Britain was at war with France at the time, the men became suspicious and captured the stranger. The villagers refused to be deceived by his hairy disguise and odd gibberish. So the fellow was tried by court-martial, found guilty and hanged as a French spy. These people did not know for some time that their "spy" was an ape and that it had been the mascot and sole survivor of a ship wrecked off their coast.

Probably no stunt staged by the tightrope walker Blondin, who performed over Niagara Falls in 1859 and 1860, frightened his spectators more than a night act in which he would walk out on a rope illuminated by locomotive headlights. When he got halfway across—where the rope sagged and swayed dangerously—the lights would be extinguished and Blondin would continue on over the other 650 feet in pitch darkness.

On the island of Bali in the Java Sea, from five to ten girls eight years of age occasionally perform a strange, nocturnal ritual called The Dance of the Sleeping Children. After being put into a narcotic trance, the girls are carried onto the stage and placed in position. Then, in time with the accompanying music, the youngsters dance for half an hour in their nearly unconscious state, moving all parts of their bodies except their feet.

Few of man's abnormal conditions are more incredible than astereognosis, the inability to recognize the shape of an object by the sense of touch alone. For example, an afflicted person, when blindfolded, cannot tell whether he is handling a pencil, a pitcher or a pineapple.

Between 1752 and 1834, England not only had about 200 crimes that were punishable by hanging, but the country also extensively practiced gibbeting. This was to erect a gibbet, a gallowslike pole, near the scene of the crime and suspend from it in chains for some time the body of the executed criminal to serve as a warning. Thus, gibbets with dead men became so common and such an accepted part of the scenery that artists painted them into their landscapes.

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"Why do men keep business secrets from their wives?"

ASKED ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW

"THAT's an easy one to answer!" chortled Elmer, the bull. "Men keep secrets from their wives because women are too nosey. What do women know about business anyhow?"

"Husbands must think women know something," smiled Elsie, the Borden Cow, "or so many of them wouldn't turn their salaries over to wives to spend."

"Spend, spend, *spend!*" ranted Elmer. "That's *all* women know about business! You don't know how hard it is to *make* the green backs you spend!"

"And we'll never know," said Elsie, "if our men don't tell us. Seriously, a wife who's smart enough to feed her family a proper diet—which

includes plenty of *Borden's Milk*—might be smart enough to offer a helpful business suggestion."

"A fine lot of help you'd be to a busy husband, woman," mimicked Elmer, "dragging Borden's Milk in at the wrong time."

"*Any* time is the *right* time to talk about Borden's Milk, dear," protested Elsie. "We all need the wonderful things that Borden's Milk supplies. I mean vitamins, minerals, protein—"

"I wish you'd forget Borden's Milk," groaned Elmer. "No woman with a family to feed should *ever* forget the *extra* nourishment Borden's Milk adds to meals. She should *remember* to serve lots of dishes made with milk. *Penny for penny, your best food buy is milk,* you know."

"I'll say one thing for *you,*" groaned Elmer. "You don't keep any secrets about Borden's from me—or anybody else!"

"Why should I?" asked Elsie. "I'd feel I wasn't doing right by other wives if I didn't tell every one I met about *Borden's Hemo,* the wonderful chocolaty food drink that's teeming with vitamins and minerals."

"*Go on!* Rave on, if you're more interested in Hemo than you are in my business!" fumed Elmer.

"Then you *are* going to talk things over with me!" cried Elsie. "I think that's wonderful!"

"And I think it's a mistake!" muttered Elmer. "Women are no good at figures!"

"A woman doesn't have to be good at figures," said Elsie, "to appreciate how fine Hemo is for a child's critical growing years! Just one glass of Hemo gives you the Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs *plus* the B_1 in 4 slices of whole wheat bread *plus* the niacin in 3 servings of carrots—"

"PLUS the Iron in ½ pound of beef," continued Elsie breathlessly, "*plus* the Calcium and Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green vegetables *combined.*"

"Not one more word about Hemo!" warned Elmer.

"Then," laughed Elsie. "I'll say *eight* words about Borden's—*if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*"

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Why take it with you?

GOOD NEWS FOR SMOKERS!—A new, pure-white tooth paste with Lusterfoam that attacks tobacco stain and off-color breath.

Don't kid yourself about "tobacco mouth"—it's as real as the stain on a chain smoker's fingers!

But your tongue can tell! (You can "taste" an odor.) And your dentist knows when he cleans your teeth. And your friends *might* notice . . . *you* know.

But they won't point the finger at you (after you've left the room of course) if you're a regular user of Listerine Tooth Paste. Here's why—

It contains *Lusterfoam*—a special ingredient that actually *foams* cleaning and polishing agents over your teeth . . . into the crevices—removes fresh stain before it gets a chance to "set" . . . whisks away that odor-making tobacco debris!

See for yourself how Listerine Tooth Paste with *Lusterfoam* freshens your mouth and your breath! Get a tube and make sure that wherever you go—you won't take "tobacco mouth" with you!

Electron-Microscope shows difference!

Tooth surfaces, magnified 6,300 times, illustrate how new, scientifically perfected cleaning and polishing agents enable Listerine Tooth Paste to heighten tooth brilliance and surface smoothness . . . attacking a major cause of Tobacco Mouth.

LEFT: Tooth surface polished with ordinary polishing ingredient.
RIGHT: Surface of same tooth polished with new Listerine Tooth Paste.

The Literal Translator

By RICHARD B. GEHMAN

If you live next door to a Mr. Piggott you'd better just keep quiet

"You mean you shaved in three other places?"

GOODNESS knows, I've known and weathered more than my share of bores, but I doubt I'll ever weather, much less get used to, the type I call The Literal Translator. The man I live next door to, a Mr. St. Clair Piggott, is one; he thinks I mean everything I say.

If I remark, for example, that I knocked a vase off the mantel and it broke into a million pieces, Piggott will say, "Are you sure? Did you count them?"

Another thing about Piggott—he won't let sleeping commas lie. The other morning I mentioned to him that I'd cut myself, while shaving, in four places.

"You mean," he asked, "you shaved in three other places besides the bathroom?"

"No," I said, "I mean that while I was shaving, I—"

"What's the matter, you restless or something? Can't you stay in one place to shave?"

"Listen," I said, "all I said was—"

"It's probably some kind of neurosis," he said, thoughtfully.

"Maybe," I agreed.

When Piggott gets to work on women, he's even more insidious. The other night he stopped by with his wife, Stella, who explained that they'd just dropped in for a minute.

"Actually," Piggott interrupted, "she doesn't mean that. We may stay for an hour or more. It's just an expression she uses."

"I see," I said.

"You mean you *understand*," he said.

"It's just an expression I use," I said.

"You ought to say what you mean," he said.

He sat back, then, ready to pounce on anything anybody said. I didn't feel much like talking, but my wife and Stella Piggott began prattling away.

"I went to see a revival of The Informer, with Victor McLaglen the other night," my wife said.

"What?" asked Piggott. "Do you know Victor McLaglen?" He turned to me. "You mean you let her go to the movies with Victor McLaglen?"

"She means," I explained, "that McLaglen was starred in—"

"How do you mean, he was *starred*? Did he have a star on his forehead, or what?"

I gave up and shut up. There was another long silence. Finally, Stella Piggott turned to my wife and said, "Did you hear what happened to Dorothy Stoughton? Somebody stole eight yards of silk she was going to use to make a dress, in the grocery store."

A light came into Piggott's pig eyes. "One moment, *please*. You mean she was going to make a dress in the grocery store?"

"No," Stella said, patiently, "I meant that while she was in—"

"I didn't know they had sewing machines in grocery stores," Piggott said.

My wife glared at him. "Go on, Stella."

"No, let's get this thrashed out," Piggott insisted. "Now, Stella, did I understand you to say that Dorothy Stoughton was going to—"

He never finished; Stella had departed rather abruptly. He faced us, a puzzled look on his face. "What do you suppose could be the matter with her?"

"Probably something she married," my wife said.

Piggott was silent for a moment or two. Finally, in an effort to reinstate himself, he offered to take us to dinner sometime soon at Nick's, a new restaurant down the street.

"Oh, good!" my wife said. "I've never eaten there—but I've seen it riding by in a taxi!"

Piggott's brows tied themselves in a half hitch. "Since when," he inquired, "do restaurants ride in taxis?"

At this point, my wife pleaded a sick

"I didn't know they had sewing machines in grocery stores"

headache (Piggott asked how the headache had taken sick), and I pleaded, in as polite a way as possible, ennui. Piggott left.

As soon as he had gone, I sat down and wrote all the foregoing. Just as I had finished, he came back and looked over my shoulder. As he read, the literal-translator look came over his face. He pointed to the first line. "*Goodness knows, I've known and weathered more than my share of bores,*" he repeated.

He drew a breath. "Who's Goodness?" he demanded. "Is he a man? If not, do you mean the quality of goodness? If so, how can an abstract quality *know* something?"

"It's just an expression—" I began.

"Don't interrupt," he said. "You say you've known more than your share of bores. All right, what is your share? If you know more, how many does that make? Does everybody have a share? Say, what's the matter with you?"

I was halfway out the door. "I don't know," I said. "It's probably somebody I live next door to." THE END

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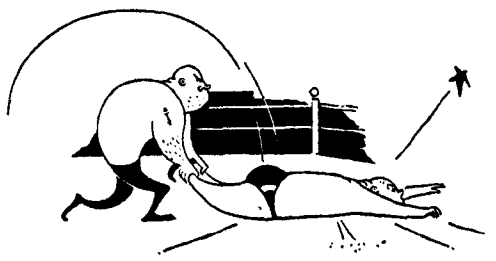
grand slam...



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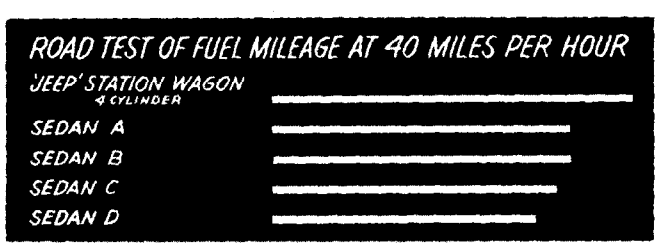

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Collier's
JULY 9, 1949

New REBEL YELL *in Dixie*

The good fight for effective democracy grows in the sweet magnolia country. This is the roll of those who battle the South's determined opponents of progress

A STRONG flame, brighter and infinitely more cleansing than the fiery cross of the Klan, is burning throughout the South today. Increasingly there are hands to feed it, and voices to proclaim its meaning. The hands are not clenched in hate as are the demagogue's, nor are the voices as shrill and blatant; but the flame of purposeful liberalism is lighting up dark and tragic corners of a harried region.

Liberalism, progressiveness, vision. These are abused words, too loosely used, often too narrowly defined. The Southern liberal fits into no mold. He is rarely a theorist. He is not bound to an ideology that excludes the dissenter, nor does he recite a manifesto as if it were a prayer. He is as often condemned by the distant left as by the near-by right. He has a deep-rooted, provincial love for his homeland. His objectives are usually what are termed limited ones, and he may differ even from his fellows in his proposals for attaining them. But he shares a common determination to make democracy work and thrive through individual and concerted effort on the battle line itself and not from a distant ivory tower.

You don't hear too much about him. He is an educator, an editor, a churchman, a representative of organized labor, a writer, a political leader, a business or professional man, a farmer. Usually he would be embarrassed if you praised him for his courage, or labeled him a liberal. Even when he organizes, his organization is loosely knit, and he may be unaware that his neighbor shares his own convictions.

As Harry Ashmore, the brilliant young editor of the Arkansas Gazette, puts it: "I figure there are thousands in the region, men of good will who are

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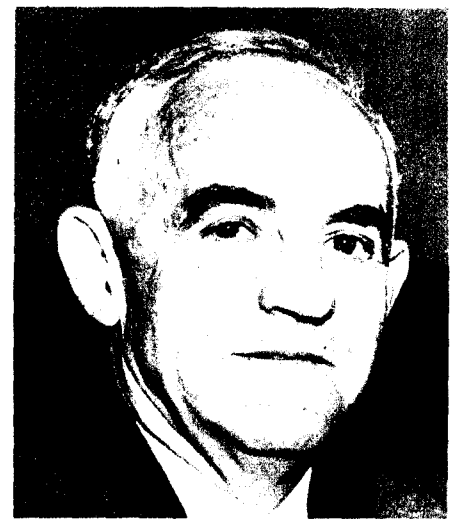
W. KERR SCOTT
Governor

JOHN C. STENNIS
U.S. Senator



FRANK GRAHAM
U.S. Senator and Educator

LISTER HILL
U.S. Senator

GEORGE McLEAN
Editor

VIRGINIUS DABNEY
Editor

really getting the job done where it counts, and the hell of it is that us so-called experts on the South don't even know who they are." But there are multiple thousands who know who Harry Ashmore is, and of the conscientious, day-in-day-out job he and many others do on the editorial page and from the platform to put the South's problems, achievements and unreached goals in perspective.

And certainly this much is true. No other region in the nation is producing today so many and such effective spokesmen for social and economic progress and for a new evaluation of human relationships as is the South. And nowhere else do such men of good will work against as difficult and complex a background.

It is a mistake to assume that liberalism is a new force in the South. Jeffersonian democracy stemmed from Virginia; the blunt fighting spirit of Andrew Jackson found its great support among the yeoman farmers and frontiersmen of the South and the Southwest. Populism raged like a forest fire across the post-Reconstruction South before it died beneath the counterblast of an evil, deliberately kindled racism.

The Southern Bourbon held largely an uneasy sway before Reconstruction; and if hopeless men turned to other men of relative substance during and after that bitter period, it was in great part because the leaders were articulate and determined, possessed of so recent a background of military command, and above all were exemplars of a vanished stability. Nor was the later rule of the ultraconservative and reactionary unchallenged. Most of the Southern demagogues emerged from the turbulence and unrest of men yearning for political and material change and a warmer place in the sun; and it was as tragic as it was shameful that they and their adversaries alike capitalized upon racial animosities and fears to hold or to wrest away power.

Demagogues Backed Reforms

Of all the great Southern demagogues, only Huey Long did not resort to the theme of white supremacy, the easy, incendiary theme; but what is lost sight of is that the majority of the notorious race-baiters also advocated and sometimes accomplished sweeping benefits for the Southern masses. By far the greater number of Southerners in the New Deal Congresses supported the vast social programs that were their hallmarks; a Bilbo sought agrarian reform, a Long met, though at fearful cost, the road and school and hospital needs of his state; a Rankin bulldozed the TVA through the House of Representatives.

But they wrongly capitalized upon or ignored, almost without exception, the South's ancient, portentous problem in human relationships: the contradictory, enforced status of inferiority of the Negro in a professed democracy. This problem still haunts the South; but today, men of good will and courage are making headway against the forces of neglect, incitement and fear.

I have said that their objectives may be described as limited ones. But they are living and working with realities and not with abstractions. Man's antipathy for the dissimilar, for reason of race, religion, culture or even nationality, is not Southern in origin. It has dogged every civilization and every century of recorded history, and is present today in every part of the world.

In the South, the expressions of antipathies are more acute than elsewhere for a number of somber reasons that are generally overlooked by the advocates of sudden, federally imposed change. The Negro came as a savage chattel in chains. Representing two thirds of the wealth of the South at the time of the Civil War, he was freed through war's violence and destruction, without recompense. Almost immediately afterward, he achieved, without experience or education, a political codominance over his masters; and that dominance was ended only by devious and sometimes bloody means.

Because of the pressure of his numbers—diminishing relatively now but still one fourth of the South's total population and in some areas a majority of the population—he was considered a political, social and economic threat to the dominant group. And because of the darkly illogical north European and Anglo-Saxon aversion to interracial commingling, except on one-sided and prescribed terms, he has been set apart by law, by custom and by environment. As a result of this shared, unhappy past, he has endured a discrimination almost as long-lasting and cruel as that which

RALPH McGILL
Editor

HARRY S. ASHMORE
Editor

CHARLES DOBBINS
Editor

THE REV. HAROLD PURCELL
Churchman

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ESTES KEFAUVER
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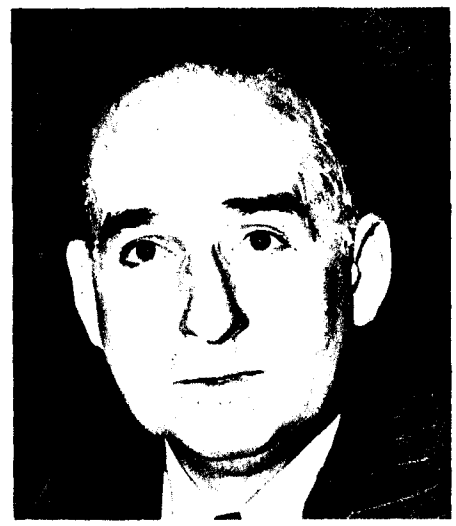
SIDNEY McMATH
Governor



MARK ETHRIDGE
Publisher

LUCY RANDOLPH MASON
Labor Leader

the resisting American Indian has known.

The Southern liberal is aware of this past. He works within its receding restrictions, if for no other reason than that there is as yet no other way for him to work effectively. A suspect among the defiant reactionaries at home, who brand him a Communist, a "Nigger lover" and a Yankee tool, he is no less a target for the militant, all-or-nothing crusaders who wage their war at a distance.

If I may be personal about so personal a matter as mail, I can be sure that if I advocate or praise the local attainment of such objectives as equal hospital facilities, equal pay and facilities in the separate school systems or the inclusion of a Negro juror on a trial jury, I will get equally condemnatory letters from opposed correspondents whose only common ground is a dislike for what I have said. The proponent of immediate ending of segregation—a favorite phrase is "at the point of the bayonet"—will denounce me for endorsing the *status quo*. The yearner for the good old days will whiplash me for endangering it.

This continuous experience is shared by the scores of fellow Southern rebels with whom I have swapped stories. Yet the concrete objectives we espouse are those which are most desired—according to so eminent a student as Gunnar Myrdal—by the Southern Negro, and the least objected to by the resisting white and therefore the most readily obtainable.

Putting first things first, we work for equality in the courts, school facilities, job opportunity and the right to vote. Northern critics of both races attack us for leaving the issue of mass segregation alone, for being unconcerned about that nebulous thing called social equality, for questioning the over-all wisdom of the present civil-rights program or for discouraging the idea that assimilation is the only way out.

So much for the background. What is being done against its reality and who is doing it?

I would say that the greatest common contribution the Southern liberals are making is their unending public and outspoken effort to change the climate of traditional Southern opinion. This business of speaking out against social injustices and in favor of orderly change is not as easy as it might seem.

Many Listeners Are Hostile

The forum may be a university classroom—and since almost all higher education in the South is provided by state universities, academic freedom is something less than absolute. The spokesman may be a union organizer—and the South is not yet adjusted to organized labor and uniform pay scales. A minister may bespeak applied Christianity—and much of the South still makes mental reservations about the brotherhood of man. An office seeker may advocate economic and political justice—but the race-baiter's voice is vindictive and effective still. A newspaper editor reveals shamefully unfair dealings—and the community which supports him may take violent, even personal exception.

Yet in every town and city in the South, there are men and women who are swimming against an old and less turbulent tide, and making headway. But because they are rarely dramatic, and even more rarely seek distant applause, the faraway zealot is unimpressed.

I received a letter recently from a Pennsylvanian, whom I do not know and who had subscribed to my newspaper about a year ago probably out of curiosity. He wrote that he had been reading the newspaper closely every day and regretted that he had not discovered one editorial denouncing intolerance.

During this period of such unexpectedly close scrutiny, my newspaper had set forth goals or recorded achievements not entirely alien to tolerance. We had campaigned for the inclusion of Negroes on the police force. We had published a series of illustrated articles on the woeful state of Negro school facilities in the county and the principally Negro slums in the town. We had vigorously endorsed the construction of two swimming pools, equal in size and cost, and had seen the proposal approved (with the help of some 400 Negro votes) and construction begun. We had chronicled the county's approval of a low-cost hospital, with identical white and Negro wings, the construction of one new Negro grammar school in our town and the authorization for another.

Among other things, we had editorialized against the States' Righters

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 63)

C. H. GILLMAN
Labor Leader

DR. HOWARD W. ODUM
Educator

BISHOP ARTHUR J. MOORE
Churchman

N. C. NEWBOLD
Educator

FLORENCE SYTZ
Educator

HOMER RAINEY
Educator

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Her head fitted neatly into the curve of his shoulder; she gave a sigh of complete satisfaction. "Do you mind if I purr?" she said

With Love and Best

CLINT stood in the open doorway and watched her scrub her teeth. She looked almost boyish standing there with her bare feet planted firmly apart, her hair partly hidden by her shower cap; almost but not quite, for a damp little tendril of hair curled enchantingly at the nape of her neck and she filled out the pajamas in all the approved places.

A little grin tugged at one corner of Clint's mouth.

"Nora, you amaze me. You really do."

She screwed the cap back on the tooth paste carefully and rinsed off her toothbrush. The blue eyes she raised to his were faintly questioning.

"Why do I amaze you?" she demanded, yanking off the cap and shaking out the dark cloud of her hair.

"Well—just look at you."

Lenora glanced down at her smoothly tailored pajamas and wriggled her toes childishly. "I don't see anything amazing," she protested.

"That's just it. No fuss and feathers, no bridal finery." He leaned against the doorjamb and folded his arms accusingly. "You didn't even paint your toenails."

Her eyes crinkled with laughter. "You mean that's *required?*" She stood on tiptoe and brushed a swift kiss across his cheek. "Darling, I do believe you're disappointed! Go on back downstairs and buy some cigarettes or razor blades or whatever it is grooms take such hours to buy. I'll drag out that off-the-shoulder gown Aunt Cynthia gave me and have a rose in my teeth when you get back."

Clint's arms closed about her quickly but the teasing note was still in his voice. "What kind of bride are you, anyway?" he complained. "No blushes—no hiding in closets—no maidenly embarrassment—"

"No maiden," she reminded him promptly, and then as his eyes flickered she threw her arms remorsefully around his neck. "Clint. Forgive me, darling. I was just trying to be funny." Her kiss was softly penitent.

He held her at arm's length and shook her gently. "Nora. I knew when I fell in love with you that you'd been married before. Would I have gone ahead and married you if it had made any difference?"

"I don't know, Clint. I honestly don't know." She braced both hands against his chest and studied his face thoughtfully.

Clint dropped into a chair and pulled her down on his knee. "Hey, now. Don't go all owl-eyed and solemn on me." He kissed her slowly, deliberately, but her eyes were still troubled when his hands dropped away from her shoulders.

"Clint, we're going to have to talk about it."

Collier's for July 9, 1949

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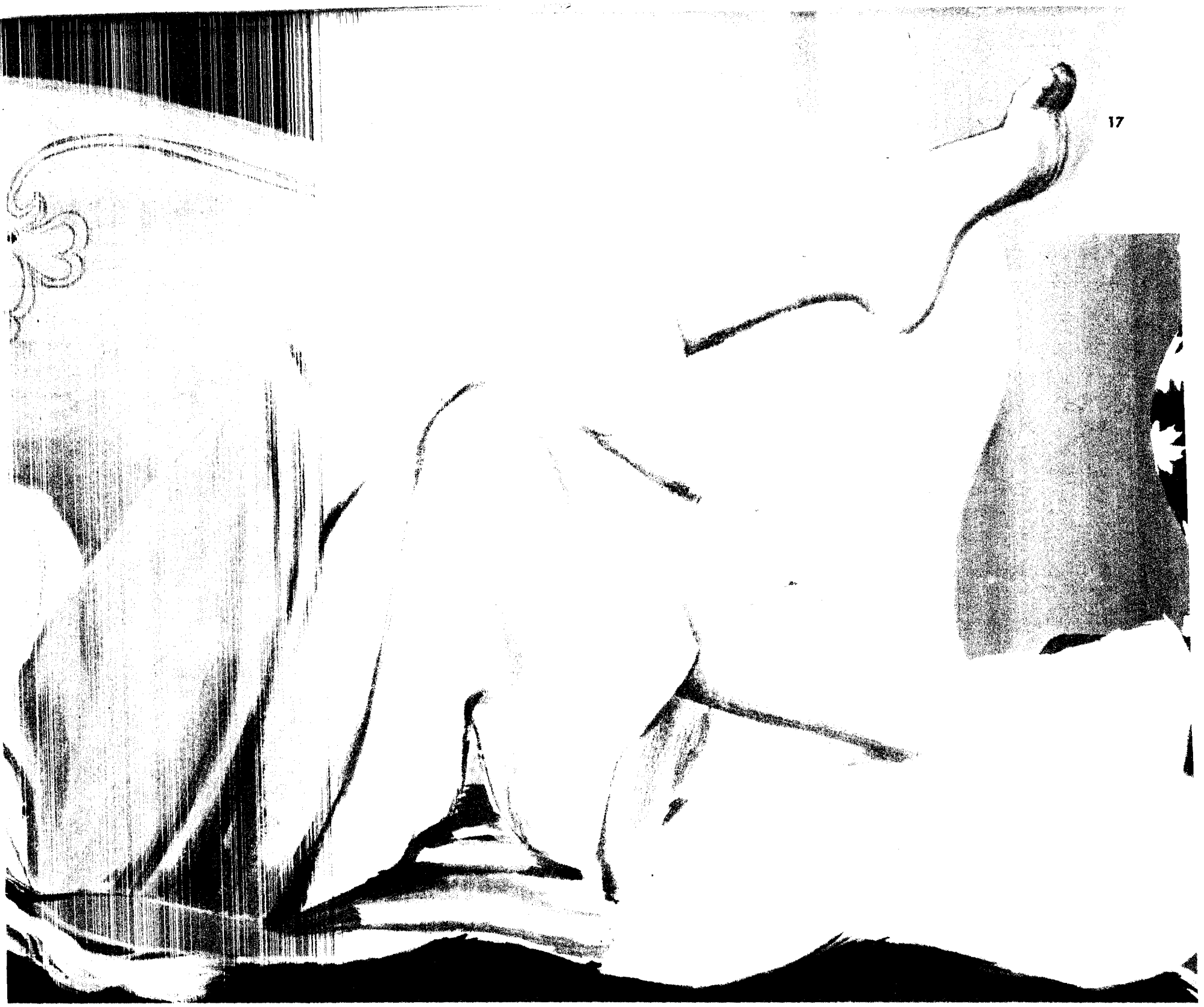

Wishes

By ZOA SHERBURNE **It was a very different sort of marriage, this second marriage of hers. But then she was a different sort of girl**

"Now?" His eyebrows shot up comically. "After all, Nora, there's a time and place for everything but I do object to dragging your former husband along on our honeymoon." His tone was carefully light.

Nora refused to answer his smile. She pulled his head down and kissed him again. "Why do you suppose I married you, Clint?"

"Oh, I don't know. There must have been a reason. My fatal fascination, maybe. Or you just figured you weren't getting any younger and I might be your last chance. It certainly couldn't have been my money, that's for darn' sure." He nibbled her ear reflectively. "Why," he asked, "did you marry me, Nora?"

"Because I was lonely," she retorted promptly. "No. Don't smile, it wasn't meant to be funny." She snuggled back against his shoulder. "It's a—a special kind of loneliness you have, Clint, after you've been happily married. I loved Jerry and I thought a part of me died when he did, but I guess you die pretty hard at twenty-three. I went on living and when you came along I understood why. The part of me that should have died with Jerry came alive again—" She glanced up at him through smoky lashes. "Do you know what I'm trying to say?"

Clint's arms tightened about her. "Yes, I think so. Nora—?" His lips slid along her cheek softly. "Look, baby—"

"No—wait. I can't undo my marriage to Jerry. I can't say, 'I've never loved before.' All I can tell you is, 'I'll never love again, not as long as you're happy, not as long as you want me.'" Her voice was a little unsteady. "The thing is that all our life together we're liable to be running into people who knew Jerry. My own family adored him. Are you going to be able to keep stumbling over the tag ends of my life with another man and still keep your balance?"

He was smiling faintly. "You're the only person who can answer that, Nora. You can answer it in one word. Do you love me?"

"Yes." The word was a little breathless. She relaxed against him. "You know I love you."

"Fine!" He stood up unceremoniously, dumping her onto a footstool. "Now, go get that rose for your teeth while I order up a couple of bottles of beer."

"Beer?" she wailed. "On our *honeymoon?* I expected champagne at least."

He held the telephone against his chest. "Did you have champagne on your first honeymoon?"

"Well-l-l—yes."

Clint shrugged and spoke into the mouthpiece. "Send a couple of bottles of beer up to 1412."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34)

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U.N. doing .

The United Nations, biggest sitting duck on the international scene, has been making its hard work pay off. Here is the box score: prevented—one world war, so far; stopped cold—three regional wars. Less spectacular accomplishments range from success with the chestnut blight in Italy to the defeat of cholera in Egypt

IN THE offices of the low-lying plant at Lake Success, three miles from the town of Great Neck on Long Island, New York, they're all busy putting out the annual report to the stockholder.

As far as form goes, it will be pretty much the same as reports turned out every year by corporations all over the country—debits and credits, work done, prospects. But when this report is finished, it will be an official international document; copies will be printed by the thousands and read to millions who can get to a short-wave set; it will be debated, praised and condemned.

And it will be examined carefully, word by word, point by point, figure by figure, by foreign-office experts in every capital in the world. The report will go by some long, properly pompous title, but it will amount to 150 or so pages of The Case for the United Nations.

Three thousand people who work at that U.N. plant think it is a pretty good case.

Chances are, this report will be different from all the United Nations reports that have gone before. It will certainly be different if it reflects the mood of aggressive self-defense that's been sweeping through most ranks in the Secretariat.

Ever since the U.N. was set up, it has been the world's favorite sitting duck. It's been blamed for what it hasn't done, blamed for what it has. It's been blamed for spending too much money, and it's been blamed for being penny-wise and stingy. It's been accused of taking too much authority on itself; it's been accused of doing nothing while the world slid into another war. It's been denounced as a sort of home base for Communist spies; it's been scolded for not having the full quota of Russians on the staff.

The pastime of "let's take a crack at the U.N." has devoted fans in all 59 member countries. Some United Nations workers think that the worst offenders have been the people of the United States, the country that once pleaded for the United Nations to come and settle in our friendly land.

Proof is easily come by: Walk up to almost any member of the Secretariat and say in a loud clear voice, "Do you work for the United Nations?"

Watch the flinch. U.N. people have been through it all before and have a kind of classification of approaches:

1. "Bet you are glad to live in the good old U.S.A."
2. "Got it pretty soft." (Accompanied by a leer.)
3. "You can tell *me* what really goes on in that place."
4. "Don't they ever do anything but talk?"
5. "Why don't you admit the U.N. is the world's greatest boondoggle?"

U.N. people have been through them all and have taken them all. That's where the change in mood, the something different, comes in.

They just don't want to take it on the chin any more. All of them: typists and statisticians, industrial experts and translators, executives and $2,000-a-year clerks, the homesick and lonely and the contented foreigners who wouldn't go home on a bet—all are tired of taking it.

They have done a job; they know it, and they think the world should know about it before the idea of the U.N. is scrapped in a universal rash of petty irritability.

As they see it, these people who take the Long Island Rail Road to Great Neck every day, the United Nations has not done everything it might have done, given a world of sweet good will. But the responsibility, they say, lies with the nations of the world and with their delegations. According to these staff workers, the delegates think of foreign-office chiefs back home first, of civil service lists second and of international co-operation a poor third.

But they are not singing Put the Blame on Mame, or a song of what might have been. They feel that when it was given a chance, any kind of chance, the United Nations has given the stockholders more than their money's worth.

The man who heads up the works, Trygve Lie, thinks so too. Mr. Lie, a onetime alderman from Oslo, has been through the political mill and has had the optimism knocked out of him. But more and more these days, his friends are telling him to stop taking it and start dishing it out for the United Nations. He has been thinking about it for a long time now and, if he percolates over, this annual report should be a good one.

Mood of Secretariat Improves

While Mr. Lie and his executives are busy finishing up the report, the mood of the Secretariat lower down the ladder gets better and better. Mood is something almost tangible at Lake Success and it can be plotted on a curve. It's at a peak now, one of the highest peaks since the days of San Francisco, when the United Nations was being nailed together.

A lot of things make up that high peak.

The United States did its bit for morale when it told the world that the U.N., after all, did come before the North Atlantic Pact. Dr. Herbert V. Evatt, the Australian who heads the General Assembly, gave the U.N. another shot in the arm by his tough determination to keep the United Nations in the middle of every major political development.

Other things pushed the mood-curve at Lake

INTERNATIONAL

War or incipient war in three corners of the earth was stopped or prevented by U.N. efforts. The top picture was taken a few minutes after a fleet of explosive-laden trucks were set off, blasting a block of buildings to

WIDE WORLD

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. a Job

By A. M. ROSENTHAL

rubble in Jerusalem. With Dr. Ralph Bunche mediating, peace came to Israel. Marching Dutch, like the marines in the lower left-hand picture, laid down their arms when the U.N. Assembly threatened full debate on the issue of Indonesia's independence. The U. N., by arranging a plebiscite on Kashmir, prevented what might have been the bloodiest of religious wars. Violence (burning Kashmir village below) had already begun

WIDE WORLD

Success upward, notch by notch: peace in Indonesia, peace in Kashmir, peace in Palestine, groping moves in the Balkans. The U.N. can take credit for them all. So if an ordinary member of the Secretariat were writing Lie's introduction to The Case for the United Nations, it might read something like this:

The work of the U.N. falls into two general patterns: political and economic-social. The political job is to prevent wars from starting and stop them if they do. The other job is to make future wars less likely, by turning into a reality the old do-gooder's phrase: Raise the living standards of the people of the world.

A Record of Real Achievement

Politics comes first; there is just no way to get around it. The United Nations knows it and bases its hopes for the future on its political record. This is the score card:

World war, delayed, postponed, sidetracked or prevented: one.
Regional wars, stopped: three.
Armament races, stopped: none.
Atomic agreements reached: none.

The breakdown:

Almost from the beginning, the major influence of the United Nations has fallen into the mediation, conciliation and negotiation fields. That's because the U.N., as set up, just can't enforce its decisions. The Security Council has no army. It can issue directives, but if some country does not like them, there is no international fist to make it fall into line.

However, the facts of political life prove that as long as the United Nations stands, public opinion forces the countries in question to make an accounting to the world organization.

That's the wedge in the door for the United Nations. The idea is to keep 'em talking, keep 'em explaining.

Once things are out on the table of the Security Council, the way is open for the mediators to get their work in, for the commissions to go to the spot and see what's doing.

And while all that is going on, the eyes of the world are on the trouble area, and the events that lead toward war march slowly. Take away the council, the commissions and the mediators, and the tempo toward war steps up. It's not a guarantee against war but the U.N. budget is not much for the world to pay for the chance for peace—about the cost of a few bomb-bay loads.

That chance has been paying off, slowly, in the one U.N. trouble that outranks all other troubles —the East-West political line. United Nations people are realists. They know that everything comes second to what used to be called the cold war. And they feel that they have played their part in preventing that cold war from becoming red hot.

Everybody at Lake Success likes the word Berlin nowadays. It means accomplishment to them. In the summer of 1948, when Berlin was a word for headline jitters, there was talk that the whole problem would be dumped in the laps of the United Nations. Trygve Lie was asked about it. He nodded his big head, sighed, and said:

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 54)

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"When Miss Jones flaunts herself in a manner to make male tourists stare," Mrs. Charles said, "she cheapens the whole establishment"

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The Iron Butterfly

By JAN FORTUNE and WELLS ROOT

CONTINUING THE GAY ADVENTURES OF A GRACIOUS LADY IN THE UNDERWORLD

The Story: Into the plush Jacaranda Hotel in Las Vegas one hot day came BOB CHARLES, a pilot without a job, and his stepmother, MRS. ROBERT LEE CHARLES, a gay old thing who liked to drink a little too much and to get into too much trouble. Bob had come to deliver some war medals to JACK APRIL, the gangster owner of the hotel—medals belonging to April's brother, who had been killed in the war. Then Bob met LOUISE JONES, the Jacaranda hostess, a poor but honest girl who was in Las Vegas to get a divorce from her husband, the millionaire TED MORGAN, who was violently opposed to the divorce.

It didn't take long for Mrs. Charles to get into trouble. Snooping, as was her custom, she stumbled upon a holdup man named AL CONEJO robbing Jack April in his suite. When she saw that Conejo intended to kill April, she had an inspiration. She poured ant poison into Conejo's highball. To her astonishment, it killed him. Thus Mrs. Charles found herself an accomplice in crime with April. In the confusion of hiding the body, she fainted, and Louise Jones discovered in Mrs. Charles's handbag not only the half-empty bottle of ant poison, but also the late Mr. Conejo's .38-caliber automatic.

PART TWO OF FOUR PARTS

WHEN Mrs. Charles fainted, Jack April insisted that she be given a room in the hotel. Bob insisted, with equal force, that he be allowed to pay for it. Accordingly, he and his mother were taken from Jack April's private suite to Nine B and Nine C.

Nine B and C were flower-filled as if for a festival. And it was not just two rooms with connecting bath, as Bob had expected. It was two bedrooms and two baths with a connecting sitting room as big as a bull ring.

"Oh, how hospitable!" Mrs. Charles gasped, as Bob propelled her into her room.

"And the bill should be perfectly wonderful!" Bob snapped. He strode back to the telephone. "There's some mistake," he said stiffly to the room clerk. "You've put us in a suite."

"Mr. April's orders, sir."

"The hell with Mr. April's orders! Fourteen dollars is all I can pay." Bob said. "Get it? Fourteen dollars!"

"The suite is fourteen dollars, sir," said the clerk. Bob hung up; he called the operator and asked to speak to Mr. April. The operator reported that Mr. April couldn't be reached immediately. Was there a message?

"Yes! Tell him Bob Charles wants a word with him!" Bob banged the receiver, and went downstairs. . . .

The lobby was exactly the same as it had been earlier, because Miss Louise Jones was back of her battery of telephones, busily writing out her next day's schedules.

Bob made a cautious flank approach. When Louise kept on writing, he said, "Hey, babe, I'd appreciate a little information."

Instantly she swung around, her chin in the air. But the sight of Bob, leaning on the desk and chuckling, brought her chin down to normal, and a smile to her lips. "What type of information would you appreciate, Mr. Charles?"

Bob grinned. "I want to know if you'll split a Scotch and soda with me?"

"Never touch the stuff before 7 P.M."

"But this is a great day, a hallowed occasion. We are together again. We must celebrate."

"I do not indulge," Louise said firmly, "while I am on duty. But there's no ban on the coffeeshop. I'll meet you there as soon as I'm through here."

"You will come out from behind that desk and lead me there right now," Bob announced. "I know my rights. I'm a guest in this great big hotel."

"Gah!" Louise said scathingly. But she came

Goldie stuck his little finger into a bullet hole. "That money musta looked like confetti," he said

out. Bob took her arm, and they began the long trek down the lobby to the coffeeshop.

"Since you are a guest I will point out the sights. On your right," Louise said, "you will observe our strictly authentic old Navajo Trading Post, a very lucrative tourist trap, specializing in Indian gewgaws at perfectly outrageous prices. We are now approaching our Steam Cave. Here we repair those unhappy souls who find themselves with hangovers in the mornings. Beyond this is our gaming room, a good place to lose the rest of your money. And right across from the gaming room is our hard likker department, the Old Sourdough Saloon. Note that ancient mahogany bar. Mr. April had it hauled all the way from Goldfield. Those bullet holes are authentic eighty-year-old bullet holes."

"Well, I'll be damned!" Bob Charles muttered. "I don't believe it!" He was looking at the lone customer seated at the bar, profile to them—a dark saturnine man with a hawk nose and tightly curled blue-black hair. "Johnny O'Crotty, you old son of a gun! For a minute, I thought I was seeing things!" He strode forward, hand outstretched.

O'Crotty got slowly to his feet, and his hard blue eyes drilled Bob's face. With almost obvious reluctance, he extended his hand. "Hiya, Skipper. Sit down and I'll buy you a kick in the wrist."

Bob had half straddled the bar stool before he remembered Louise—and his manners. He straightened hurriedly. "Pull up a chair, Jones," he invited, "and get acquainted with my old pal and ex-navigator, Johnny O'Crotty."

"I've met Mr. O'Crotty," Louise said from the doorway. Her amber eyes were frosty now. "And I have other duties. So if you will excuse me, Mr. Charles—" She turned.

"Hey, wait a minute!" Bob called. But she did not stop.

"The famous Jones cool-off," Johnny said. "All the guys get it from Jonesy."

"But I knew her back in Kingman," Bob insisted. "She was a nice warmhearted friendly kid—"

"She's changed, my boy." O'Crotty snapped his fingers at the barkeep. "Bring us a couple, cowboy." He turned back to Bob. "Last time I saw you was on the Berlin airstrip. What happened to you?"

"What happened to you?" Bob countered. "Last time I heard from you and Emily it was a Christmas card, reading, quote, Quit barnstorming around Europe and come home and get married like us. It's a great life, unquote. By the way, where is Emily?"

"With her folks in Hartford," O'Crotty said.

"Oh?" Bob said uncertainly. "Visiting?"

"Sort of," O'Crotty said. "She likes the climate there. Just get out of uniform?"

"Three or four months ago," Bob said. He was studying O'Crotty's face.

THE man was changed. He was different; harder, tougher-looking—and tougher-talking. It worried Bob. And this business about Emily—that didn't add up, either. Johnny and Emily had been terribly in love. Bob knew. He had been best man at their wedding at the start of the war.

"What are you doing now?" O'Crotty asked.

"Nothing—right now," Bob said.

"Got some dough, huh?" O'Crotty grinned wryly. "From that high-waisted family of yours?"

"No dough from the high-waisted family," Bob said. "Nope. I'm on my own, Johnny." He hesitated, "You've met my stepmother?"

O'Crotty nodded. "Briefly. But she made an everlasting impression."

"Well, while I was in Europe she was staying with our Cousin Bartholomew in Pasadena. He's Bartholomew Richards, the airplane manufacturer and jerk, so far as I'm concerned."

O'Crotty grinned. "Wha' hoppen?"

"You know how my stepmother is. But even so, she's harmless. Well, Cousin Bartholomew has two old-maid sisters—Alice and Louisa—and they

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 43)

ILLUSTRATED BY GLEN FLEISCHMANN

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DEMOCRACY Can't Live

But Americans *do* exist in the festering jungles of our cities. The problem is not alone to clean up what slums we have. We must find a way to prevent the spread of our worst community disease

WHATEVER the federal government has done or proposes to do about housing, it is a dangerous fact that millions of Americans are shabbily sheltered and living in filthy, malignant slum areas that are growing both in size and in their threat to the physical and political health of our country. Any slum-clearance legislation passed by Congress would have to be followed up by action in states and cities, and by continuous Congressional action.

We Americans like to think of the typical home as a vine-clad cottage, with roses growing on trellises, and trees and grass in the yard; and with all this we associate the pleasing and lively sounds of healthy children at play. It is one of the glories of America that so many of our homes are of that kind—or, at least, equally attractive.

But it is one of our moral, political and economic responsibilities to do something to lift more homes at least to the minimum level for satisfactory living. The 15,000,000 or more Americans who live in the blighted areas are not inferior to the rest of us. They are only less fortunate. Imagine how you would feel if you and your family were housed as they are. Trouble does not come from men who live agreeable lives. It breeds among men who are frustrated, ashamed and envious.

Some people seem to think that slums are what they are because of the character and capacity of the people who live in them. That is not true. Environment to a considerable degree determines the way men act. The extremely strong or the extremely lucky can break free from the handicaps which surround them. Unfortunately not many have exceptional luck or strength.

Clifford R. Shaw made a careful study of bad localities in Chicago, and in his book, Delinquency Areas, he presents some facts that will bring you up short.

For example, he found slum areas in which years ago most of the residents were Irish. The juvenile delinquency rate was from 12 to 14 times that of normal neighborhoods. The Irish in these blighted areas began rising in the world, and moved out. Italians moved in. Juvenile delinquency among the Italian youth was almost exactly what it had been when the Irish were there. The Italians moved out and Jews moved in. The delinquency story was repeated. The Jews moved out, and Negroes moved in. Again, the delinquency rate in these blighted sections was some 12 to 14 times that of cleaner neighborhoods.

If I can interpret facts, this means that the living conditions, and not race or religion or color, largely determine delinquency rates.

When the Farm Security Administration began its relief activities in the days of the depression, only rural families who were completely down and out could qualify for its program. If a farmer had means or could get credit, Farm Security could not take him on. Failure was the qualification for getting in under Farm Security. In the South, and elsewhere, this meant that only those who generally were thought of as "shiftless" or "worthless" were assisted. And what do you think happened?

Faith in Human Nature Justified

When the government helped them, about 90 per cent of these people moved swiftly to better living than they ever had known, and paid back the loans the government had made to them. Of those who did not make good, some were sick, and a few—perhaps 5 per cent—were shiftless and worthless.

Farm Security first found reasonably fertile land and reasonably habitable houses for those in need of help. Then it set them up with loans for equipment and work clothes, and even a few dollars for window curtains.

That window curtain item evoked some loud yells of protest, but it was wise. Curtains, bright colors, mean something to women. These people, who had not imagined they ever could have such a luxury as

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 50)

ROY PINNEY

Projects like the Governor Smith Houses in New York are far too few to make a real dent in the nation's slum clearance problem

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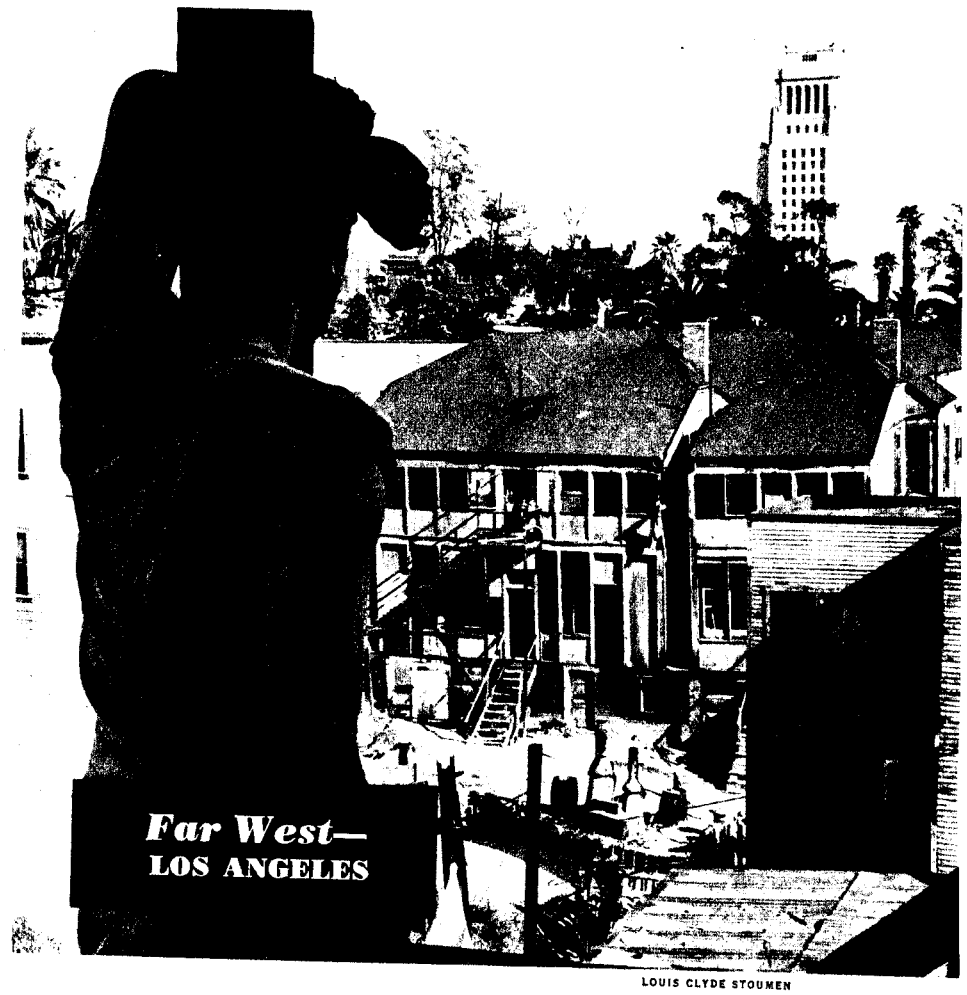
in These Houses

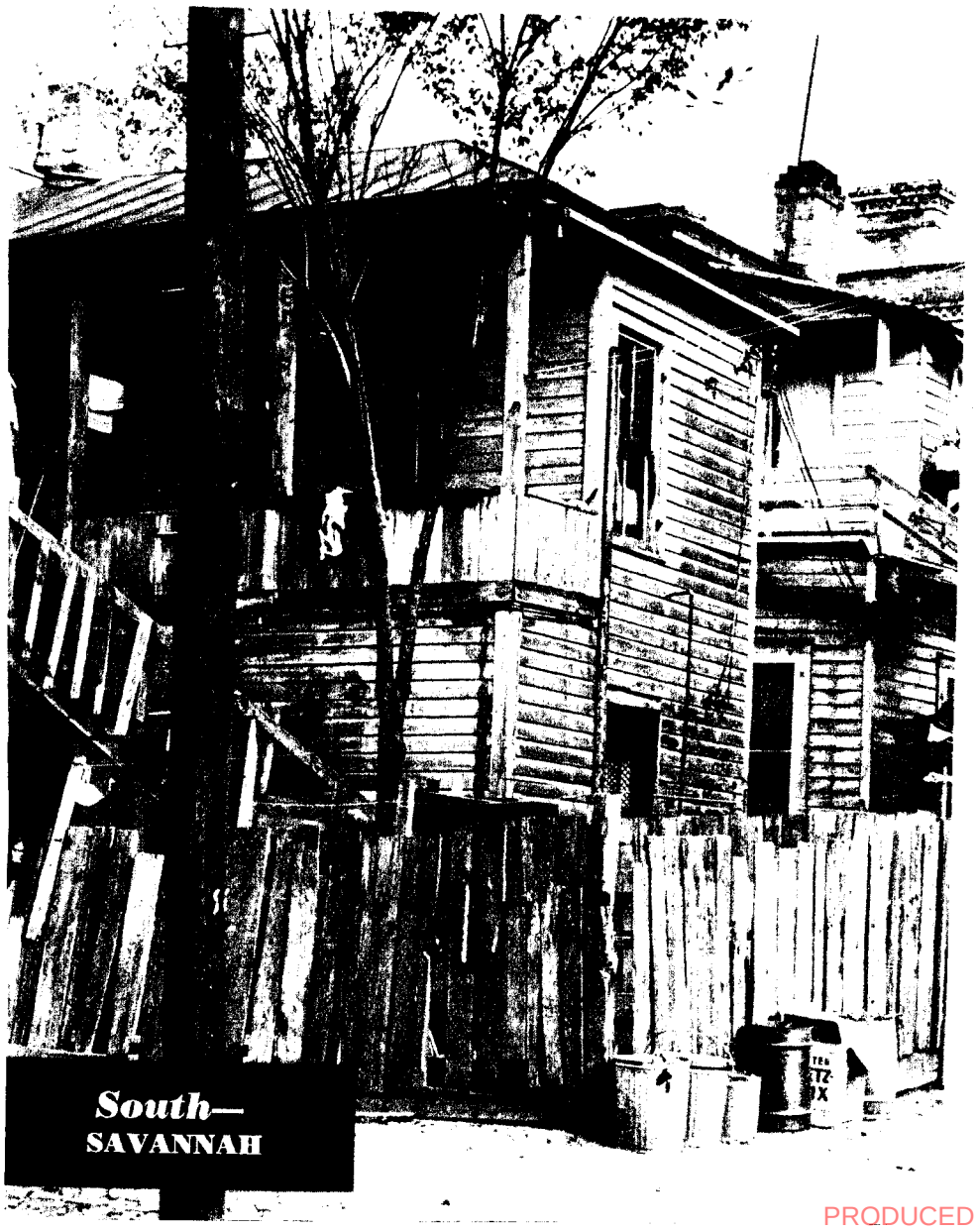
By PAUL H. DOUGLAS
U.S. Senator from Illinois

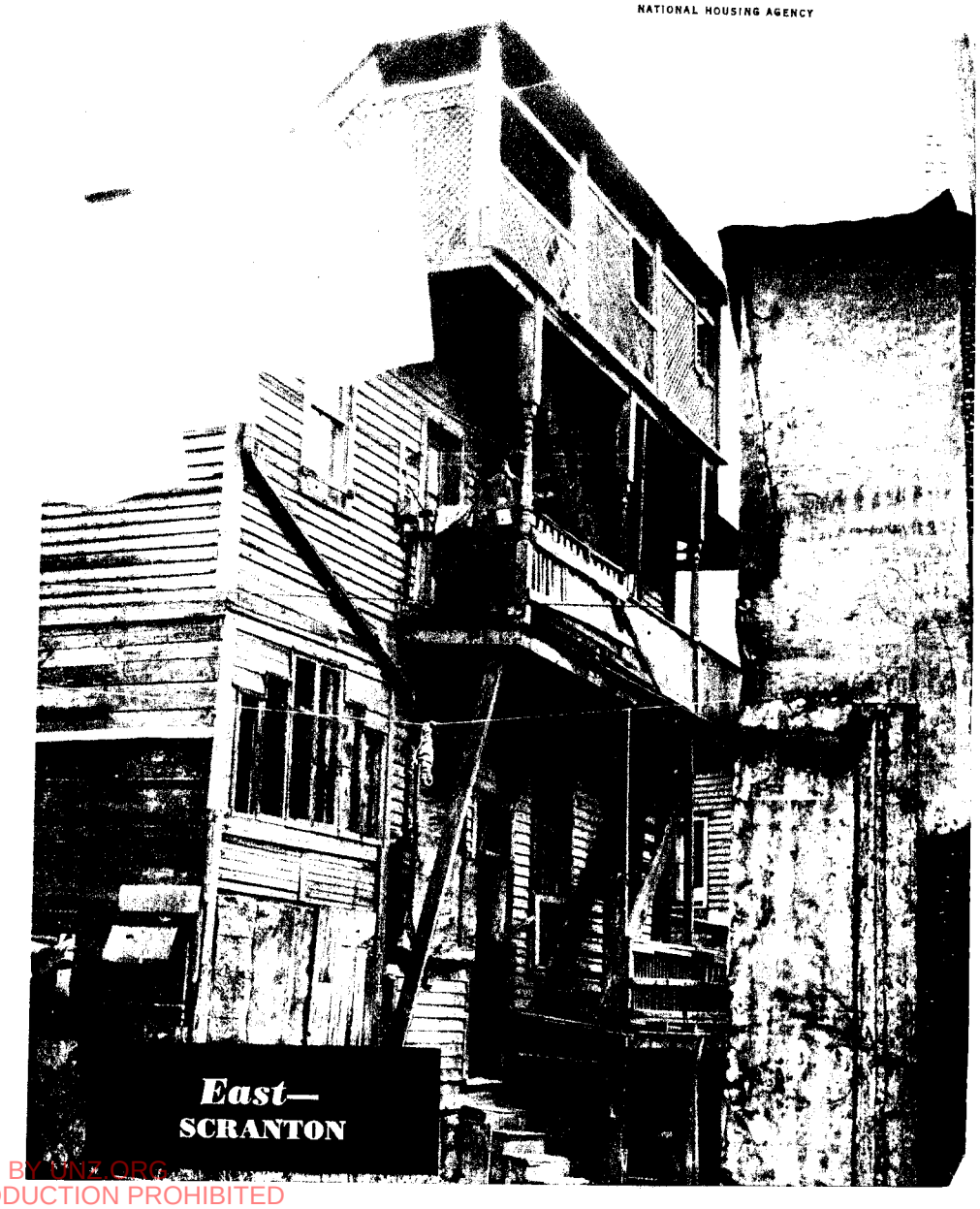
BOB NATKIN



LOUIS CLYDE STOUMEN

NATIONAL HOUSING AGENCY





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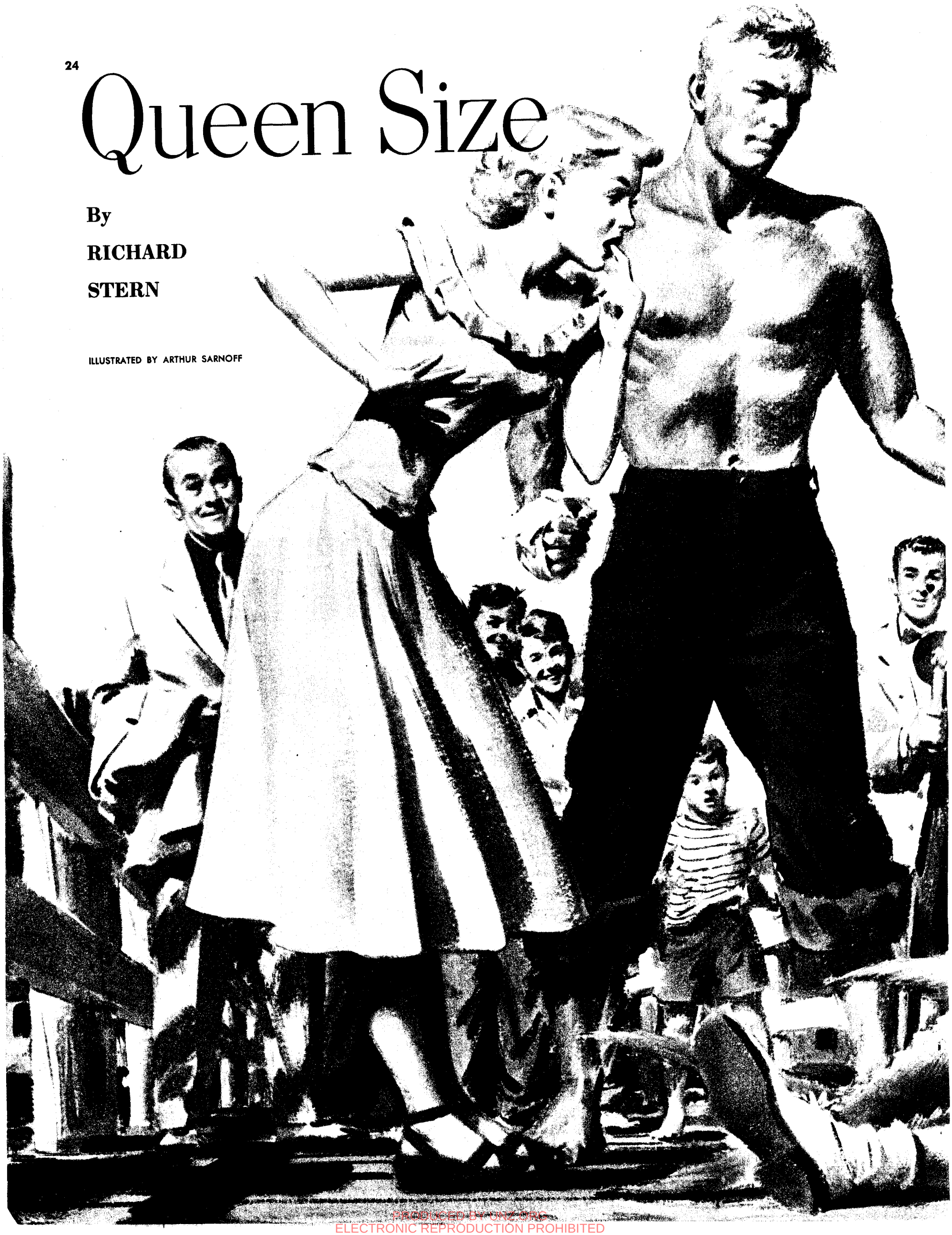
Queen Size

By
RICHARD
STERN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF



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The story of a big man who proved to his girl that the smaller they come, the harder they fall

IT WAS some minutes short of noon when Macdonald, with one mighty hand, twisted the jeep around on the main street of Encino Beach and urged it to the curb. He got one knee out from beneath the wheel, swung his vast, bare feet over the gunwale and stepped out. The jeep rocked gently for a time and then was still. Macdonald padded softly across the sidewalk and into the bookshop, bending his bare head to clear the door.

Ernestine said, "Oh, it's you. Hello, Mac." She was coming up the aisle, carrying a table in one hand. She flipped it level, set it down in a cleared space, stepped back and studied its position.

Macdonald stirred. His bare feet made soft, whispering sounds against the floor. He cleared his throat, and the sound was like thunder. "You're all dressed up," he said.

"Uh-huh." She shifted the table a little with thumb and forefinger.

"You look nice."

Her eyes, clear and uncomplicated—and only two or three inches below his own—turned from the inspection of the table to gaze at him. "Nice," he said again, thinking that *gorgeous* was the proper word, but unable to put his tongue to its extravagance.

She smiled, "I hope so." And the smile was gone. "Look, Mac, I'm busy, awful busy. Was there anything in particular you wanted?"

She was already spreading a printed cloth upon the table, setting out an ash tray and a desk pen. She saw nothing of the sudden change in his face. "I—" Macdonald said. "Well, no, I guess not." He thought of the luncheon that was packed in the jeep, of the beer already on ice aboard the boat, of the breeze that was ruffling the water of the bay, and of the long, even, rolling swells outside under the blue sky, and the bright, warm sun. But you can't mention a thing like that. He could not bring himself to embarrass her. "I—I just stopped by," he said. "On my way to—" He wondered how to finish that sentence.

"That was nice of you," Ernestine said. She picked up about fifty pounds of books, new books, in their bright, immaculate jackets. "Adam Bent," she said. "He's coming here, this afternoon, to autograph his new book."

Macdonald wondered who Adam Bent might be.

"Coming here, Mac," Ernestine said. "He's at Long Beach this morning."

"That's fine," Macdonald said. He wondered what else there might be to say. He stood there in the silence, shifting a little like a large bear. "Well."

"Yes," Ernestine said. "I'm sorry I'm not more sociable, Mac, but—"

"Sure," Macdonald said. "Sure. I see." He paused there a moment, drinking in again the splendor of Ernestine. "Well, I'll see you."

"So long, Mac." And then he was gone, through the door, across the sidewalk to the jeep. He hurried

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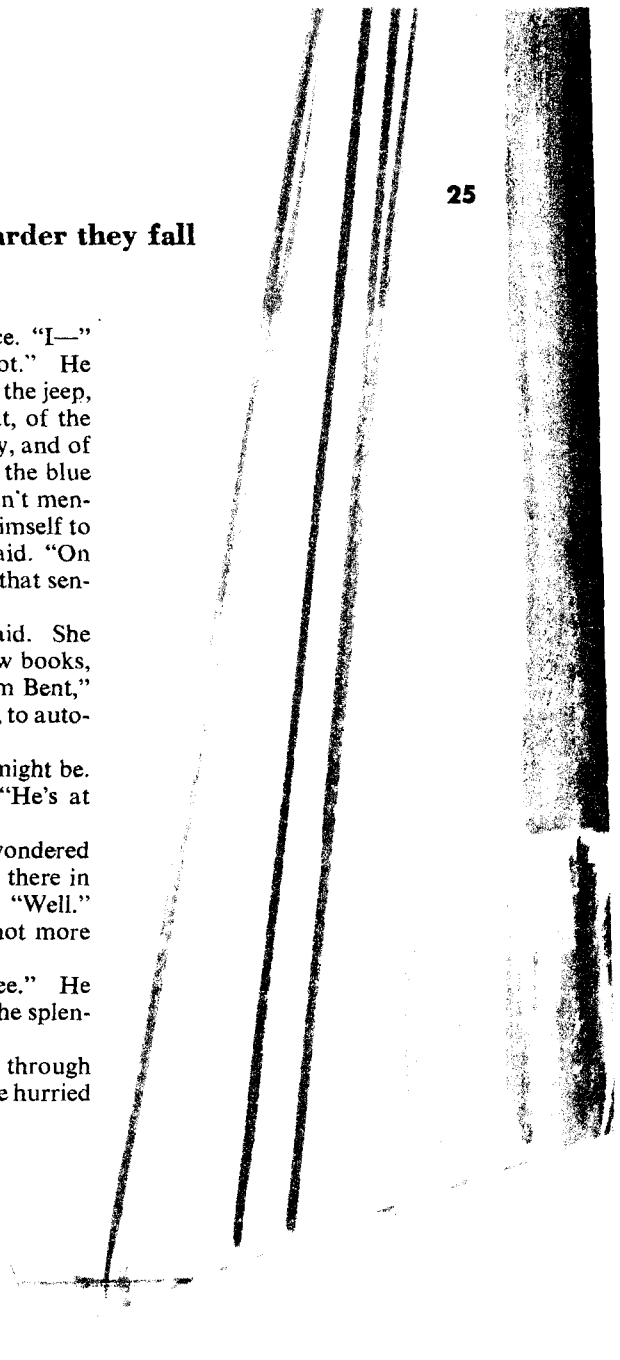
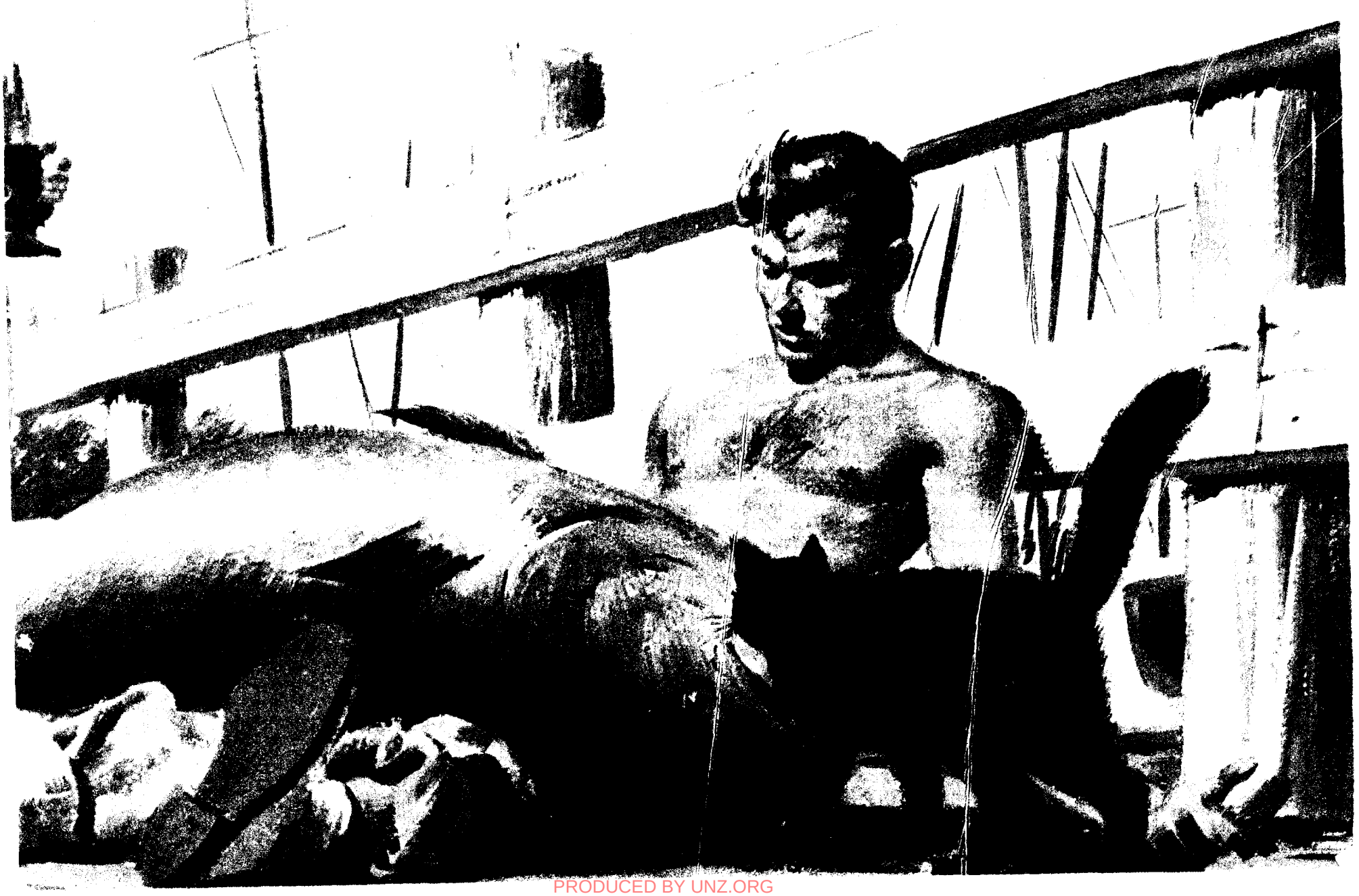


The silver fish turned and landed on Adam Bent's lap. Macdonald stood where he was, towering like some giant. Mac was afraid to look at Ernestine



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Hoffman gets a tip. "Ordinarily," says the author, "his hat is distorted beyond recognition, his suit rumpled, his tie awry." But what of it—he's Hoffman!

Tales of Hoffman

By JULES LEVINE

Irving that is! He writes about plays and movies for a small but powerful trade paper in Hollywood, and the big shots await his verdicts with baited breath. He's an "enfant terrible" with a mind of his own—and a strong antipathy to lemons

A FEW years ago, when the king and queen of England visited Hyde Park, photographs widely published in the nation's press showed them eating America's national dish, hot dogs, which captions and news stories described as "Coney Island Red-Hots." No other hands-across-the-sea gesture could have made a comparable impression on Americans, who applauded the royal couple for their democratic behavior and affectionately concluded that deep down, beneath their regal robes, George and Elizabeth were "just plain folks" like themselves.

Curiously enough, the "wienies" incident which ingratiated Britain's sovereigns with the American public was prompted neither by a desire to promote good will nor even by a culinary craving. Behind the inspired gesture was a tall, bespectacled and tremendously influential young man named Irving Hoffman, who possesses a unique talent for backstage manipulations in high circles.

At the time of the royal couple's visit to this country, Mr. Hoffman was handling publicity for Coney Island. Recognizing that his chances of luring England's king and queen to that plebian resort were extremely slim, he decided to bring Coney Island to them. Through White House connections, he arranged to have Britain's sovereigns pose for the "hot dog" photographs, and furthermore, even secured the co-operation of the President of the United States for his publicity stunt. For it was Mr. Roosevelt who, with a conspiratorial wink, archly informed the press that the celebrated wienies were "Coney Island Red-Hots."

Using royalty is but one of the many feats of the fabulous Mr. Hoffman, a lanky, dark-haired, nearsighted, thirty-nine-year-old bachelor with a benzedrine personality who is regarded along Broadway and in Hollywood as a man of considerable importance, but is virtually unknown to the public at large.

Besides his occupation as a public relations counsel, this Broadway Leonardo da Vinci (a caricaturist of note) writes a daily column for the Hollywood Reporter, a motion picture trade paper. He is, furthermore, a dramatic critic for the Reporter, and in that role has achieved his crowning success by acquiring the reputation of *enfant terrible* of the Broadway theater.

When Julie Haydon, who is George Jean Nathan's constant companion, learned that Irving liked her performance in The Glass Menagerie, she sighed with relief and said, "Oh, I'm so glad. He was the only critic who had me worried."

As a public relations counsel, Hoffman has been reported by Walter Winchell to be "steadily earning the mantle of 'the Ivy Lee of Broadway.'" Very few people know the names of his clients, but everyone knows they're important. At one time, Sam Goldwyn offered him a weekly salary of $1,500 to be his press agent, but Irving turned it down, choosing instead to beat the drums for a variety of personalities and products, ranging from King Zog to vodka (before Yalta).

His public relations practice is the principal source of Hoffman's income.

His fees are stiff, but it is considered a high mark of distinction to be handled by him, as he accepts only a limited number of accounts. A few years ago, when Coney Island faced a serious threat of competition from the New York World's Fair, Irving was hired to do a publicity job for the beach resort. His campaign was so successful that the World's Fair people tried to hire him away from Coney Island, but Irving turned them down because he didn't think he'd have as much fun publicizing the fair.

Hoffman's rating in the domain of public relations stems partially from his achievements as a suppress agent. On one occasion he managed to clamp a lid on the news when a prominent male movie star, on a spree in New York, was caught in a vice raid. Had it not been for Irving's capable suppress-agentry, the scandal not only would have wrecked the star's career, but no doubt would have cost his studio the millions of dollars invested in two of the star's unreleased pictures.

But it is in the journalistic phase of his numerous activities that Hoffman has created his biggest furor.

The Hollywood Reporter is a small-sized trade

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY EILEEN DARBY

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He's an artist, too, that Hoffman—he produced these portraits. The gentleman above is himself

Here's Carl Sandburg, as Hoffman sees him. The "Ivy Lee of Broadway" knows just about everybody

paper with a circulation of about 10,000 which is published exclusively for the movie industry and is read by movie exhibitors and the people who make Hollywood's movies. Here the power of Hoffman's printed word is out of all proportion to its limited circulation. His dramatic criticisms in the Reporter are the first reviews that movie executives on the Coast read, and his reaction to a play can send the movie bidding up or down.

His column, Tales of Hoffman, which he has been writing daily for the Reporter for the past thirteen years probably has the widest circulation of any nonsyndicated column anywhere.

Columnists on newspapers throughout the country use his material, often without credit. Billy Wilkerson, the Reporter's publisher, has had clipping services make a check on several occasions and has received as high as 1,862 clippings on a single Hoffman column.

Criticisms Strain Friendships

Through his wide variety of interests, Irving has acquired a vast number of friends among important personages, possibly even more than the late Alexander Woollcott. These luminaries prize his friendship highly. For instance, Fredric March sulked like a schoolboy when A Bell for Adano—a very successful picture—was panned by Irving, interpreting it as evidence of Hoffman's waning regard for him. His critical appraisal of their artistic efforts has evoked similar reactions at various times from Bette Davis, Max Gordon, David Selznick, Ilka Chase, June Havoc and Walter Wanger.

There have been some exceptions, though, to the universality of Hoffman's popularity—notably Jack Dempsey, who, provoked by an item Irving published about his former wife, vowed that he'd "slug" him if he ever ran into him.

Irving's intimacy with notables in all spheres gives him connections extending to topmost levels, both here and abroad. Not long ago, Irwin Glass, a relatively unknown artist who was going to England, was told to "look up Irving Hoffman before sailing." He did and was given a letter of introduction to Val Parnell, the influential managing director of Moss' Empires Ltd., in London. Since arriving in that city, Glass has been feted in court circles, and it has even been suggested that he will be commissioned to paint the portraits of Her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth and her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh.

The urge to help artists, writers and actors is one of Hoffman's pronounced weaknesses, and he functions more or less as a talent-scout-at-large. Through his efforts, many an unknown has become a movie star, and many a book a best seller. When Address Unknown appeared in Story Magazine, Irving recommended it to Winchell, who plugged it. The magazine sold out, the story was subsequently issued as a book, and later bought for movies.

He has an almost uncanny instinct for discovering people with talent. Lauren Bacall, Eddie Bracken, Ricardo Montalban and Joe Losey, who recently directed The Boy with Green Hair, are a few of the many he has brought to Hollywood's attention. After he heard Judy Garland sing in a Broadway office back in 1934, he recommended her for pictures. Similarly, he saw Lizbeth Scott dining at the Stork Club one night and persuaded Hal Wallis to sign her to a movie contract.

With all of Hoffman's 57 varieties of activity, he nevertheless manages to give his enormous army of friends as much individual attention as the average man devotes to courting a girl.

The guiding principle in his life, his friends assert, paraphrasing a maxim, is that thoughtfulness is next to godliness. Tallulah Bankhead, commenting on this Hoffman characteristic, once said, "When I'm in a hit, Irving never comes around to see me. But when I'm in a flop, and everyone shuns me, he calls on me every night and pays me a thousand and one attentions."

Irving's philosophy is based on Christopher

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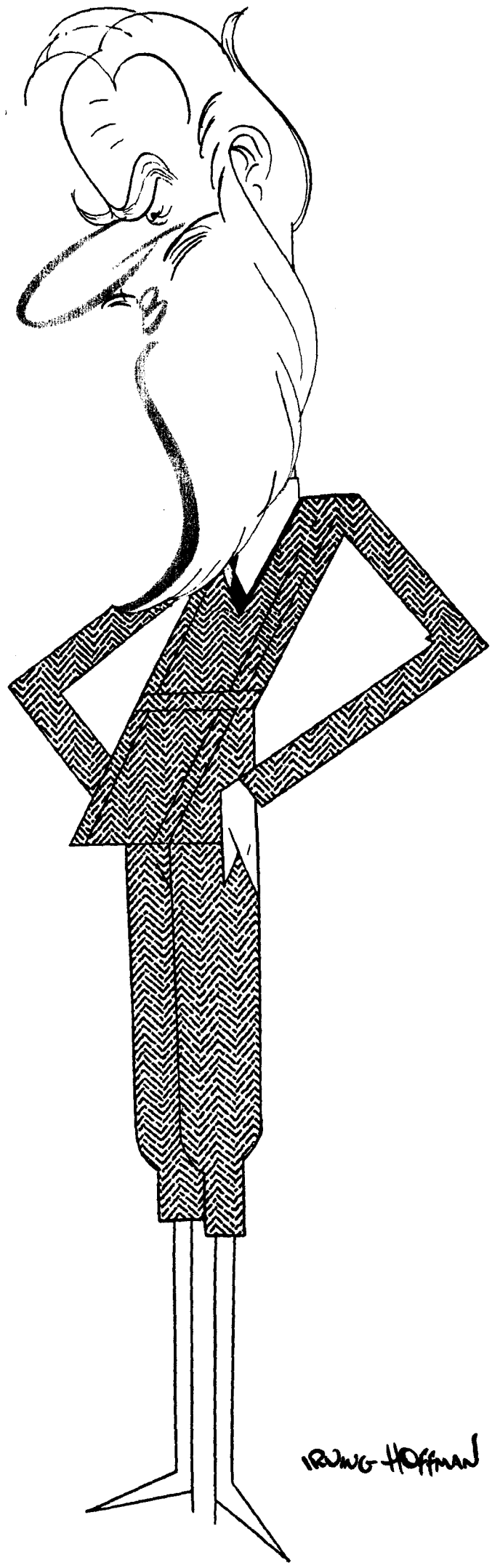

Correct! It's none other than George B. Shaw, the only master of caustic comment Irving recognizes

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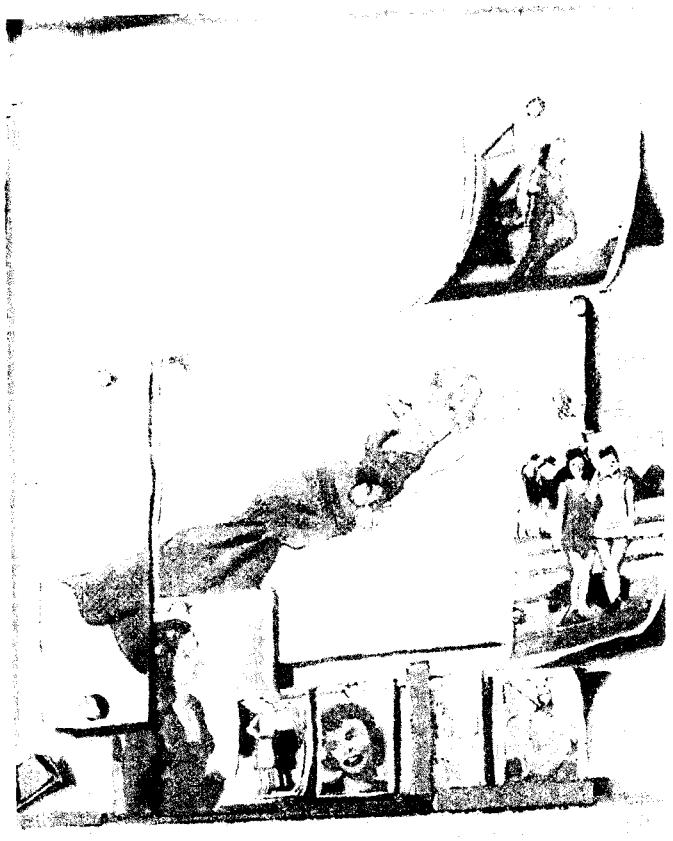

Counterblow

By WALT SHELDON

"It'll be a shooting mission," the general said, "and it'll be bigger and more terrible than anything in history"

IN THE way of half sleep Archie Reynolds was sure that both the girl in the spangled bathing suit and the stocky officer with the large mustache were real—until the girl swirled, melted and blew away like cigarette smoke.

"You awake yet, Reynolds? Can you hear me?" the officer was saying.

"Okay, okay." Archie sat upright and yawned. He blinked at his visitor. The stocky man was either a major or a lieutenant colonel who didn't polish his leaves. Hard to tell in this light. "What's the idea," asked Archie, "busting in here in the middle of the night?"

The man was grinning faintly. He had a big mustache. It was black and the ends swashed upward toward his ruddy cheeks. There was just enough blue sheen along the jaw to show that he hadn't shaved for about twenty-four hours.

Archie glanced at the clock. Four. Lousy hour, four. It had always been mission hour back in the Nissen huts and converted farmhouses. That was when he'd been a dear old hero for Uncle Sam and had acquired a strong aversion to both heroics and early rising. That was all over now, thank Heaven. Archie was back in civilization—to stay. He was in the Bolling Field B.O.Q.; he could hear the airplane engines purring on the line and the honk of the little motorboat that made the run to the Pentagon. Not that he could possibly be anywhere else, but the way he'd been dreaming lately just made him want to check up once in a while.

Archie made unbeautiful morning noises deep in his throat. "Let me get a cigarette."

The lieutenant-colonel (his leaves were tarnished silver all right) was an understanding man. He waited. Then, after Archie had drawn the first few gratifying lungfuls, he said, "I'm Brown. Special courier. I've got a communication here for you, but I'll have to see your A.G.O. card first—"

Archie looked back in a steady, faintly suspicious way. "What do you mean, a communication?" He found his wallet under his pillow and produced the glassine-pressed identification card for the colonel. He received an envelope in return. Fumbling and tearing brought him to an inner envelope which was stamped TOP SECRET in purplish ink. He looked up at Brown again. He saw air wrinkles and the faintly tired eyes of a combat veteran. He noticed that Brown didn't wear fruit on his chest. Neither did Archie.

"Better open it," Brown said.

It was a regular military letter, on plain paper. No headquarters.

SUBJECT: Special Project

TO: First Lieutenant Archibald R. Reynolds, AO - 861100, 1247th AFBU, Bolling Field, Washington, D.C.

1. Upon receipt of this communication you will proceed immediately to the 900th Air Force Base Unit, Tesqua, New Mexico, and report to the commanding officer thereof for temporary duty . . .

There was more, but it was the usual gobbledygook about transportation, status and numbers of pertinent regulations. The signature at the bottom came from on high. Very high. Archie looked up again and said, "I didn't ask for any special deals. I've been turning 'em down, as a matter of fact. What *is* this thing?"

"Can't tell you—yet," said Brown, smiling just a little. "But I'm supposed to bring you. I've got a B-25 out on the field—engines still warm—"

BY EARLY afternoon thermals began to rise from the flat, open land. The ship bucked. Archie steadied himself on the back of the pilot's seat and looked over Colonel Brown's shoulder at the scarred, umber land of New Mexico. In places it glittered with the sun. Young cumulus, coming to life, stretched itself across distant blue ridges.

Archie was still thinking. Since take-off he'd been trying to find answers. Why *him* for a hush-hush deal? Why not some of the superpatriots and eager beavers, or the guys who were bucking for promotions the hard way? Archie liked it fine right where he was, in the Division of Technical Development, with not much to do but sign a few things now and then and go down to the cafeteria for coffee on the hour.

Lately the bulletins and questionnaires and supplementary regulations had been falling thick as snow—authorizing personnel to attend Instrument School, Flight Service School, Advanced Radar School, or offering wonderful "opportunities," as they called them, for tactical and overseas duty. Archie had been writing "No" all over the questionnaires and putting the other stuff in File 13—the wastebasket.

Archie had already done *his* part. He had an Air Medal, a D.F.C., clusters for both, a unit citation, five bars on his sleeve and a Purple Heart. He hadn't got them just for looking pretty in a cockpit. Yup, at twenty-nine Archie was a war horse put to pasture.

He liked that pasture fine. He liked it a lot better than this raw desert down below—

Tesqua, New Mexico, was suddenly ahead: crossed runways and scattered white dolls' houses. By the time the tires went *vmp-vmp* on the runway Archie had noticed the huge B-36s on the line, and the guards with the tommy guns walking the ramp.

Everything on the base looked new and smelled of sawdust. Men in uniform were moving, doing things, crisscrossing each other's tracks. The air was dry and clean and there was plenty of it; plenty of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 70)

"I'm Brown. I've got a communication here for you, but I'll have to see your A.G.O. card first—" Archie said, "What do you mean, communication?"

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK REILLY

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Around the YOUNG World

By BETTY BETZ

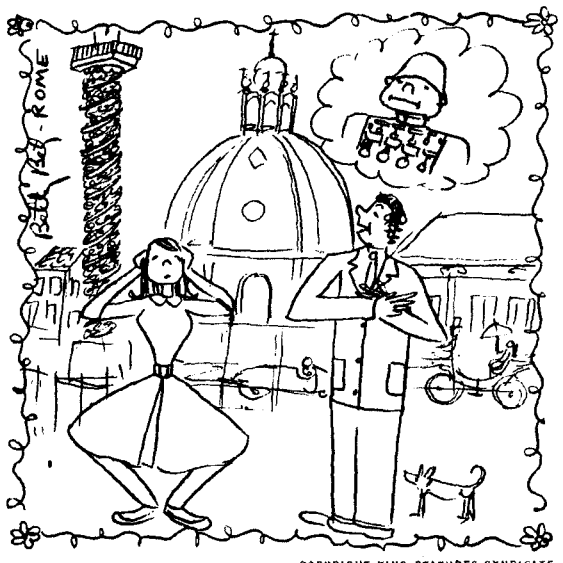
Loaded with paper hats, bubble gum and bebop records, a pretty emissary went out to spread democratic good will among the children of the earth. She found them in the ruins of shattered countries, still cheerful about their lot and eager to hear about a juke-box heaven called the United States

I WANTED to learn about the young people of other lands and what it is like in these turbulent times to grow up outside the U.S.A. So I made a reservation on a Pan American Clipper and got ready to leave San Francisco for a trip around the world.

To be prepared to give the kids I met some idea of how our American kids have fun, I packed a huge "party box" with balloons, bubble gum, bebop records, paper hats and a thousand yards of hair ribbon; and, co-operating as they always do, my chums, the Camp Fire Girls, shipped dozens of their overseas "party kits" to various European cities, so that I could pick them up later and distribute them in the bombed-out areas among the children, many of whom had never even heard the word "party."

As I walked toward my plane at the airport, the teen-agers who saw me off shouted, "Don't take any wooden yen!" I tried to wave good-by, but I couldn't—I was too loaded down to lift a hand.

As we took off, I smiled as I thought about Nellie Bly, the newspaper girl who in 1889 made a journey around the world in 72 days—the record then. As it turned out, though, I didn't break that old record. What with sight-seeing, getting acquainted with kids and giving parties, my trip took twice as long as Nellie's did!



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Author's sketch showing how she felt when she met an Italian student who still worships Mussolini

The Betty Betz party in Paris. It was followed by a big street parade in honor of the little hostess

BLACK STAR

Before I started, a lot of people asked me how I could give parties in foreign countries when I didn't even speak their language. Well, it's easy. I can always learn how to say a few words in any lingo—which always makes a good basis for friendship. I don't have to talk to make caricature drawings of my guests, and a smile is sufficient when I pass out eats, paper hats and hair bows.

During my wanderings I learned that among young people, giggles and laughter are pretty much of a universal language! I did have one slight misunderstanding, however, in Calcutta, India, when a very nice man wearing one of those diaperlike dhotis called on me one day at my hotel and asked me to be the guest of honor at a youth rally.

Red Arm Bands Gave the Show Away

Being very flattered I accepted his invitation with pleasure. I wore an Indian sari for the occasion, but after the demonstration of marching and calisthenics put on by several thousand young Indians wearing white uniforms with red arm bands, I suddenly realized that this was a real case of mistaken identity.

"Your youth rally is very interesting," I said to the leaders.

"Ah, so?" said one of them—a big wheel in a serge business suit, who carried a brief case, and obviously got his orders from Moscow.

"Yes—but I am a *columnist*—not a *Communist!*" I answered, as I watched those poor misinformed kids knocking themselves out obeying the shouted commands of the drill leader. All over the world there are many such organized youth groups which are secretly financed by the Communists and disguised as "youth clubs," or "discussion groups." The naïve kids join the clubs only to have a place to play, do not realize that they may eventually fit into the Soviet plans for world domination.

In Berlin I made periodic visits to the Russian sector dressed in an old sweater, a frayed skirt, a bandanna kerchief on my head, and a pair of heavy Russian boots which I borrowed from one of our I.N.S. photographers. I also removed my lipstick, nail polish, and, to sidetrack the secret police, I carried a copy of a Communist newspaper.

I certainly didn't look capitalistic, and through various underground channels I got an interview

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 62)

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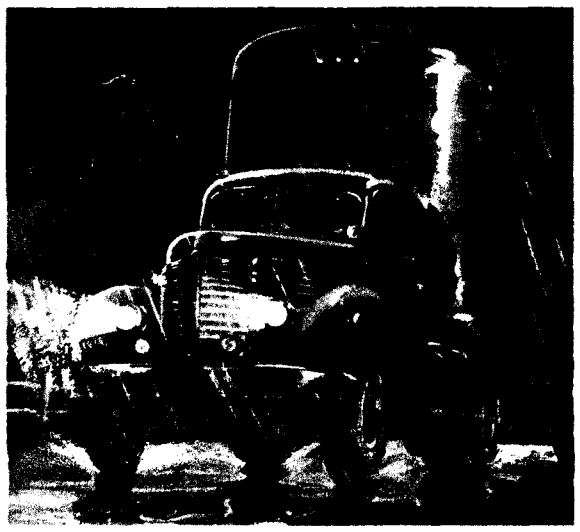
First in heavy-duty truck sales for 17 straight years!

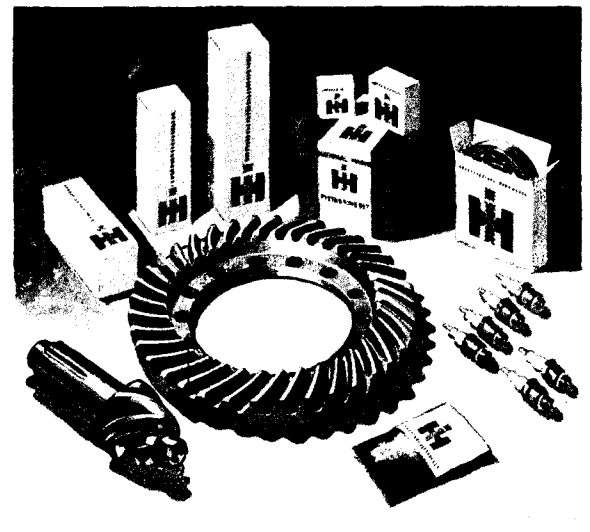


1. Rated first in value by America's most exacting truck buyers!

For 17 straight years, registration figures for new trucks with gross weight ratings over 16,000 lbs. have shown International Trucks in first place. America's most exacting truck buyers put them there. Would they have given Internationals that vote of confidence unless they knew Internationals were the best value in the heavy-duty truck field?

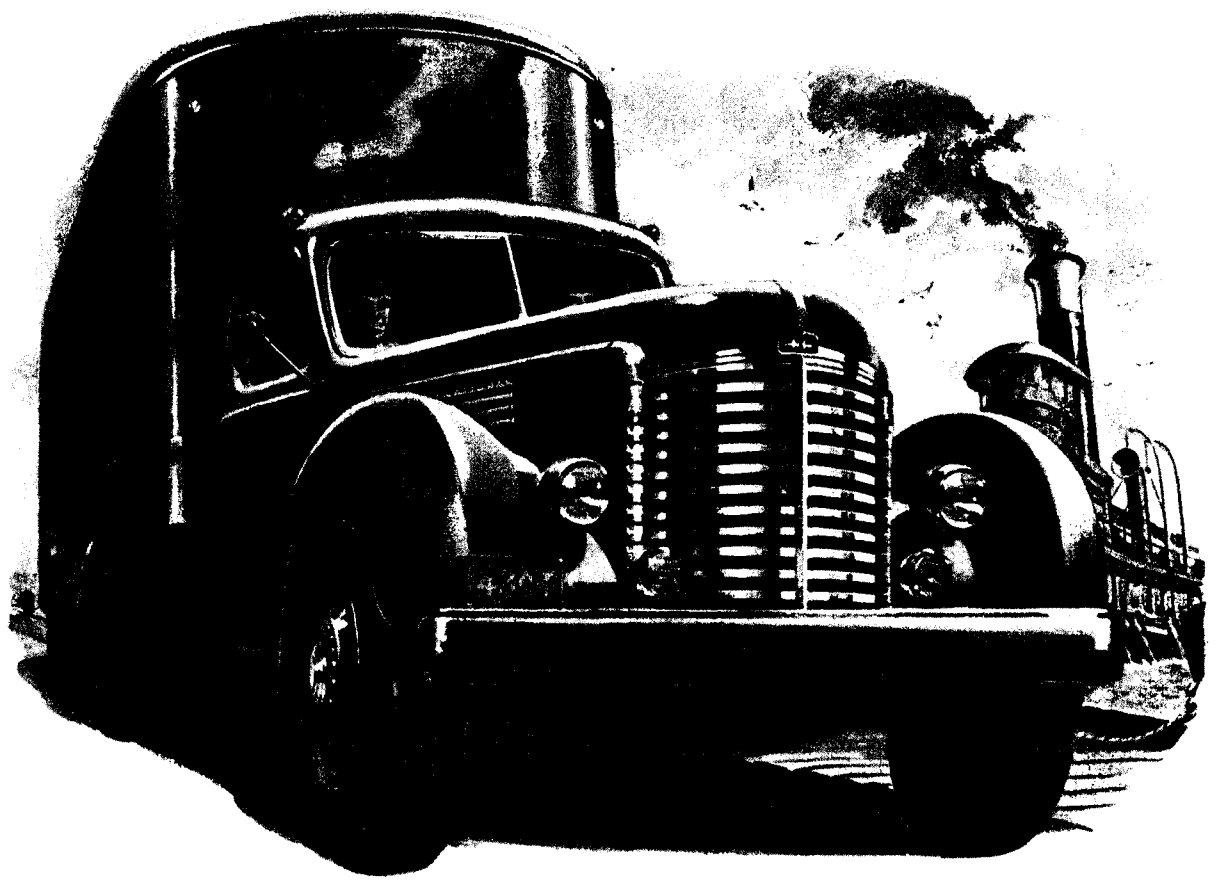
2. Backed up by the nation's largest exclusive truck service organization!

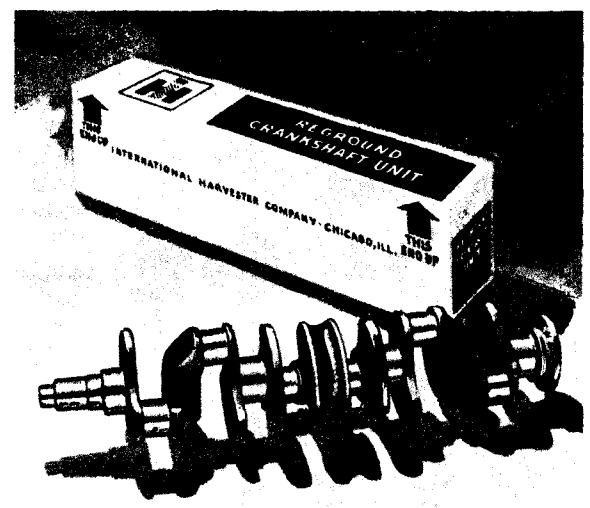
4,700 International Truck Dealers and 170 company-owned Branches and Service Stations stand ready to keep International heavy-duty trucks operating at peak efficiency. Factory-trained mechanics and special tools are on hand to give International Trucks the diagnosis, service, testing and repairs to correct any trouble, any time.



3. Precision-engineered parts help keep the leader leading!

Replacement parts have a place on the all 'round truck team that keeps International heavy-duty trucks ahead of the field. They're precision-engineered parts, just like the originals. They're made to fit and do a better job and last longer. Ample inventories of parts and approved accessories are available at all Dealers and Branches.





4. Inexpensive factory-rebuilt exchange units are important, too!

Owners of heavy-duty International Trucks also save money on crankshafts, clutches, carburetors, transmissions, differentials, brake shoes and electrical equipment. Complete International units, reconditioned and factory-rebuilt, are priced way below new ones and covered by new unit International warranty.

5. You don't stay first in sales for 17 straight years unless you're first in value!

No matter what model International Truck you buy—heavy, light, or medium—you get the same basic values that have made International Trucks first in the heavy-duty truck field for 17 straight years.

You get a truck that hasn't been weakened by compromise with passenger car engineering.

You get a truck specialized to meet your particular requirements by truck engineers. You have 22 basic International Truck models and 1,000 truck combinations to choose from.

See your nearest International Truck Dealer or Branch before you buy any truck.

International Harvester Builds
McCormick Farm Equipment . . . Farmall Tractors
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INTERNATIONAL

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

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Double play—at 40, Luke Appling throws as hard and as quick as the youngsters

Indestructible *Shortstop*

By FRANK GRAHAM

Talkative and worrying Luke Appling came up from the minors and joined the White Sox 19 years ago. He has been making sports news ever since with his own special brand of baseball

IF SOMEONE should ask you quickly, without giving you much time to think, what forty-year-old ballplayer has twice led the American League in batting and has a lifetime average of .312, the chances are that you wouldn't be able to say, unless you live in Chicago. But you wouldn't be the only one to be stumped. Because Luke Appling, captain and shortstop of the White Sox, has fashioned his career pretty much in secret. No one seems to pay much attention to him—except in Comiskey Park.

There, when Mr. Appling walks to the plate, the home-town crowd yells, "Luuuuke! Luuuuke!" This is the South Siders' way of saluting a hero who has worn a White Sox uniform ever since 1930. The only break in that long record was the year and a half he was in the Army.

Pictures on the sports pages, big headlines and accolades on the radio may go to other players, but for Luke they are a rarity. And Luke, by the way, doesn't mind in the least.

But the ballplayers know. Ask any one of them and he will tell you how much the indestructible Appling has really meant to the Sox down through the years. You will hear that there is not a more dangerous clutch hitter anywhere in the majors. You will be reminded of the thousands of hits Luke has made, and the thousands of runs he has scored or batted in.

Appling is no home-run king. If he were, of course, he would have got the headlines. Three or four or five homers a season is about his speed in that department, and there have been years when he hasn't made a single round tripper. For he's a straightaway line-drive hitter. In 1936 he topped the American League with .388, and seven years later did it again, with .328.

What is probably Appling's greatest asset at bat is his knack of fouling off pitches. That sounds like a dubious distinction, but it isn't.

"He has worn out many a pitcher that way," says Ted Lyons, formerly manager of the White Sox and now a coach with the Detroit Tigers. "I remember once when Luke ran Charlie Ruffing of the Yankees right out of the ball game. It was a steaming hot day and Appling was up in the first inning with two out and two on. Charlie got three balls and two strikes on him—and then Luke stood there and fouled off 14 pitches in a row. Finally he was walked, and the next batter hit one. It wasn't long before Ruffing was taken out.

" 'You did that,' he said to Luke, on his way to the showers. 'You plumb wore me down, you———!' "

But Luke deprecates this knack for hitting fouls.

"There's nothing to it," he says. "I'm a late hitter and if I don't get the kind of pitch I like, I just foul it off, that's all. Anybody could do it."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 40)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN

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Holidays last longer in snapshots

Whether it brings a day at the beach, or a picnic in the country, or a get-together with the folks—your next holiday will be a time to store up memories in snapshots!

Snapshots stretch the enjoyment of *every* occasion. Have your camera ready, and two or three extra rolls of Kodak Film on hand . . . Remember, the snapshots you'll want tomorrow, *you must take today!*

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER 4, N. Y.

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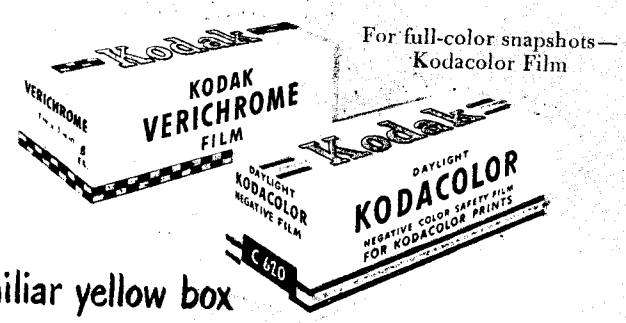

You get the picture with Kodak Film...the film in the familiar yellow box

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WITH LOVE AND BEST WISHES

Continued from page 17

The beer bottle was the first thing Lenora saw when she opened her eyes the next morning. Clint had filled it with ice water and thrust the stem of her corsage into it. Now, it stood on the bedstand looking rakish and slightly unrespectable in the bright sunlight.

She raised herself on one elbow and looked down at Clint who stirred uneasily and opened one eye.

"Good heavens—a strange woman in my bed! What are you doing here, madam?" He opened the other eye. "It *is* madam, I trust—"

Lenora dimpled. "Name of McGillacuddy. I'm an old friend of the family and I'm waiting for a bus." She pointed sternly at the beer bottle. "I trust this isn't an omen of what our married state is to be."

Clint rolled over and grinned. "Ah, yes. A life of beer and skittles." He yawned and stretched comfortably.

"Why don't you get up?" Lenora said. "I'm slowly starving to death."

"Why, Mrs. Walters, what a romantic thing to say!" He leaned back in the pillows and grinned at her lazily.

"Okay, then. I'll order breakfast served up here." She reached across him for the telephone but Clint sat up suddenly, scooping her into his arms.

"Don't tell me I've married one of those managing females."

She smiled up at him. "All right. I won't tell you." Her head fitted neatly into the curve of his shoulder; she gave a little sigh of complete satisfaction. "Do you mind if I purr?"

Clint traced the soft line of her lips with an unsteady forefinger. "I'm purring, too, but"—he smiled—"it's late, and I have to shave."

He slipped on his robe, and Lenora followed him into the bathroom. "I want to sit here on the tub," she said, "and watch you make faces at yourself. When I was a little girl my father would never let me watch him shave and I'm frustrated."

"Wouldn't Jerry let you watch him shave?"

Her eyes met his blandly. "Who's Jerry?" she wanted to know.

Abruptly Clint dropped his face down against hers and his voice was curiously humble. "I'm sorry, darling. It's just that—"

"I know," she held his cheek against hers for a moment before she pushed him away. "Your chin feels all stubbly. Hurry up and shave so I can have a proper kiss before breakfast."

SHE leaned up against the shower stall and watched him line up his shaving articles across the shelf. "These hotel rooms ought to have two bathrooms," she remarked conversationally. "Then I could be getting all prettied up, too."

"Go ahead. I don't take up much room." He squinted at her in the glass. "Not that you need prettying up, you understand, but you can't very well go traipsing down to the water front in that getup."

"Oh? Am I going traipsing down to the water front? What's down there—besides water and boats and fish and stuff?"

"Charlie's Chophouse is down there," he told her. "Charlie serves fried prawns that are out of this world. Until you've had some of Charlie's fried prawns for breakfast you just haven't lived, that's all."

"Now," Lenora remarked to no one in particular, "I understand what people mean when they say that marriage is an education in itself. It would never have occurred to me that one of the prime requisites to a well-rounded life should be fried prawns for breakfast!"

She sauntered back into the bedroom. "What am I supposed to wear to this water-front dive? I'm afraid I didn't plan on a rendezvous at Charlie's when I packed."

"Anything goes at Charlie's," Clint called back. He broke off as she came back to the door clad only in black briefs and a brassière. "I do think, though, that's a little *too* informal."

She made a face at him. "Oh, getting stuffy, are you? Move over—I thought you said you didn't take up much room."

"I don't normally. It's just that you take my mind off what I'm doing." He turned around and pulled her into his arms. "Okay. I'm all shaved. Now, how about that proper kiss?"

"Um-m-m-mm." She lifted her face obediently. "Now go away or I'll never get ready." . . .

Breakfast at Charlie's was fun. Lenora ordered bacon and eggs but when Clint's fried prawns arrived they looked so good that she ate most of them.

Clint ordered seconds of the steaming mugs of coffee and smiled at his wife across the small booth.

"I can see us from here, going through life like Jack Spratt and his wife. You getting fatter and fatter and me getting leaner and leaner." He surveyed her curiously. "Where the heck do you put all that food?" he asked. "Is it done with mirrors?"

"Oh, I've always had an appetite like a horse," she assured him complacently. "I've just been keeping it from you because I didn't want to scare you off. Jerry used to say—" Her voice trailed off into silence as Clint's eyes were abruptly shuttered.

"Well, go on—Jerry used to say, what?" he prompted pleasantly.

"Jerry used to say I kept thin carrying it around." She took a sip of her coffee and replaced the mug carefully. "This is hellish, Clint. I can't go through life being afraid to open my mouth."

"Have I asked you to?" He was still smiling that polite little smile that didn't quite reach his eyes.

Lenora leaned across the booth and spoke very softly. "Darling, I love you. Remember?" Her hand touched his on the checked tablecloth.

Clint's eyes darkened. "Sure. I remember," he said. "Let's get out of here, shall we?"

They walked along the water front, hand in hand, not talking very much. In an out-of-the-way curiosity shop, Clint bought her a bracelet made of shells.

"To remember me by," he told her, snapping it around her wrist.

She slanted a quick grin up at him. "As if a gal could forget a man who puts gardenias in her beer." She held up her arm and admired the bracelet. "Wouldn't you love to see the maid's face when she finds that beer bottle?"

WHEN they stopped at the desk for their key the hotel clerk said that there had been a message. "A Miss Margaret Wickert." He consulted a memo pad. "She wouldn't leave a number, said she'd call back."

Lenora groaned. "Aunt Maggie. How do you suppose she ever tracked us down?" She preceded him into the elevator still grumbling to herself. "Mother must have written to her—and if that isn't just *like* Mother—"

The telephone was ringing as they entered their hotel room. Clint murmured, "Hello," and then held the phone out to his wife.

COLLIER'S "Couldn't you just put one of those notices in the paper that you won't be responsible for my debts?" DON TOBIN

Lenora rolled imploring eyes at him. "Hello. Yes—yes, this is Lee. Who? Why, *Aunt Margaret,* what a nice surprise! Oh, of course, it's all right, we're delighted that you called. Why—I was just telling Clint that we must be sure and look up Aunt Margaret before we went back." Clint grinned as he saw that her fingers were crossed conspicuously behind her. "Yes—we'll try and do that. I can't make a definite date but I'll call you—yes. It's a promise—good-by, dear." She hung up and collapsed limply into a chair. "She wants us to come out and have *tea* with her. She wants to meet you. What'll we *do?*"

"Don't take it so hard, baby. She can't be as bad as all that." Clint grinned at her lazily. "Who is Aunt Margaret, by the way? I thought I'd been exposed to all the relatives."

"She's Jerry's aunt. Not only that but she's his godmother as well and she seems to feel that gives her a special interest in me. I could annihilate Mother for telling her that we were stopping at this hotel." Lenora tossed her purse and gloves down on the telephone stand and reached for a cigarette. "She really is a nice old girl but she'd bore you to tears. Do you suppose we could buzz out there for a few minutes some afternoon before we go back?"

"Sure. Why not?" Clint's tone was carefully noncommittal. He walked over to the window and stood looking down into the street, whistling tunelessly under his breath. . . .

The days kaleidoscoped into one another and before they knew it the last day was upon them.

"I can't believe it," Lenora mourned as they had their last breakfast at Charlie's place. "Clint, we'll come back someday, won't we?"

"Sure, we will," he promised easily. "We'll make it a yearly pilgrimage."

"Oh, you're just saying that." She sounded almost cross. "People are always going to come back but—" She looked at him quickly and then picked up her fork. "We'll have to hurry. There are a million last-minute things to attend to."

Clint's eyes studied her carefully averted profile. So Jerry, too, had promised her a yearly pilgrimage to their honeymoon spot. He felt a little twinge of pain that was only partly jealousy.

After breakfast they strolled back to the hotel to pack their bags. As Clint snapped the last suitcase shut he glanced at his watch.

"Three hours to kill until train time—what now, Mrs. Walters?"

Nora was regarding her nail polish thoughtfully. "You could get a haircut or read a newspaper or something for about an hour, couldn't you?"

"Oh, trying to get rid of me. What cooks?"

"It was just a suggestion." Nora tossed her head. "I thought I might grab a taxi and run out to see Aunt Maggie."

Clint watched her. "Any particular reason why I shouldn't go with you?"

Nora's eyes met his blandly. "You'd be bored."

CLINT picked up a suitcase in each hand, and squared his chin stubbornly. "I want to see Aunt Maggie. She's beginning to intrigue me."

"But, Clint—" Nora met the cool regard in his eyes and subsided. "Have it your way." She shrugged. "I won't call her though, we'll just drive out. If she isn't home we can leave a note."

It was quite obvious that she was counting on Aunt Maggie's being out and perversely Clint found himself wanting her to be in.

Aunt Margaret was home. She came running down the walk almost as soon as the taxi stopped in front of the small blue-shuttered house. Clint paid the driver and asked him to come back in an hour. When he turned back to the two women Nora introduced him.

"Clint, this is Aunt Margaret. Maggie, darling, Clint."

Aunt Margaret peered at him with sharp old eyes. She was a frail little person who must have been close to seventy. Now, she extended a small blue-veined hand which Clint shook gravely.

"Come in, both of you." Her voice was high and sweet like a child's but her eyes were missing nothing. Clint felt as a strange new germ must feel under a microscope. He followed them awkwardly up the path, wishing that he had followed Nora's suggestion and remained at the hotel.

The moment they entered the little house he wished it even more heartily because everywhere he looked there were pictures of Jerry Wickert. Jerry in his becoming uniform grinned down from the mantel; Jerry in tennis shorts posed on the writing desk and on the piano stood a huge wedding portrait of Jerry smiling down at Nora, his wife.

Clint felt Nora's disturbed eyes upon

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him as he sauntered to the windows which opened onto a small terrace. "Nice place, Miss Wickert. Don't tell me you keep it like this yourself?"

She shook her head regretfully. "I must depend upon a gardener for most of the heavy work," she admitted. "Try this chair Mr.—ah—Clint. I'm sure you'll find it very comfortable." She bustled off to the kitchen. "I must put the teakettle on. No, don't come with me, Lee. This will just take a minute."

Nora came over and perched on the arm of Clint's chair. Her smile was a little strained.

"Bored?" she whispered.

"Far from it." His gaze swung slowly from the picture of a small boy on a pony to the photograph on the desk. "Jerry, too?"

She nodded soberly.

"How come?"

Nora wet her lips nervously. "I told you but you've probably forgotten. She raised Jerry's dad and then after his wife died she raised Jerry. She doesn't mean to—I mean—"

"You mean she didn't tack up all these mementos just for my benefit?" He smiled. "I know that, Nora." He dug into his pocket for a cigarette, offered her one and grinned when she shook her head. "You mean Aunty wouldn't approve?"

Miss Wickert bustled in with the tea things. "The water is almost ready to boil," she assured them brightly. "Now, Lee. You must tell me everything."

"That's a pretty large order, Aunt Margaret. I guess Mom keeps you pretty well informed on current events. We were all sorry you couldn't make it for the wedding."

Aunt Margaret looked a little flustered. "It was such a long trip and I didn't feel that I should—" she broke off distressed. "I guess I'm just getting old. Change bothers me."

THEY chattered on for a few minutes while Clint smoked a cigarette and wondered how the baseball score was coming along. Every once in a while they would throw a remark his way, very much in the manner of throwing scraps to a dog who was being especially well-behaved.

"In a minute," Clint told himself dryly, "they'll come over and pat me on the head."

Nora went out and helped the old lady bring in the teapot and cake. Presently Clint found himself balancing a plate of cake and a cup of tea while he listened to the steady stream of conversation that Aunt Margaret interrupted from time to time to urge more tea and cake upon him.

He stole a covert glance at his watch and looked up to meet Nora's reproachful eyes. Irritably he wondered why he hadn't asked the cabdriver to come back sooner. His smile was beginning to feel a little stiff around the edges.

"Lee, dear, I never got around to sending you a wedding gift but I don't want you to think I forgot about it. I've been racking my brain trying to think of something suitable." Aunt Margaret's beam swung around to include Clint. "I want you to have one of my quilts."

"Your lovely work. Oh, I couldn't." Nora sounded honestly regretful.

"Of course you can. I want you to go upstairs and pick out whichever one you want. They're all in my cedar chest. I'll stay down here and talk to Clint so that I won't influence you."

Lenora put her teacup down and grinned like an impish child. "Okay. You talked me into it, but you'll be sorry." She flashed a little smile at Clint before she ran lightly up the stairs.

Clint took a firm grip on his cup and wondered what he was supposed to talk about. The weather—the baseball game—the local scenery—? He looked up to meet Aunt Maggie's kind eyes.

Boost Up

Oh, how could the heart
Of a painter be gladder?
The guy makes his start
At the top of the ladder.

—NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

"You haven't enjoyed this visit much, have you?" she asked.

He met the challenge honestly. "No, I haven't. But I didn't really expect to."

"But you did come. That was nice of you."

"As a matter of fact it wasn't. Nora didn't want me to come. I guess I was just trying to prove to myself that I wasn't jealous of Jerry."

Her eyes darkened. "But you are, of course."

"Yes." He dug a cigarette out of his pocket, lighted it with unhurried deliberation. He squinted at her through the smoke. "Nora said you asked me to come. Were you curious about the man who had taken Jerry's place?"

She leaned back in her chair and regarded him thoughtfully. "You haven't taken Jerry's place, Clint. No one could do that."

He met the serene gray eyes and bit back the fierce denial that sprang to his lips. "You sound very sure of that," he said after a moment.

She nodded in a composed sort of way but Clint noticed that the small blue-veined hands were clasped tightly in her lap. She got to her feet with surprising agility. "Just a minute—I want to show you something." She crossed to the bookcase and selected a battered photograph album from the lower shelf. Then she sat down on the davenport, indicating with a little nod that he was to sit beside her.

Clint sat down gingerly and she smiled at him, her hands riffling the pages of the bulky album.

The first picture that caught Clint's eye was that of a young couple in ski togs. Jerry and a very young and wind-blown Nora.

"This was taken the year they became engaged. Jerry taught her to ski—they used to ski a lot." Aunt Maggie skimmed over the pictures of the energetic young couple: Jerry and Nora swimming, Nora wielding a tennis racket, Jerry and Nora golfing, Jerry at the wheel of his speedboat.

Nora. Nora who hated anything more energetic than table tennis!

AUNT MAGGIE stopped at a picture of Nora and Jerry, holding between them an enormous loving cup.

"Look at this girl, Clint. Does she look like your wife?"

His mouth felt suddenly dry. "She is my wife."

Aunt Maggie shook her head. "No. Nora is your wife." She caught his surprised glance. "Oh, yes—I noticed at once that you don't call her Lee. I think that's probably a good idea." She turned another page. "This was taken on their honeymoon—they went to Sun Valley."

"So I heard."

"And this one—" She looked up in surprise as Clint put his hand over hers.

"Look," he said bluntly, "I don't know what you're trying to prove but I'd just as soon skip this business."

Her eyes softened. "Poor Clint. You think I'm just trying to be unkind. Look at this one, it was taken the night they won the jitterbug contest—"

"A *jitterbug* contest? Nora?" There was amused disbelief in his voice.

"No, not Nora. This was Lee. Lee Wickert, Jerry's wife." Her eyes were very bright. "That's why I say you couldn't take his place, Clint, any more than he could take yours. The things Lee loved in Jerry are not the same things she looks for in you."

Clint nodded. "I suppose there's something in that."

The next picture was of Nora—no, Lee—holding a baby. Jerry was in the background smiling broadly. Clint stiffened.

Aunt Maggie nodded reminiscently. "They were godparents for Ellen's baby." Then the soft face clouded. "I always thought it was such a pity that Lee didn't have a child. I guess they figured that there would be plenty of time for that later—" Her voice trailed off on a questioning note; it was almost as if she wanted Clint to reassure her.

Clint nodded but he was remembering something.

He was remembering Nora curled in the circle of his arm, tracing the line of his eyebrows with an admiring finger. "I hope all of our children have nice bushy eyebrows—especially the boys." Then she had sobered suddenly. "Clint—?" Her voice had been a little panicky. "Clint, you—you *do* want children, don't you?"

He had opened one eye and regarded her owlishly. "Six," he told her distinctly. "Three of each. Only not all at once, of course. I'd kind of like to spread them over a five-year period."

Aunt Maggie had closed the book and was looking at him expectantly.

Clint smiled. "Thanks, Aunt Maggie."

She sighed a relieved little sigh. "I couldn't bear to have you hate him, Clint."

"Oh, hey now—" he began quickly but something in her eyes stopped him. He got up slowly and walked over to the piano. Very gently he spoke to the girl in the wedding photograph.

"So your name is Lee," he said, "and that's the kid you married? He looks like a swell guy. I'll bet my wife would like both of you. You'd like her, too! She's a great gal, that Nora."

Aunt Maggie's eyes were misty as he smiled at her over his shoulder. "You *are* a nice young man, Clint. I think Nora's a lucky girl."

At that moment the taxi drove up in front and Nora came flying down the stairs.

"Look, Clint, isn't it beautiful? It's called the Wedding Ring pattern and I've been simply mad about it for years and years."

She hugged the quilt up against her, pointing out the way the pieces fitted in together, while Aunt Maggie bustled around looking for a box to pack it in.

While Clint was applying twine to the bulging package, Aunt Maggie made out the gift enclosure card.

"You'll need it for your scrapbook, dear."

Nora and Clint exchanged guilty looks across her bent gray head. They had already agreed to burn all the gift cards as soon as the last "thank-you" notes had been taken care of.

The taxi driver sounded his horn and Nora kissed the little old lady resoundingly.

"'By, darling, take good care of yourself and thanks awfully for the quilt. I'll love it all my life."

Aunt Maggie smiled gently. "Good-by, Nora. Good-by, Clint. Thanks for coming. Be sure to look me up again the next time you're in town."

"We'll do that." Clint hesitated for just a second, then dropped a swift kiss on the wrinkled cheek. "Good-by, Aunt Maggie."

THEY both watched out the rear window and waved to the small figure until the taxi swung around the corner. Then Nora relaxed against Clint's arm and lifted her smiling face to his.

"You were awfully sweet to her, Clint."

He rubbed his chin against her cheek. "I'm a sweet guy," he pointed out modestly. "I'm especially sweet to old ladies and small children. Children, that is—"

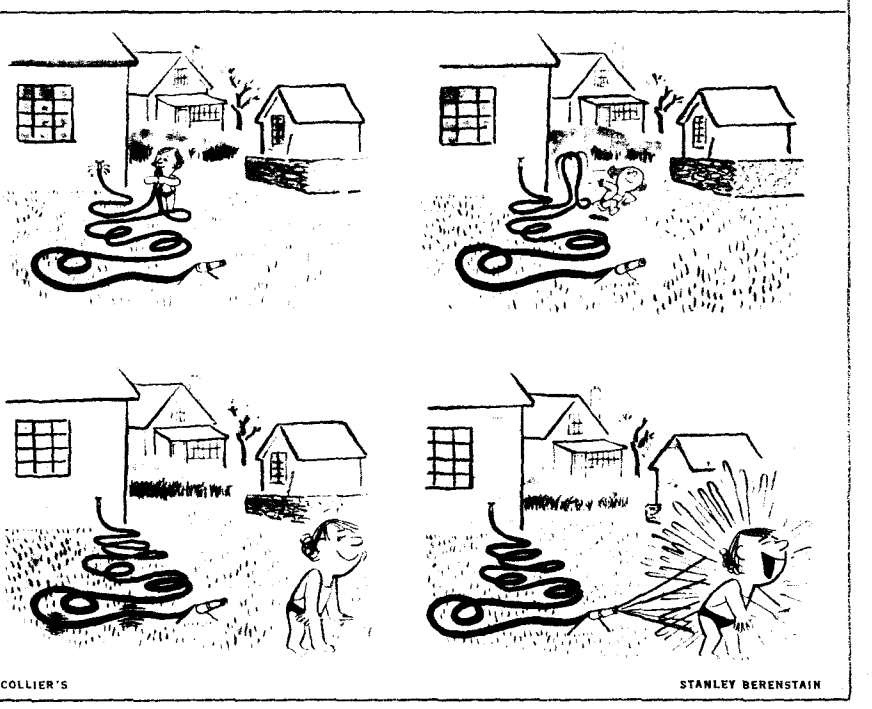
Nora wrinkled her nose. "Oh, you and your five-year plan!" She tucked her fingers into his vest pocket and withdrew Aunt Maggie's gift card. Her eyes widened as she read it.

"That's funny—look, Clint. It says, 'With love and best wishes to Clint and Nora.' She *never* calls me Nora."

Clint took the card from her and tucked it back into his pocket.

"You got the quilt," he told her. "This *is my* wedding present." THE END

SISTER



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THERE'S a brand new shaving experience in store for you when you change to the new DURIDIUM Silver Star . . . the razor blade your face can't feel! You'll shave . . . your whiskers will come off cleaner and easier than ever before . . . but you won't feel a thing! You'll be completely unaware of the wonderfully keen Silver Star edge!

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"Couldn't believe that I shaved!"

"Shaving was always a 'headache' for me and left my face sore. But with the new Duridium Silver Star my whiskers came off clean and easy. And my face felt so good I couldn't believe I shaved!"

ROBERT "DUKE" HEDMAN
Famous War Ace and Commercial Flyer

"Couldn't believe my own mirror!"

"At my first trial of the new Duridium Silver Star blade, I couldn't believe my own mirror when I saw my tough old whiskers coming off clean with absolutely no feeling of the blade's edge."

HERBERT RHOADES,
Prominent Judge

"I had to feel my face to know I shaved!"

"With absolutely no feeling of the keen Silver Star edge, it just didn't seem possible that the blade was taking my whiskers off. I had to feel my face to know I shaved! Duridium surely makes shaving easy!"

JOHN HUGHES,
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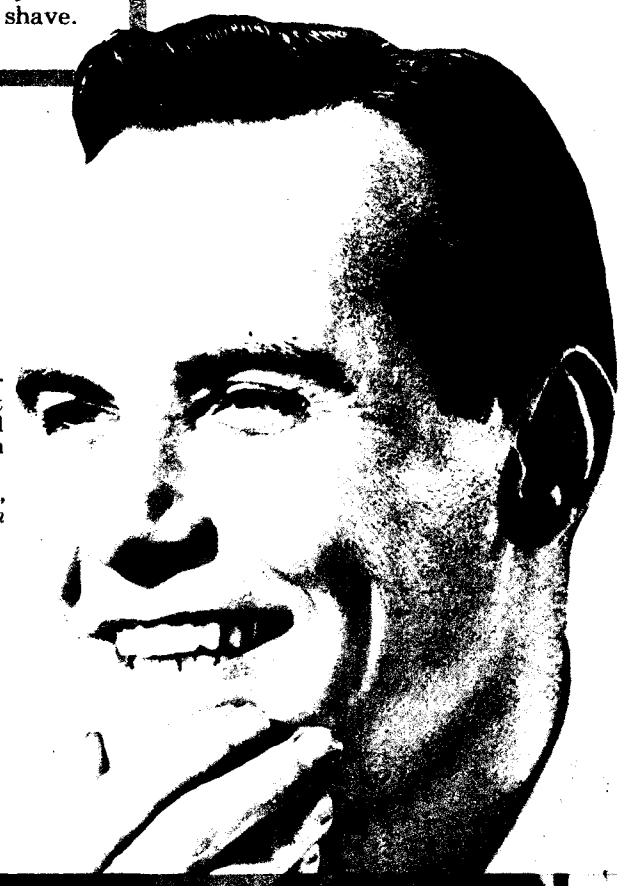

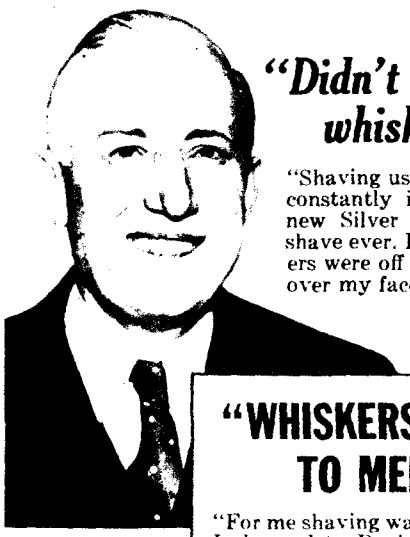

"Didn't know the whiskers were off!"

"Shaving used to keep my poor face constantly irritated. But with the new Silver Star I got the easiest shave ever. I didn't know my whiskers were off until I rubbed my hand over my face!"

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"For me shaving was a major operation until I changed to Duridium Silver Star. Now I get the world's smoothest shave without any shaving sensation. Whiskers just seem to melt away!"

DR. A. W. LINDBERG,
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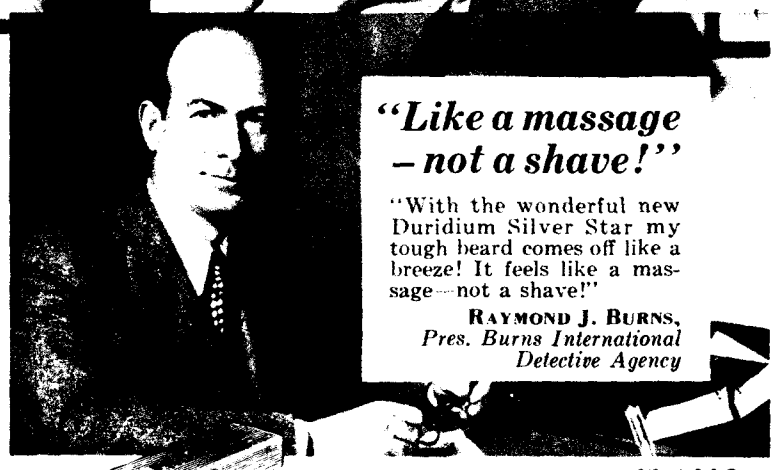
"IT'S LIKE MAGIC you see it but you don't believe it!"

"Shaving with the new Duridium Silver Star is entirely different. Whiskers come off clean as a whistle but you get no feeling of the blade's edge! It's like magic—you see it but you don't believe it! Duridium is tops!"

LARRY DUNHAM,
Engineer, The 20th Century Limited



"Like a massage—not a shave!"

"With the wonderful new Duridium Silver Star my tough beard comes off like a breeze! It feels like a massage—not a shave!"

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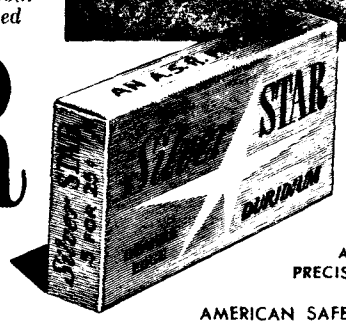

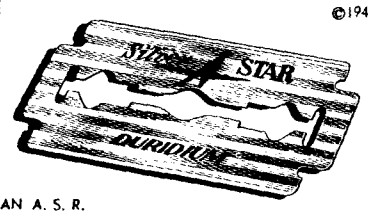

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Switch to COOLNESS....

CALVERT WHISKEY COLLINS

Put teaspoon of sugar and juice of lemon into shaker. Add ice. Pour in a jigger of that smoothest of whiskies, Calvert Reserve. *Shake* until well mixed and icy cold. Pour into tall glass half-filled with ice cubes. Add club soda. Decorate with cherry, slice of orange. Man—what a grand and glorious refresher!

Switch to a

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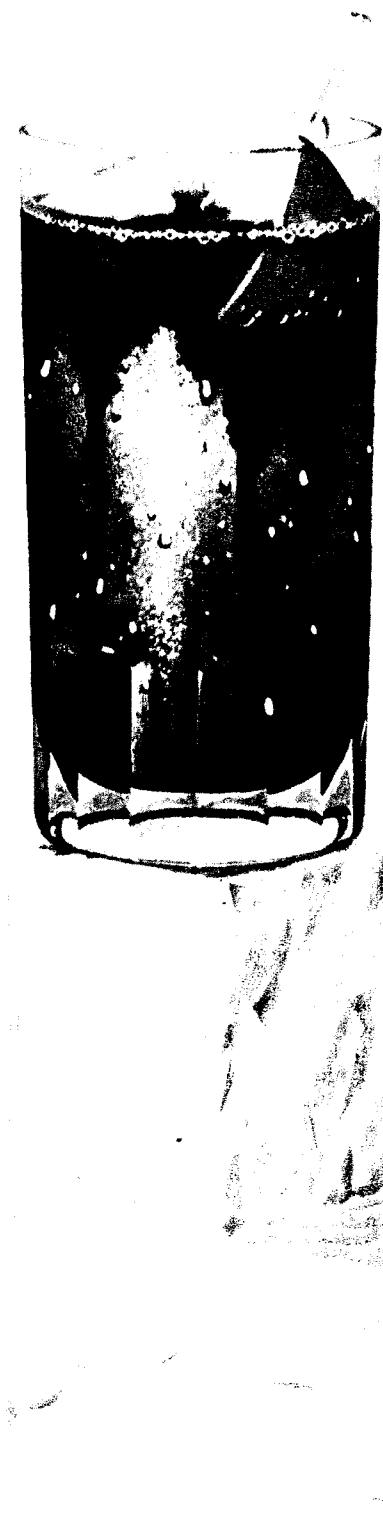

CALVERT COLA COLLINS

Squeeze juice of half a lime over ice cubes in a tall glass. Then—and this is the *important* thing to remember—add a jigger of matchlessly mellow Calvert Reserve. Fill glass with your favorite cola, and stir well. Garnish with the half lime. Sip it slowly. *Now* aren't you glad you switched to Calvert Reserve?

COOL CALVERT COLLINS

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INDESTRUCTIBLE SHORTSTOP

Continued from page 32

By hitting balls into the stands at an average of 15 per day, somebody once figured that Luke costs the White Sox roughly $2,300 a year—and the other clubs in the league a proportionate amount.

On at least one occasion, Appling used his fouling facility for more than wearing down the pitcher. "We were playing the Yankees in New York," Lyons recalls, "and Luke asked for a couple of passes. Maybe it was because the crowd was so large, but whatever the reason, our road secretary told him the Yanks wouldn't let him have any.

" 'They won't, hey?' he said. 'Well, I'll show those birds.'

"The first time he went to the plate in batting practice he must have hit 25 fouls into the stands. By the time he had finished, a guy from the Yankee front office was offering him as many passes as he wanted. I guess they were afraid he'd break the club if he kept it up."

But in spite of Appling's scant public notices and unsung prowess as a ballplayer, he has not been without honors. Four times—in 1936, '40, '46 and '47—he was chosen for the American League team in the All-Star game. He would have been on it in 1941 too, but he backed out. He said he was all tuckered out and needed the rest.

Three times—in 1936, '40 and '43—he was named by the Baseball Writers Association as shortstop for the all-star major-league teams featured in baseball's bible, The Sporting News. And in 1936, the first time he led the American League in batting, his alma mater presented a trophy to him which was inscribed: The South's Best Ballplayer since Ty Cobb.

Just a few weeks ago, Appling passed the 2,100 mark in major-league games played and has a chance this season to surpass the shortstops' record of 2,153 games set by Rabbit Maranville.

Lucius Benjamin Appling, to give him his square name, was born at High Point, North Carolina, on April 2, 1909. He's five foot ten, weighs 175 pounds and, although he's balding now, he's still rugged and scrap-iron tough. His family moved to Atlanta when he was very young and he still lives there today, with his wife and three children.

His First Baseball Contract

"As a kid," he says, "I liked football as well as I did baseball, and when I went to Oglethorpe University, Wally Butts played me at fullback. However, in the summer I spent most of my time in the Atlanta ball park, and at the end of my sophomore year, Jonny Dobbs, the manager, and Mr. Spiller, who owned the Atlanta club, got me to sign a contract."

That was in the spring of 1930. Before the year was out, Luke had been sold to Chicago.

Donie Bush was managing the White Sox at the time and put the young rookie in the line-up right away, but a week later a line drive broke one of Luke's fingers. The season would be nearly over by the time it had healed, so Bush told him to go home, get well and report at the training camp in San Antonio in the spring.

The next two seasons were not precisely happy ones for shortstop Appling. He was in the big leagues but he wasn't a big-leaguer. He looked slow, had a scatter arm and an inlaid disposition to brood when he fumbled a ball or threw it away. This affected his hitting, and slumps frequently took him out of the line-up.

Riding the pine did him no good either for he brooded more on the bench than he did when he was on the field, and he wound up the year with a batting average of .232. In 1932, Lew Fonseca, who had succeeded Bush as manager, used him not only at shortstop but also at second and third. Though his fielding was still ragged, he raised his batting average to .274 that year.

In 1933, Luke got a break: The White Sox bought veteran third baseman Jimmy Dykes, along with Al Simmons and Mule Haas, from the Athletics. Luke says Dykes made a ballplayer of him, and Dykes doesn't deny it altogether.

"Anyway, I helped," Jimmy says.

They were together for 13 years. For 12 of those years Dykes, now a coach with the Athletics, was manager of the Sox. Outspoken and assertive, but understanding, Jimmy took charge of Appling that first spring.

Frank Graham, sports columnist for the New York Journal-American, has been a top New York sports writer since 1915. He was formerly with the New York Sun

"I had watched him," Jimmy explains, "and I knew what was happening. So I went to Fonseca and said:

" 'That boy is never going to be a ballplayer as long as he is pushed around. Half the time he doesn't know where he is going to play—or when. If he makes an error, he worries and his hitting falls off, then you put him on the bench and it nearly kills him. What you've got to do is let him stay in there. I can do a lot for him.'

"I coached him," Jimmy says. "I told him where to play for different hitters. I yelled at him when he had to hurry on a play. When I saw he couldn't make it, I yelled at him to hold the ball, because he might throw it away. One day we were playing in St. Louis. We were in the last half of the ninth inning with the score tied, two out and the bases drunk. The next hitter slapped one to Luke and he booted it. The man on third scored and the game was over.

"On the way to the clubhouse, Luke's head was down and he said to me, 'Why do they always have to hit the ball to me in a spot like that?'

"I grabbed him by the arm.

" 'Don't let me ever hear you say a thing like that again!' I said. 'You won't be a ballplayer until you *want* them to hit the ball to you in a spot like that.'

"He never forgot it. I think that was when he started to be a real ballplayer.

"Ever hear him tell about his aches and pains?" Jimmy goes on. "We used to call him Libby Holman because he was always Moanin' Low. If he had all the things wrong with him he complains about, he wouldn't have lasted two years. He's built like a rock, you know, and I don't think there's ever been anything wrong with him. But to hear him tell it, he's never been right. He has a bad leg or a sore arm or a pain in the neck, or something he ate didn't agree with him."

"I've played behind a lot of shortstops," Al Simmons says, "and some of them were better fielders than Luke. But it was always nice to have him on your side. You knew he would be in there every day he possibly could and that he'd give everything hit anywhere near him the big try."

Since Luke does try for every ball lashed into his sector, he is bound to miss some and this has earned him a mark of which he isn't proud, although there is no reason for him to be ashamed of it. He holds the undisputed title for leading the American League's shortstops in errors per season for five different years. On the other hand, he has led the league's shortstops in assists for seven years.

Ted Lyons, who pitched for the Sox for 21 years and succeeded Dykes as manager, also saw Appling come all the way.

"He was pretty raw as a busher," Ted says, "but you could see he had big-league stuff in him. I never saw anybody better built to be a ballplayer.

"The first couple of years, though, it seemed as if he were the worst enemy I had on the field. In nearly every game I pitched, he would throw a couple of balls into the stands. Even his wife rode him for it. She said it was a shame that he always had to ruin my ball games.

"One day in Detroit, Luke not only played a perfect game but saved it for us with a great play in the ninth inning. When we got back to the hotel, he dragged me up to his room and put a long-distance call through to his wife in Atlanta. He was as excited as though we had just won the World Series.

" 'Fay!' he yelled. 'Ted pitched today and I didn't spoil his game! He won and I saved it for him in the ninth inning!'

"There's another thing about him," Ted says. "He's the most sociable fellow in baseball. Next time you see the Sox play, watch him and you'll see what I mean. When he goes to bat, he stops to talk to the umpire and the catcher, and all the time he is at bat he keeps up a running conversation with them. He always has something to say to the baseman, too. Nobody can pipe him down.

"Incidentally, I've never seen anybody who likes to hold the ball as much as he does. It used to drive me crazy when I was pitching. I always liked to get the ball back and pitch it right away. But if Appling had it, he'd hold it and walk around showing it to everybody. All the while, I'd be yelling, 'Give me the ball!'

"He would finally. But usually he wouldn't throw it. He'd walk into the box and hand it to me.

"One day I was so impatient with him that as soon as he gave it to me and started back to his position, I pitched it. There was a right-handed hitter up and I was hoping he'd smack Luke in the tail, but he didn't. He missed him by about two feet. But it scared the hell out of him."

The years Luke has spent in baseball have yielded at least a fair return for the work he has put in. Although he entered baseball long before the clubs were offering fantastic bonuses to college, or even high school, players, he did rather well for himself. In his first year he made about $10,000 from mid-June to late September through a series of astute deals.

And the next year he signed a full season contract with the Sox for $5,000. It may be assumed that he has improved his fortunes steadily.

When He Thought of Retiring

Only once did he ever think it was time for him to retire. That was when he was inducted into the Army in December of 1943. Arriving at Camp Lee for his basic training, he said:

"I'm thirty-four years old and beginning to feel my age. I've had trouble with my legs and by the time I get out of the Army, I doubt if they'll stand up under another big-league season. I'm through."

Now, by way of explanation, he says:

"I didn't know what they were going to do with me or how long the war would last. And I had had trouble with my legs, especially the one I broke in 1938. At my age, I didn't think I would last much longer anyway, and especially not after being out for a while."

In reality, the Army didn't turn out to be as bad as he had expected. He remained in this country as a hospital attendant and even got a chance to play some baseball on an Army team. When the war ended, he came back hitting—and has kept it up ever since. He is now playing under his fifth White Sox manager—Jack Onslow, who took command this year.

Unlike some veterans, Luke doesn't think the quality of baseball has suffered with the passing years.

"It's all right to talk about how great those old fellows were," he says, "but as long as I've been around, I've never seen better hitters than Joe DiMaggio and Ted Williams. Sure, the game has changed since I broke in, but that's because of a change in the equipment. The young fellows we have now would have done just as well with the old equipment—and you can't tell how some of the old fellows might be doing if they were playing today."

Then he thinks it's still a pretty good game?

"Sure," he said, "If I didn't, I'd quit. But I have no intention of doing that. I think I might have another good year. I will if this arm of mine gets better. It's been bothering me a lot lately." THE END

DAVID PESKIN

Today, Appling thinks he might still have another good year in the majors

INTERNATIONAL

Eighteen years ago, he was an unproved sophomore in the White Sox line-up

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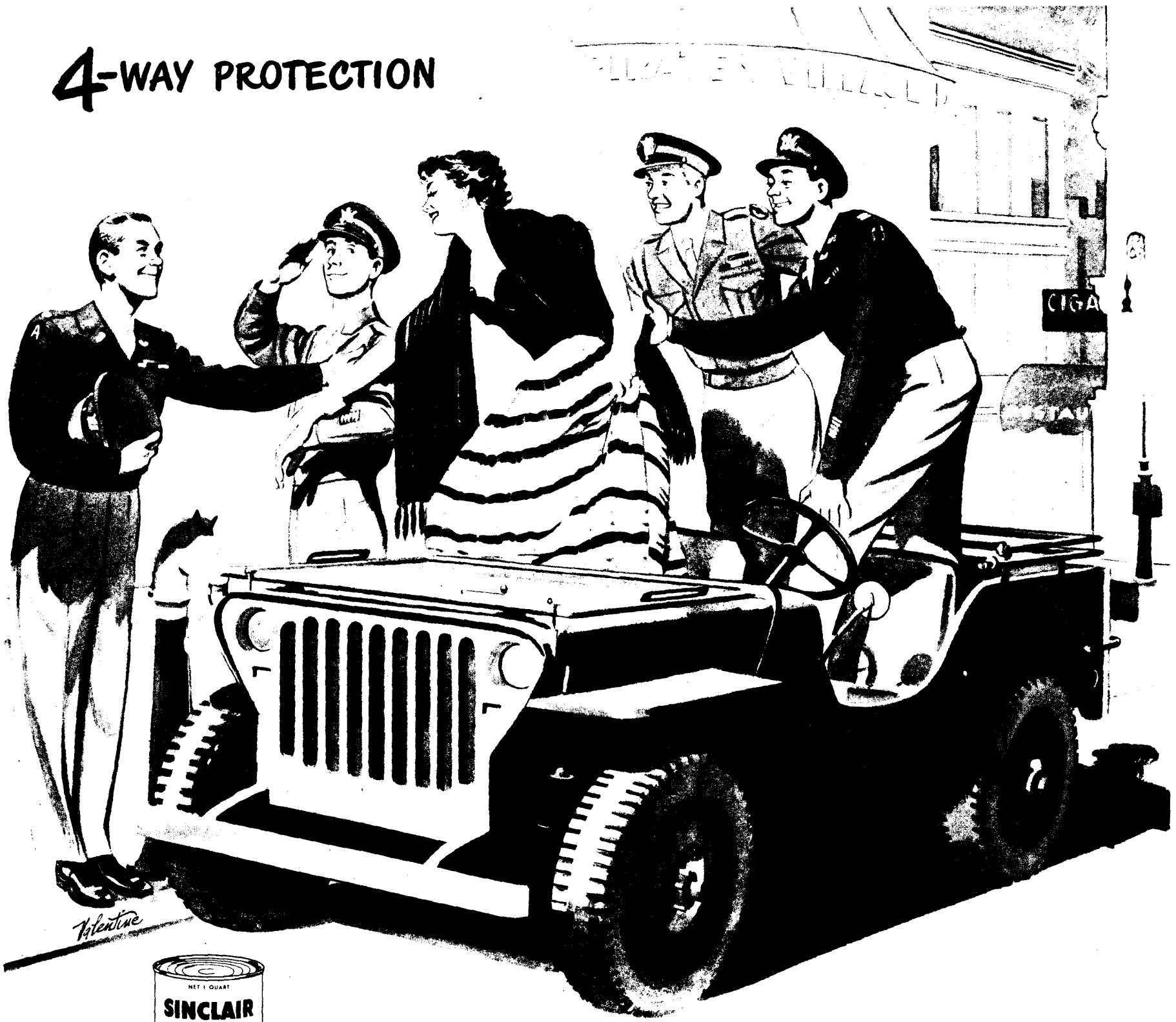

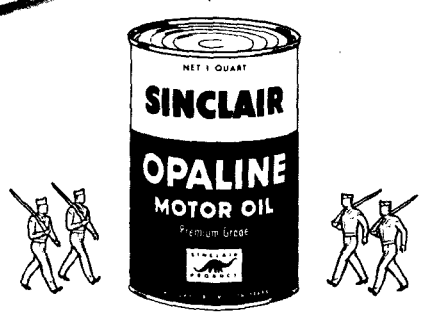

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3. COOLS—Opaline flows freely under all conditions to draw heat away from cylinder walls, crankshaft bearings, wristpin bearings and other engine parts.

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He's buying Savings Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan!

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Think it over! We believe you'll agree that bonds are the smartest, surest way there is to save.

Then—sign up for the Payroll Savings Plan yourself, today!

Regardless of your age, there's no better time to start retiring than *right now!*

P.S. If you are not eligible for the Payroll Savings Plan, sign up for the Bond-A-Month Plan at your bank.

Automatic saving is sure saving—U.S. Savings Bonds

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THE IRON BUTTERFLY

Continued from page 21

got scared that my stepmother was going to marry the old boy's money. As if she wanted it!"

"Yeah," O'Crotty said.

"They tried to have her locked up," Bob went on. "Cousin Bartholomew had a stroke and was confined to bed. I think he was really crazy about Mother. But she was helpless against Alice and Louisa. So when I came home I told them to go to hell and took her to San Francisco with me. I had a job waiting there, but—"

"Lose it, Skipper?"

"Yeah. I did. And the next one. And the one after that." Bob started to tell O'Crotty how it had been—that his mother was not really a kleptomaniac, that she was just a trifle forgetful. She picked up things in stores and absent-mindedly forgot to pay for them. Bob's first job had been lost because Mrs. Charles had picked up a box of candy, the second because of a gold cigarette lighter. After Bob had lost his third job he had been almost broke when his mother borrowed a quart of milk from the next-door neighbor without telling the neighbor that she was taking it off his front step.

To get her out of that, and out of town—the neighbors were threatening to yell cop—Bob had hocked the solid-gold command pilot's wings that his crew had given him during the war. Mrs. Charles was only his stepmother, but she had raised him from a small boy and he loved her deeply. He wanted very much to make her happy. That was as much as he told O'Crotty.

FOR some odd reason, Jack April was the first person in many a moon who had looked upon Mrs. Charles with favor. Bob didn't understand that—he didn't really take it at its face value, because he didn't like April—but if his stepmother could get along all right at the Jacaranda, then maybe he should take April up on the job he had mentioned earlier. If it were on the level.

"No, I haven't got any money, Johnny," Bob said. "I'm damn' near flat broke. We've got train tickets East, and that's about all."

There was a pause. Now Johnny was eyeing Bob curiously. The barkeep came up with a bottle and poured the drinks. Bob slid two silver dollars on the bar.

"Save 'em, skipper." O'Crotty slid the silver back at him. "Drinking with me is on the house."

"Oh?" Bob said again, puzzled. "You work here?"

"I'm one of Jack April's boys."

"He offered me a job this morning," Bob said.

O'Crotty raised his glass slowly and drained it, never taking his eyes off Bob's face. When he set down the empty glass he said, "What you going to do for April?"

"The dishes, maybe," Bob said with a shrug. "Anything he's got that's on the level."

"Grab a bus, Skipper," O'Crotty said softly, and out of the side of his mouth. "April hasn't got anything that's on the level. Take it from an old pal that's never yet steered you wrong."

"Now, wait a minute," Bob protested. "There must be plenty of jobs here that are okay."

"Name one," O'Crotty said.

"Well, like the Jones kid's job."

"Maybe," O'Crotty said. "And then again, maybe she's got an angle."

"Calling Major Charles!" The sing-song voice of a bellboy came echoing down the lobby.

O'Crotty put two fingers across his lips and gave a shrill whistle. The bell-hop's head popped through the doorway. O'Crotty jerked his head at Bob. "Here's your man."

"Mr. April wants to see you, Major Charles."

"Thanks." Bob said. He started to get up, but O'Crotty pulled him down again.

"Let April wait," he growled. "While I give you a briefing on the life and times of Johnny O'Crotty."

Bob sat down again.

"Listen, Bob, six months after I was discharged, I was in the same spot you're in now. I'm broke. So I start hanging around the race tracks, looking for tips and hoping I can parlay a two-dollar bet into enough money for a month's cakes and coffee. Pretty soon I'm working in one of April's horse rooms. Checked my ethics. Couldn't eat 'em. April comes East and meets me. He takes a shine to me. He brings me out here and gives me a good job with big pay. Okay, so now O'Crotty's doing fine. It's a success story, see?" He looked at Bob for a moment. "But it's not for you, Skipper. Grab a train and forget it."

"Thanks, Johnny," Bob said, after a second. "But I've got to have this job—and have it in a hurry. Don't worry, Johnny. I'm not taking any of April's sour money."

"You'll take it—if you stick around here," O'Crotty sounded angry now. He rammed his hand in his pocket and jerked out a fat wad of bills, threw it on the bar in front of Bob. "Here, Skipper, grab it! Grab it and get out of town—while the getting's good. Look, I'm your *friend!* I'm steering you *right*, Bob."

There was, Bob Charles discovered, a lump in his throat which for the moment made speech a bit difficult. He pushed the wad of bills along the bar. "Thanks, Johnny," he said. "But don't worry about me. I'll be okay."

AN EMPTY, bullet-riddled, black-leather bag stood on a low table in April's suite. April sat on one side of the table and Goldie on the other, staring at the bullet holes.

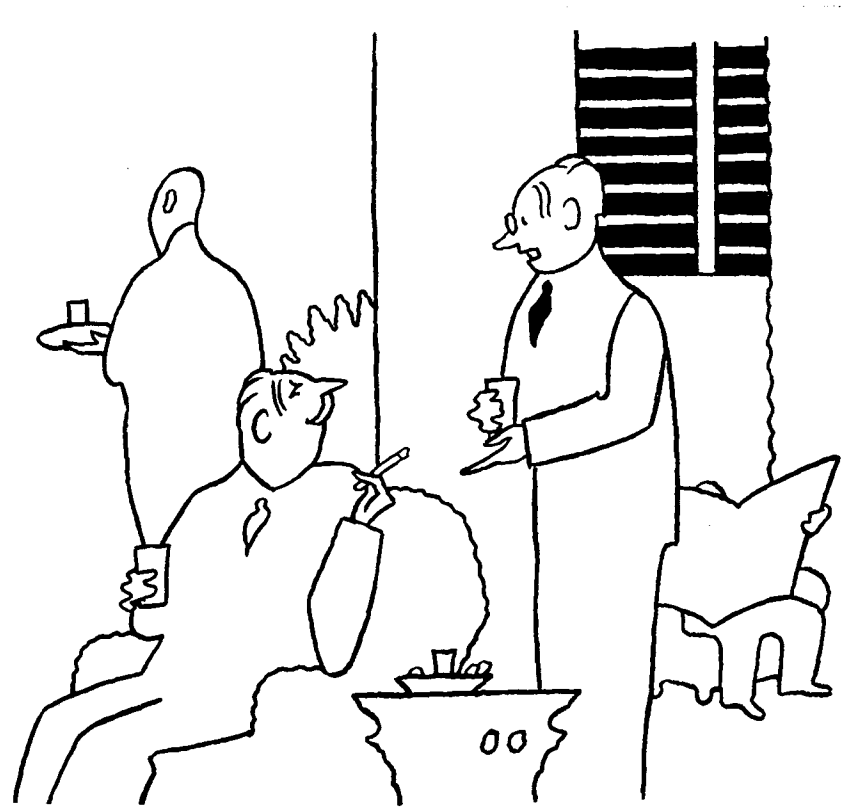
The bag had arrived that morning from April's correspondent in Cleveland. The correspondent had advised April that he found the locks ripped off and the bag, as was, lying in a vacant lot beside the body of Ernie Frazer. Ernie Frazer had been the hotel pilot.

Ernie Frazer was the second courier of April's to be rubbed out within six months. The first one, not being a pilot, had been expendable. But Ernie Frazer had been April's one and only pilot. Now he had to have another.

April rose irritably and went over to the round wall mirror. He knotted his black bow tie.

"Tell O'Crotty he's going to have to make two trips this week," he said over his shoulder to Goldie.

"Yeah," growled Goldie. "And two trips next week, and the week after." He picked up the leather bag and stuck his little finger into a bullet hole. "That money musta looked like confetti."



COLLIER'S

"Of course, it's different in your case, Weatherby. You <u>understand</u> women. You're a bachelor"

GARDNER REA

"Johnny's a good worker," April said. "He won't make any trouble."

"No, but he won't live forever," said Goldie.

"Got anybody in mind?" April asked.

"Pilots are three for a quarter these days."

"Not pilots you can trust, like Ernie," April said.

"Have *you* got anybody in mind?" asked Goldie.

"The kid's skipper is on the way up—Major Charles," April said; "and he's broke."

"Huh, who said?"

"I called Manny in Frisco to check."

Goldie grunted. "He ain't so broke he's looking for this kind of work."

"He can fly an airplane," April answered.

"He can spit in your eye, too."

"I don't think he'd do that," April said. "He's a nice boy."

"That's what I mean, boss," protested Goldie. "Nice boys are no good in this outfit. You can't trust 'em."

"We can trust O'Crotty. He was a nice boy till he got sucked in to where he couldn't turn around and go back."

"But I don't think this major likes us, boss," Goldie said.

"I got an angle," April said. "Manny gave it to me. The major's old lady got in a jam up in Frisco. Shoplifting. She beat the rap."

"That old bag better be careful," said Goldie. "Or she's gonna end up in the birdhouse."

"Bob wouldn't like that," said April. "He's a nice, clean American kid. Loves his mother, see, Goldie? Do anything for her."

There was a knock on the door.

"It's him," Goldie said.

April picked up the bullet-riddled black-leather bag and threw it into a closet. "Let him in," he said. "Mix us a couple of drinks and scram."

GOLDIE let Bob in. April greeted him warmly, and led the way out to the porch, talking. How was Bob's nice little mother? Bob said his mother was fine.

"Want a Scotch?" Goldie called from the bar.

"Thanks," Bob called back.

Goldie brought the drinks. Then Bob and April were alone on the dark vine-grown porch. Below lay the sleeping gardens; beyond the gardens the hotel grounds, and beyond that the dry, still distance of Nevada desert.

"Sit down, Skipper," April said.

Bob sat down, feeling nervous. The meeting with O'Crotty had upset him. Asking April about a job after that was like pulling eyeteeth. He drained his glass, set it down, and took out his pipe.

"I had some bad luck this week," April said suddenly in the silence.

"That so?" Bob asked politely.

"Yeah," April said. "Lost my airplane driver, Ernie Frazer."

"Crack-up?" Bob asked.

"No-no, nothing like that," April said smoothly. "He—he's got a wife back East, who don't want him away from home all the time, that's all." He sipped at his drink, watching Bob speculatively over the edge of the glass. "How would you like that job, Major?"

"Me?" Bob asked, a little surprised that the job situation was being taken out of his hands.

"I know you're a damn' good pilot."

"Okay, Mr. April," Bob said. "I'll take the job. I'll take it on one condition. That I fly your airplane. And that's all I do."

"What else would I want you to do?" April demanded.

"You don't make all your money in the hotel business," Bob said.

April nipped the end off his cigar with a little gold clipper, taking care and pains, and more time than was necessary. "I'm pretty proud of the Hotel Flight Service," he said finally. "We're the only house in the country that flies parties of guests free." He chuckled cynically. "Only, of course, it's not free. They pay their freight over the crap tables."

Bob didn't say anything. Crap tables are legal in Nevada. What April's guests did with their money was none of his business.

"Sometimes we fly an emergency trip," April went on. "When somebody's sick, or the chef needs some Maine oysters. But mostly it's just hauling guests. Have you got your commercial license, Bob?"

"Yes."

"How about your logbook?"

"I've got that in my bag," Bob said.

"Then it's all settled," April said.

"Not quite. What are the rates in your air force?"

"Fifteen dollars an hour in the air. Minimum of five hundred a month. You'll probably make about seven fifty. Plus board and room for yourself and your mother."

Bob felt his heart bump at this un-

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expected news. Seven fifty a month was more than most air-line pilots made. He had an impulse to shake hands right there and call it a deal. "That's a damn' decent offer, Mr. April," he said, "but there's one more thing. It's about my mother."

"Well? What about her?"

"She's a little—unexpected at times. We ran into a sort of a rumpus in San Francisco," Bob continued. "A couple of rumpuses. Nothing really serious, but people who don't understand her got unpleasant."

"Police people?" April asked.

"Well—yes," Bob admitted. "You see, she kind of picks up things and trots off with them. I can't always get 'em back in time. And now and then, when I'm not looking, she takes a nip or two of brandy. Now if you could tell the boys downstairs at the bar never to serve her anything—"

"Why, *sure,* Skipper," said April genially. "There are always a couple of nice old folks like that around a big resort hotel. The boys know. Don't worry."

A knock on April's hall door interrupted them. April looked around quickly. Then he came and took Bob's arm. "Special guests, Skipper," he said, *sotto voce.* "Mind going down the back way?"

"I don't mind," Bob said. He hadn't the slightest interest in April's intrigues. April guided him to the dark greenhouse stairs, and slapped him warmly on the back. Bob felt his way down the narrow stairs, and opened the steel door. . . .

April waited till he heard it click shut. The rapping on the hall door had become insistent. He straightened his black bow tie and hurried from the dark porch into the lighted living room, crossed to the hall door and opened it. Mrs. Charles was standing there in full evening regalia.

"Good evening, Mrs. Charles," April said. "I hope your suite suits you okay?"

"Dear Mr. April," Mrs. Charles said, "the flowers were such a lovely gesture!"

"Just sit down—any place, Mrs. Charles," April said, "while I get you some panther juice." He strode back of the bar.

"Panther juice?" Mrs. Charles echoed. "Forevermore! What is that?"

"It's—well, it's an—er—"

"An *apéritif?*" Mrs. Charles asked gently.

"Yeah," April cried jovially. "Like brandy. I was just using cowboy lingo, Mrs. Charles. My apology."

"There is no need," said Mrs. Charles with dignity, "for any apology, Mr. April. Bobby dear and I plan to make the West our home. We must, therefore, conform to Western mores, become versatile in the Western idiom. I should simply adore some panther juice, Mr. April."

AS MR. APRIL touched glasses with his special guest, Bob stepped from the damp earthy smell of the greenhouse below into the cool darkness of the big garden. He paused, knocking out his pipe. The scent of tropical flowers was heavy in the air; overhead, the stars were brilliant in the midnight-black sky; and somewhere deep in the garden, a girl was crying. Bob put away his pipe and hurried down the garden path toward the sound.

The girl was hunched on a rustic bench beside the fountain, her figure a white blur against the blackness of the shrubbery. It was Louise Jones.

Bob sat on the bench beside her, laid a comforting arm across her shoulders, and said, "Hey, take it easy."

She jerked upright at his touch, and pushed off his hold. "If there's anything I hate," she blazed, "it's people who go snooping in private gardens, sneaking up on people when they're crying."

"Now, now," Bob said. He put his arm about her shoulder again.

For a moment longer Louise glared at him, her hand thrust out as though to push him away. Then she caught his coat lapel, clung to it, and abruptly began to cry. Bob pulled her head down on his shoulder.

"It can't be that terrible," he said. "Tell me about it. Maybe I can help."

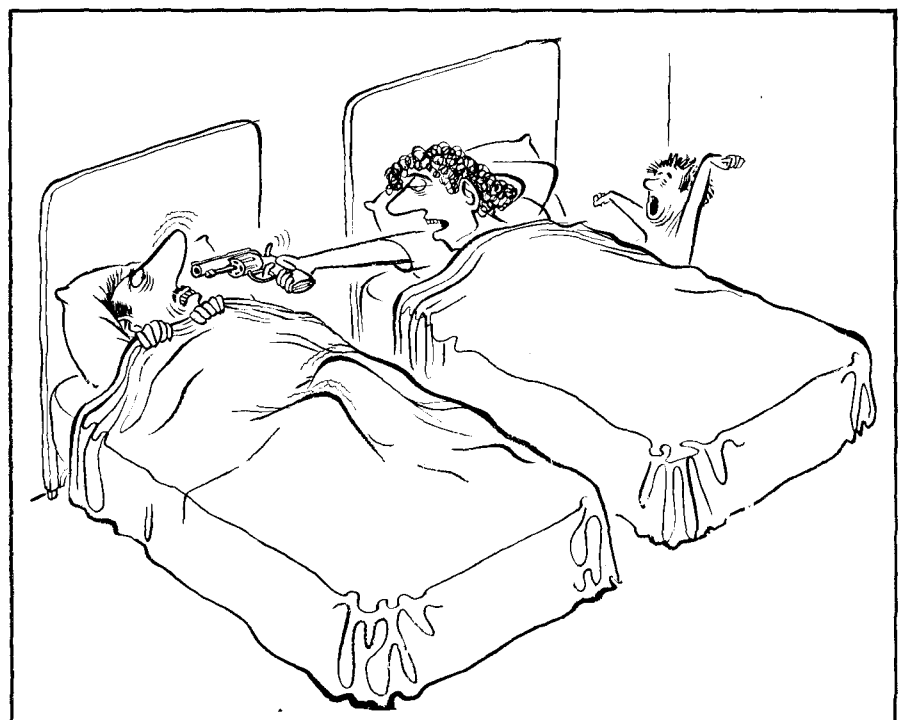
Louise sat up and blew her nose. "I told him I was going to do it—the minute I found out all he had was a fractured right tibia and a busted left ankle. Three car wrecks was enough, I said. He never once said he'd try to stop me. He just lay there in his traction splints and wrote me nasty letters that I wouldn't get a cent. But now that I've almost saved enough for it, why, he says he'll see me in hell!"

"Who is this guy with the fractured tibia, and what's he going to see you in hell about?"

"The guy is Ted Morgan—my husband. And he'll see me in hell before he'll let me get a divorce."

"Oh," Bob said. His arm slacked its hold. "Is this husband something new—or ancient history?"

"Five years ancient," Louise said. She pushed at her mussed coiffure. "Kingman, Arizona, ancient. He washed out of flight training, and went all to pieces and got drunk and cried all over Kingman. And I felt sorry for him and sobered him up with black coffee, and told him it wasn't the end of the world—washing out."



COLLIER'S **"Honey, be a sweet boy and get Nicky off to school"** VIRGIL PARTCH

"And ended up marrying him," Bob said.

"He said he needed me," Louise sighed.

"And what," Bob demanded, "does he say he's going to do to keep you from getting a divorce?"

"He didn't say," Louise said. "He'll keep me crazy, wondering, right till the last minute. That's the way he is. And then he'll do something unexpected and awful—something that will just about ruin me, if he can figure it out."

"Then he is no longer in traction splints?" Bob asked.

Louise sighed again. "He got out of the hospital this morning," she said. "That's how come he called me."

"Look, baby," Bob said, "if you've got grounds, you'll be okay. You just get you a good lawyer."

"I've got a good lawyer," Louise said. "I've got Webster Davis—one of Mr. April's best."

So O'Crotty had been right. The girl *did* have an angle.

"Then what are you worrying about?" Bob said, a little testily.

"I don't want to have to stay here and fight," Louise wailed. "I want to go home right now! Mother's sick—she's just had an operation—and Dad says she keeps asking when I'm coming—" Her head wavered in the starlight, and wobbled uncertainly toward Bob's shoulder again. He pulled her to him, and began patting.

"There, there, honey," he said. "What you need is a Scotch and soda and a good thick steak. Let's go eat."

FEELING very happy and uplifted, as the result of her interview with April plus four brandies, Mrs. Charles came floating down the path at this crucial moment, and practically fell over the two figures on the garden bench. Louise sat up with a jerk.

"Oh, my dears, do pardon me," Mrs. Charles gurgled, righting herself elegantly. "If I'd dreamed this was a trysting place, I'd never have—why, it's Miss Jones!" she gasped. "And *my Bobby!* Whatever is the meaning of *this?*"

Bob could feel Louise stiffening beside him; he could see her chin going up in the starlight. He could also tell that the fires of his mother's maternal jealousy were kindled. He got to his feet hurriedly.

"Miss Jones has had some bad news, sugar," he said. "Her—her mother is quite ill."

"How very unfortunate," Mrs. Charles murmured. "Nothing serious, I trust, Miss Jones?"

"An emergency operation," Louise said in a shaky voice. "She's not recovering too quickly from it."

"Oh," Mrs. Charles said sweetly. "Then the danger is passed. So you've really nothing to worry about." She turned pointedly to Bob. "Whenever you can spare the time, dear," she cooed, "Mr. April wants us to select a more suitable suite."

"What's wrong with the one we're in?" he said.

"Why, nothing, Bobby dear, nothing at all," Mrs. Charles said. "But Mr. April insists that I must have a suite overlooking the garden. I'm to have complete charge, you know." She laughed flutily. "He put it so cleverly, dear. Two aces for the price of one, he said. An ace flier—*and* an ace horticulturist!"

"Do I understand," asked Louise in a suddenly cold voice, "that you two are working here?"

Bob stared stonily at his stepmother. "Did you go trotting up to April's suite? The minute you were dressed?"

"Why, *Bobby,* of course not." Mrs. Charles was deeply wounded. "That wouldn't be seemly. Mr. April and I spoke on the telephone. He asked us to dinner. I think you'd better go in now and dress, Bobby."

Bob had caught a whiff of brandy, and knew right where Mrs. Charles had got it. "Better call Mr. April back," he said, his voice tight with anger, "and tell him we're busy this evening. I've asked Miss Jones to have dinner with us."

"Oh, but I'm sure Miss Jones will excuse you this once," Mrs. Charles said sweetly.

"Yes, indeed!" Miss Jones was on her feet, her back very straight. "I'll gladly excuse him, Mrs. Charles."

"Well!" Bob said. "Now that my evening's been settled for me, may I have a word?"

"Why, certainly, dear," Mrs. Charles said.

"A word with Miss Jones, Mother," Bob said pointedly. "If I may?"

For a moment, Mrs. Charles was of a mind to argue, but Bob's hand on her arm decided her against it. She said, "Why, certainly, Bobby dear," with sweet meekness, and teetered regally out of sight.

By the fountain, Louise was searching for her missing comb. Bob struck a match and knelt beside her. "Lost something?" he said.

"Yes," said Louise shortly. "My comb."

The match went out. He struck another.

"You'd better leave me the matches and start work on that black tie," Louise said stonily. "Mr. April dines at eight sharp."

"Now look here," said Bob. "I asked you to have dinner with me—"

"You can't miss a command performance," Louise said. "Mr. April doesn't stand for insubordination."

BOB took her firmly by the shoulder and turned her around. "I don't take orders from April!"

"Oh, yes, you do, Mr. Charles," Louise said. "*If* you're working for him."

"No matter who I work for," Bob said, "where and when I eat and who with is my business."

"Well, take your business somewhere else," Louise said. "For your information, I've never had dinner with Ernie Frazer or with Johnny O'Crotty. I never go out with gangsters."

"Let's get one thing straight," said Bob angrily. "I'm just going to fly April's plane."

"Oh, skip it," Louise said. "I wasn't born yesterday—and neither were you!" She jumped to her feet, jerking loose from his hold, and hurried away from him.

So! she raged to herself as she ran, Major Robert Lee Charles III, for all his background and his war record and his shot-with-gold look, is going into the business! Nothing but a common racketeer. Just another high-class Jack April plug-ugly! . . .

The moment Louise entered the dining room that evening, wearing her ivory satin Dior gown, Mrs. Charles saw right through her.

She turned at once to Mr. April and Bob, fluttered her eyelashes, and murmured that Miss Jones looked lovely—just absolutely lovely! But didn't they think the gown was a trifle extreme? Not that it wasn't a divine creation, but wouldn't that sort of *décolletage* make conservative tourists feel just a wee bit frumpy?

Jack April had no idea what *décolletage* meant, but his eyesight was as sharp as cheap wine. While Mrs. Charles was talking, it was dawning on him that Jonesy had blossomed into quite a dish, and how come he had overlooked her so long? But if she was making the dames

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from hick towns feel frumpy, that was another lug of peaches.

"Good taste," continued Mrs. Charles with honeyed firmness, "decrees that an employee should behave like an employee at all times, *and* dress like one. When Miss Jones flaunts herself in a manner to make male tourists stare, why, she cheapens the tone of your whole establishment, Mr. April."

Mrs. Charles had Mr. April licked on the social stuff. He was a mug, and he knew it. He nodded agreement, and made a note to tell Jonesy to put the strip-tease selection back in moth balls.

Bob Charles had a most uncomfortable dinner. He could hardly take his eyes off Louise. He did take them off for a moment, however, while coffee was being served. His mother, who had been playing the urbane dowager all evening, suddenly leaned over and poked Mr. April in the ribs. Mr. April yelped and recoiled like a Civil War cannon.

"You look so distinguished, I couldn't resist it," bubbled Mrs. Charles. "I just had to know if under that charmingly cut dinner jacket you were wearing your bulletproof vest."

THE next evening, Bob left by commercial air line to pick up the hotel plane in Cleveland. O'Crotty was with him on the air liner. April had brought them together that afternoon in his downstairs office at the Jacaranda. He had figured no introduction was necessary, since his kid brother had long ago sent a picture of the B-24 crew with Bob in the middle, seated, and O'Crotty standing beside him. But before Bob came into the office, April and Goldie had a little talk with O'Crotty.

"I wired flowers to Cleveland two days ago," April told him. "For Ernie Frazer's funeral. I sent fifty bucks' worth for you, Johnny."

"Thanks," said O'Crotty.

"Ernie's buried, see?" April said. "I don't want you to go digging him up for Bob Charles."

O'Crotty pared his nails impassively for a few moments with a little penknife. "Does he know what he's flying?"

"Not yet."

"And he ain't gonna find out," said Goldie. "Till he's flown too damn' far to fly back."

O'Crotty finished the nails on his left hand, and then went to work on the right. "You've got the wrong boy, boss."

"Are you going to make trouble, O'Crotty?" asked April.

O'Crotty closed his penknife with a click, and dropped it in his pocket. "No," he said, "I'm not—but Charles will."

"No, he won't," April said.

"The boss's got an angle," Goldie said.

"What sort of an angle?"

"Listen, O'Crotty," said April, his tone ominously even. "I can buy bananas like you by the bunch. All you have to know about this deal is Ernie Frazer didn't go for a ride; he took a walk. Ernie quit, see? Went back to his wife in the East."

O'Crotty got up, turned his back on April and walked slowly across the office. "That's okay with O'Crotty. I'll catch up on my sleep in the tail."

At the Cleveland airport the next afternoon Bob inspected the UC-78. He had seen a lot of them at Army air bases during the war—short, businesslike, two-engine carriers. They were used mostly for small freight and ferry work. But Bob had never seen one quite like the Jacaranda version, which April had bought as war surplus. April had the hull buffed and enameled till it glistened like mail-order jewelry. He had torn the whole inside out and put in six reclining seats in soft, sage-green suède.

While Bob was making his inspection Johnny O'Crotty disappeared into a telephone booth in the coffeeshop. He was at the counter, ordering a waffle and coffee, when Bob came looking for him. "Hey, boy," Bob said, sitting down. "I want to—"

The waitress interrupted. "The long-distance operator has your party," she said to O'Crotty.

He went to the phone booth and closed the door. Bob drank a cup of coffee and lighted his pipe. When the telephone-booth door finally opened, O'Crotty had a strange smile around his eyes. He came back to the table.

"That was Emily," he said.

"Emily!" said Bob, surprised. "How is she?"

"Fine. Sent you her love."

"Where is she?" asked Bob.

"I told you," O'Crotty said. "With her folks. In Hartford."

"Has anything happened between you two?"

O'Crotty shrugged. "Emily's okay," he answered and blew smoke at the ceiling. The smile had gone out of his eyes. "She's great," he said. "She just don't like the kind of work I'm doing."

"Do you?" Bob asked.

"It's a living," O'Crotty said.

"Why don't you quit?" said Bob. "And go back home—like Ernie Frazer?"

"Ernie Frazer didn't quit," O'Crotty said casually. "Ernie got shot in the neck with a .45-caliber machine gun. And there's still your train, Skipper."

He went on eating his waffle, cutting it into little chunks and mopping them in the sirup.

"Look, Johnny, yesterday morning, in Las Vegas, I went down to the library and got some lawbooks, and did some reading. The *owner* of a commercial carrier is legally responsible for the cargo and passengers—*not the driver.*"

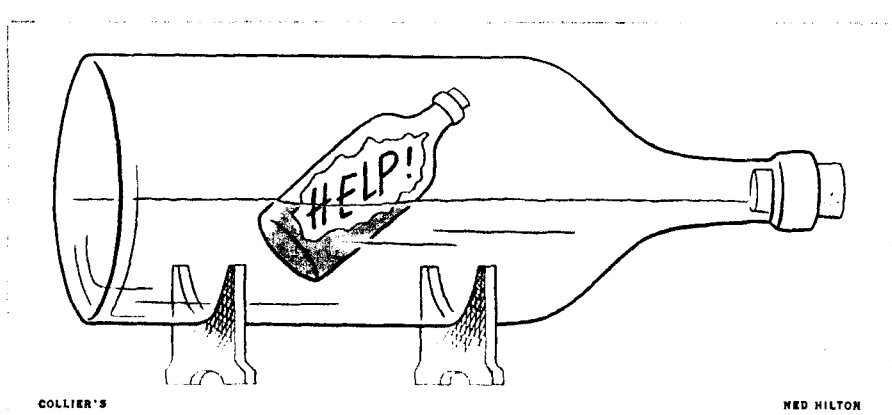
O'Crotty washed the last chunk of waffle down with a gulp of cold coffee. "Ernie Frazer's mother was pretty proud of her boy," he said, wiping his mouth. "He was supporting her, you know. So don't tell her, will you?"

"About his getting shot?" Bob asked.

"No," O'Crotty said. "About his not being able to read."

BACK at the Jacaranda, Mrs. Charles had arrayed herself in a golden yellow silk shirt, blue jeans (copper-riveted), high-heeled boots and a Mexican sombrero. All she needed now, she confided to Mr. April over their panther juice, was a proper horse.

That, Mr. April chuckled, could be managed. The Jacaranda had a stable full of saddle stock for the use of the



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you drive
another
mile!
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MOTOR OIL AND LUBES
100% Pure Pennsylvania "Premium Grade"
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guests. Mrs. Charles could take her pick.

She did, early next morning—a sleek, red-satin cow pony named Texas Twister. Immediately afterward, she kicked up half the dust in the corral because there was no English saddle available. A little stunned, April pointed out that in the West, the Western saddle was standard equipment.

"There are limits to quaintness, Mr. April, even in the West," Mrs. Charles said crushingly. "Such accouterment"—she gestured toward the Western saddle with dainty loathing—"would never be accepted when riding to the hounds in Maryland. It would be an insult to a good horse. I have often been told," she concluded, "that I have an excellent seat. But what difference does one's seat make, if one is slung in a bosun's chair?"

Though April tried to hide it, Mrs. Charles's casual mention of riding to hounds threw him for a loss. He called his head wrangler, Ed, and told him to order some English saddles immediately.

When Bob got back from Cleveland that afternoon, he found his mother in Levis and cowboy boots, stomping regally around the Jacaranda garden, giving orders to Joe, the freckled gardener, all of which she prefixed with "Podner."

She looked cute in the getup, Bob had to admit. But what was more important, she looked happy. He kissed her, listened to her prattle, and then suggested a nice quiet dinner in their own suite. He was, he said, bushed. He was going to hit the hay early.

AT TEN minutes to three of the afternoon of July 20th, Louise Jones emerged from the Las Vegas courthouse an unfettered woman. Morgan money or no Morgan money, April apparently knew which side his lawyers were buttered on. Louise had her divorce.

The first two people she met were a local reporter and a United Press wire man, who obviously had been tipped off by some courthouse stooge.

"No comment," Louise said hurriedly. "Nothing to say." She tried to push past them.

"Don't get tongue-tied, honey." The U.P. man barred her way. "It's all in the court record."

"Then I tell you what you boys do," snapped Louise. "You go get it all out of the court record."

She skimmed down the wide steps and ducked into a taxi. She hadn't gone two blocks before she knew she'd played it stupid. She should have hauled the boys into the nearest bar and sweet-talked them half to death. Now they'd really go to work on her. And tomorrow morning the story of how Mrs. H. Theodore Morgan had worked her way through a divorce as hostess of the gaudiest gambling house in Nevada would be all over the New York papers.

Louise didn't give a damn for herself; she never expected to go back East anyway. But it *would* be a little grim for Ted's family. There had been times when she had rather liked Ted's mother, an old-fashioned, birdlike little woman.

"The least I can do," Louise told herself, "is call Mrs. Morgan and break the news in person."

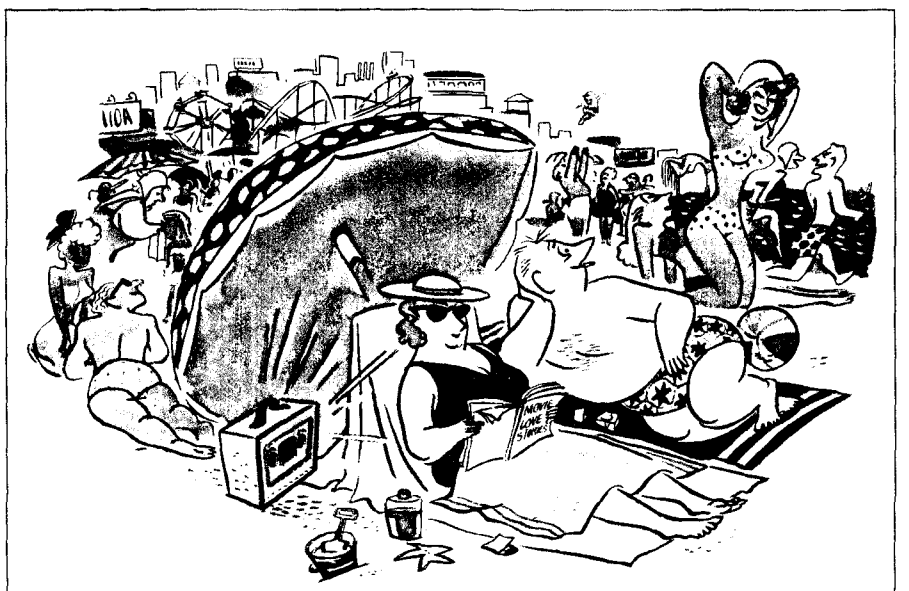
She paid the taxi, went into a downtown hotel, and put in a call. Unfortunately for Louise, Mrs. Morgan was not at home. But Ted was. Also, unfortunately, he was between benders. He had just been bailed out from the previous one; he was, when the call came through, stone-cold sober. When Louise told him that she had her decree, he blew his top.

She couldn't have it, he bellowed; not legally. His New York attorneys had absolutely assured him that his Las Vegas attorneys could handle the matter! Otherwise, she knew damned well he'd have been right there in person to fight for his rights. Her decree was illegal! It wouldn't hold up! He was going to give the state of Nevada a run for the Morgan money! He was coming to Las Vegas and take their damn' corrupt courts apart!

He was still bellowing threats into the transmitter when she hung up. She walked the half mile back to the Jacaranda. She had to think. She had her divorce and bus fare back to Kingman. She also had to face Ted sooner or later, and she couldn't face him on the Jones ranch. It wouldn't be fair to her mother.

Coming up to the hotel, Louise suddenly realized that the best place in the world to confront a drunken, bellicose ex-husband would be right there in the Jacaranda lobby. Among the celebrated, though unadvertised, hotel services was the Department of Bouncers. That was Goldie's special division.

THE next day Louise got the jitters every time she heard an airplane in the heavens, even though the transcontinental flights slanted into the airport and took off again without leaving H. Theodore Morgan behind them. She couldn't stand the suspense. "Just one more straw," Louise muttered, "and I'll blow *my* top."



"Today, we in America are paying tribute to those great patriots, John Hancock, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin . . ."

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

That one more straw was added before the day was done. Mrs. Charles, of course, added it.

As soon as the English saddles arrived, she had taken to the trail on Texas Twister, followed at a near distance by Ed, the head wrangler. This chaperonage idea was definitely not Ed's, but Jack April's. But April need have had no cause for worry. Mrs. Charles was, Ed told her with reluctant admiration, the best damn' gal rider he'd ever took dust from.

Mrs. Charles beamed and expanded. Returning from the desert trails, she decided to give the small fry a vicarious thrill. She put Texas Twister over the front-driveway hedges. As she cantered toward the stables, the small fry surrounded her in the corral.

"Gosh," they breathed in awe. "Just like in the movies!"

"It's nothing, children," Mrs. Charles stated deprecatingly. "Nothing at all, really. When riding to hounds in Maryland, I have often taken much higher jumps. Why, I used to take simply tremendous water hazards."

They wanted to know about water hazards; Mrs. Charles obligingly told them. She also treated them to all-day suckers, charged at the candy counter to Jack April. And that afternoon, she gave some of the older children their first lesson in taking hurdles. It was the beginning of a brief but disastrous friendship.

Every year at the holidays, the Jacaranda entertainment committee put on a paper chase for the seven- to twelve-year-old children.

The current hotel hostess led off a half hour ahead of time, laying the paper trail. The children, led by the head wrangler, and trailed by lesser wranglers to prevent losses by straying, followed.

The chase led over sand dunes, down canyons, up arroyos, finally ending far out on the desert at the chuck wagon station in Calico Canyon. Here a supper of hamburgers with all the trimmings was served about the campfires.

To Jacaranda first-timers, this constituted an exciting evening. But there were in this present group several three-time repeaters, who were fed up with the static sameness of the yearly paper chase.

Same old trails, same old cowboy songs, same old dead-tired hamburgers, they confided to Mrs. Charles. They had hopes that she could do something about it. Maybe, they suggested slyly, she could put some snap in this old dead-tired paper chase.

Putting snap into dead-tired routines was right up Mrs. Charles's alley. Of *course* she could do something about it, she told the gleeful little hellions. The children's playground was on the east side of the hotel. It was separated from the rest of the grounds by six-foot hedges. Mrs. Charles decided to lay the trail across the playground. That would add snap and she knew the children were out there—and she loved applause.

Louise Jones was out there, too. She came out the side entrance just in time to see Mrs. Charles cantering across the croquet grounds, heading for the hedge, and strewing paper as she went.

The children, bunched on the edge of the lawn, were frozen and quiet for the moment. Then Mrs. Charles spurred her mount forward, and together they soared over the far hedge.

Beaming and waving her cowboy hat, Mrs. Charles wheeled Texas and did a repeat performance for her admiring audience. As she sailed over the hedge a second time, the possibilities of the wading pool suddenly occurred to her. She decided to add a water hazard to the trail. She trotted back for a good running start.

FOR a second, Louise couldn't move. Then, waving her arms wildly, she raced toward Mrs. Charles, yelling, "Whoa, whoa, whoa!"

Mrs. Charles either did not hear, or did not choose to heed, but Texas had heard, and he could stop, as any good cow pony can, on a dime. He stopped. The next instant, Mrs. Charles was airborne. She landed with a terrific splash in the wading pool. The scream of delight which greeted this acrobatic feat could be heard north to Denver.

But Louise wasn't laughing. Weak with fear, she waded in and hauled Mrs. Charles to the lawn's edge. Mrs. Charles was knocked cold. Somebody called Dr. Dixson and she was borne on a stretcher, between a double line of awed, admiring children, to the hotel. Mr. April met the cavalcade at the elevator.

They carried her upstairs and Louise got her into bed.

Fear had left her by the time the patient opened her eyes.

"You're all right now," she said soothingly to Mrs. Charles's first uncertain stare. "You're perfectly all right. But you must never, never do such a foolhardy thing again. Why, you could have been killed."

"That," said Mrs. Charles spiritedly from her pillow, "is the silliest remark I have ever heard a grown woman make! I could have no such thing!"

"Oh, but you could have," Louise insisted gently.

Mrs. Charles sat up with an angry jerk. "If you hadn't yelled and waved your arms like a perfect ninny, I would have taken the water hazard like a breeze! It's all your fault!"

Louise found she couldn't answer without saying too much.

"Just relax," she said in a tight voice. "Tomorrow you'll be up and perfectly normal."

"I will *not!*" Mrs. Charles snapped. She wriggled experimentally. "I'll be stiff as a board."

The telephone rang. Louise answered it. It was Goldie, calling from April's office. "Is the old broad still alive?"

"And kicking," reported Louise.

"Is that Mr. April?" asked Mrs. Charles from the bed. "Inquiring for me?"

"Sort of," said Louise. She hung up. "He's sending up a bottle of brandy, Mrs. Charles," she said, grimly. "And now, if you think you can manage without me—Mr. April wants to see me."

APRIL had had the hotel elevators designed like a cable drop in a gold mine. This quaintness never failed to fascinate visitors. On this trip it failed, like many features of Mr. April's hotel, including Mr. April himself, to fascinate Louise. All she had done was save Mrs. Charles's life. Now she was going to get chewed out for it. As the car dropped, her dudgeon rose.

April and Goldie stared at her like a pair of sulky buffaloes when she came into the office.

"How come?" April demanded. "What gives? How bad?"

"Not bad at all," Louise said crisply. "She's fine."

"Then how come she passed out?" April said.

"Shock," Louise said.

"But an old babe like that—she musta broke something," Goldie persisted.

"She broke the high double somersault record from English saddles," Louise said tartly.

"Now don't get too smart about things, baby," April said, dry ice in his tone. "The way I get it, she might have been killed."

"Darn' right she might have been killed," said Louise. "If Texas had landed in that slick wading pool, he'd have broken *his* legs and *her* neck. But I stopped him, thank God!"

"So what do you want?" snorted April. "A Carnegie medal? Why didn't you use tact? Why didn't you stop her before she got on Texas?"

"How was I to guess she'd try to jump the wading pool?"

"I pay you to know things!" April snapped.

"No!" Louise said.

"What do you mean, 'no'?" April rasped.

"No, you are not paying me to know

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anything else!" Louise said, tight-lipped. "Because it's not my job any longer! Because I'm through! I quit—right now!"

There was a pause. April stared at her with stone-cold, jet-black eyes. Then he reached for the telephone. "Give me accounting," he said. "Hello, Hoxie? Take Louise Jones off the pay roll." He hung up. "That's all, Jonesy," he said in that same soft voice. "That's definitely *all!*"

"And get out of that room before dinner," added Goldie.

"Don't worry, boys," Louise said, and went out, leaving the door open.

SEATED at his desk, April watched her cross the lobby, pushing her way through the clutter of booted youngsters who were beginning to grow restive, waiting for the paper chase to start.

"A hell of a deal I'm getting from my hired help!" he growled to Goldie.

"Yeah," Goldie said. "And a hell of a jam to be in, and kids all over the place. Their mamas and papas will pick somewhere else to spend next vacation if something ain't done in a hurry."

"Go buy 'em some ice-cream cones," April ordered. "I'll see if I can't locate a scoutmaster."

Angrily, April kicked the door shut and went to the telephone. Five minutes of steady talking netted him nothing. April was picking up the telephone to call Louise to ask her to reconsider, when Bob Charles, who had just returned from one of his periodic flights strode through the door.

"Hi, boss—got a break on a tail wind—" He broke off, seeing the receiver at April's ear. "See you later—when you're not busy."

"Just the guy I want to see right now," April said. He slapped the receiver on the hook. "Got a rush job for you, Skipper."

"Oh? How much of a rush?"

"As fast as you can get into riding togs, you are leading a paper chase," April said.

"Now, wait a minute," Bob said.

"Keep your shirt on," April said. "Your old lady loused it up for us."

"Mother?" asked Bob.

April briefed him on the current cataclysm involving Mrs. Charles.

"Okay, Mr. April," Bob said quietly. "I haven't seen Mother yet, but if she's all right I'll ride herd on the brats."

The way to the corrals clearly lay down the stairs and through the lobby. But Bob went by a circuitous route which led right past Miss Louise Jones's door. After a moment's indecision, he rapped gently on the panel.

A tight belligerent voice said firmly, "Go away, Mr. April."

"It's Bob Charles, Louise," Bob said.

"Go away, Bob Charles."

"I've got to see you just a minute," Bob insisted.

After a second, high-heeled boots thudded across the floor. The door opened and Louise stood there. "Well?" she said.

Bob swallowed. "It's sure too bad—about the paper chase, I mean."

"If *you,*" Louise said in a dangerously calm tone, "have come up here to hand me a line about how I can't walk out on the dear little kiddies, and won't I reconsider and all that stuff, you are wasting your time—and mine."

"I'm taking them out," Bob said meekly. "I—I just dropped by to apologize. I'm terribly sorry that my mother got out of hand today."

"You needn't be," Louise said coldly. "She did me a big favor, bless her dear little heart."

"Listen, Louise," Bob said, "Don't think my mother's batty—"

"I think you're both batty!" Louise snapped.

"Wait!" Bob said as she started to close the door. He slid his foot in fast. "Are you going back to Kingman?" he asked.

"None of your business!" Louise said. "And get your foot out of here. I've got a train to catch!" She booted his foot suddenly and slammed the door in his face. Bob hesitated, then he shrugged and wheeled away down the corridor. . . .

Bob Charles had galloped out of sight on the trail, and the kids were in full cry behind him when Louise had another caller, a big copper-headed, immaculately dressed young man with shoulders like a football player. He didn't tap on the door for admittance. He didn't have to. He had greased the palm of the bell captain, and bought himself a passkey. He slid it into the keyhole and turned it cautiously.

Louise was at the bed, back to the door, hurriedly stuffing badly rolled garments into a suitcase. She did not know there was anyone in the room until a voice said, "Hello, Lulu." At the same instant, she heard the lock click. Louise whirled, hand to her mouth, to stifle a scream. Ted Morgan was leaning lazily against the door, regarding her with a look she knew too well; satirical, sadistically gloating, and cold sober. Which was bad; how bad only Louise knew.

"Hello, Ted." She strove mightily for a light casual tone. "How on earth did you get here?"

"Flight Four out of La Guardia." Ted chuckled softly and stood away from the door, pocketing the passkey quite obviously. With great care, Louise folded a petticoat, laid it in the suitcase, and snapped the suitcase shut. Ted was moving across the floor toward her with an aimless strolling motion.

"So little Lulu got her divorce yesterday," he murmured. "Well, well. Did you have to make time with just one—or both of my lawyers to manage it?"

Louise could not keep the angry flash from her eyes, but she fought back the hot angry denial which was on the tip of her tongue.

"Why don't you go see your lawyers and find out for yourself?" she asked banteringly. She set the handbag on the floor at the foot of the bed, and still facing him, began edging toward the desk.

"I will—tomorrow," Ted said. "Tomorrow I will go and see the Jenkins brothers and find out how come I got the big double cross on this deal. You and I will go together, won't we, Lulu?"

"No, we won't," Louise said crisply. She was at the desk. She reached behind her, picked up the telephone, lifted the receiver. She said, "Mike, will you please come up and help me with my bags right away—" and then realized she was talking to a dead line, because Ted was beside her like light; he had reached down and yanked the cord from its box.

"You aren't going anywhere, Lulu," he said. "Not tonight."

HIS big soft hands were on her arms, pinning them down, pulling her to him; he was chuckling at the fright he saw in her eyes. That fright gave her strength, and the chuckle infuriated her. With a twisting turn of her body, she escaped his hold and put the bed between them. She still had the dead, useless telephone in her hand. He began coming around the bed at her.

"You and I are going to do a little making up tonight, Lulu—we're going to get everything all nice and straight."

Louise lifted the telephone in both hands and heaved it with all her strength against his chest. The force of the blow sent Ted staggering; the backs of his knees hit the bed edge and he went sprawling across the counterpane. Louise whirled to the open window, slid out onto the fire escape, and clattered hurriedly down the narrow iron steps to the ground. There she dived to the cover of a thick hibiscus bush. She was shivering with fright.

(To be continued next week)

I Ought to Get My Money Back!
TUNNEL of LOVE
Dream Boat
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, KAY? DON'T KEEP ME IN THE DARK! SHED SOME LIGHT, BRIGHT EYES!
NOT ME, DAN. THAT'S A JOB FOR YOUR DENTIST. BECAUSE WHAT'S ROCKING OUR DREAM BOAT IS— WELL, IT'S BAD BREATH!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH— HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES —STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE CLEANS TEETH BETTER THAN COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! AND HOW I GO FOR COLGATE'S GRAND WAKE-UP FLAVOR!
SINCE I'M ON THE COLGATE TRACK I DON'T WANT MY MONEY BACK!
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
ECONOMY SIZE 59¢
ALSO 43¢ AND 25¢ SIZES
Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date

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After Janie really got a look at the folding money, all the blood went out of her face, and Dave asked, "How much you got there, honey?"

Two Across

The only sure way to beat the horses is not to play them. Unless, of course, you're a sweet, dumb kid like Janie

By PATTERSON McNUTT

THE way they always tell it around a race track, if you go where money is there's a good chance some of it'll stick to you. And after what happened to Janie Conway when she took her one and only flier on the ponies I wouldn't lay much of a price the thing was a wrong steer. The time Janie went out and rubbed up against a king-size bank roll was back in '35. That was the year horse racing was voted back in California, and the Santa Anita track opened up.

At this time I'm speaking about I'm a track hustler. When I broke into racing I'm only a punk kid, and first I'm walking hots. Later on I galloped 'em mornings, and when I got so I could stick up there pretty good I hooked on as a jock. It was after I got too heavy to ride any more I went hustling for myself. By this time I had plenty of friends around the stables, and my information was pretty good. The hard part at the different meetings was lining up a bank roll that wanted to go places. Santa Anita, with all that Hollywood dough around, looked like a nice touch.

When I met up with Janie Conway she was a telephone operator. She was handling the switchboard and the reception room in the writers' and directors' building on the Superba Pictures lot. I'd guess her wages were around thirty or thirty-five a week. It wasn't enough. Not for what Janie wanted. Janie wanted thirty-five hundred bucks, and she wanted it bad. She wanted it all in one piece, and if it was going to do her any good she couldn't wait around too long to get it.

Janie had a special reason for wanting exactly thirty-five hundred bucks, and you couldn't argue with it. It was on account of her folks. Janie's father and mother were small-time vaudeville people. Show me a gypsy, and I'll make a price I can tell you what's mostly on his mind. A gypsy's big dream, after he's wandered a while, is a home of his own. The act of Conway and Conway never thought about much of anything else. But they never hit the jack pot with their songs and dances and after thirty-odd years of trouping, that little piece of ground they could call their own was still just a dream.

When vaudeville folded, it looked like a dream that wouldn't ever come true. The Conways had really been saving for that home, but while they were waiting around Broadway for vaudeville to make a comeback they used up most of their velvet. When they finally got smart and headed for California they were like gypsies always are. They were broke again, but they were still hoping. Now they were hoping their kid might click in pictures, and maybe she'd have that home they'd always dreamed about for themselves.

Janie didn't have what it takes for those cameras. But she was a game little kid, and when it was open and shut she wasn't ever going to be anything better than an also-ran in the Hollywood handicap Janie didn't mope any. Right away she learned a trade, and she did the best she could for herself with just an ordinary job. While Janie was bringing home those weekly wages her father and mother were doing their stuff around the different casting offices. Now and again they'd click with a character bit in a picture, and when there weren't any speaking parts around they'd pick up some small change working as extras.

They all lived together in a little bungalow, on one of those side streets in Hollywood north of Melrose Avenue. It was a nice enough little place, with a pepper tree out front and a one-car garage in the back. But Janie's folks had their eyes on a little place in the San Fernando Valley. The farmhouse on the San Fernando place needed some fixing up, but there was room enough out there for a vegetable garden, some flowers and a chicken run. Janie's father said it was exactly what he'd been looking for all his life, and at thirty-five hundred it was a steal.

IT MIGHT as well have been a million. But once a week, come hell or high water, the Conways tucked away a five spot in the savings account that was going to buy them their home in California. Any time they hit a lucky streak when those bit parts were coming close together they'd tip the ante on that weekly snatch, maybe hide out a sawbuck or two. They always kidded each other about how nice it would be when they'd finally buy the San Fernando place, but deep down they all felt it would never happen.

Make-believe was business with the Conways and mostly the act they were putting on would fool you. But once in a while, if they were home and the blues had 'em down because they were in a bad streak when they weren't getting those picture jobs, the masks they were wearing would slip a little. Whenever they did slip Janie knew the old folks weren't sleeping too well. It was when Janie knew what the score was with the old folks that she thought how nice it would be if she could only cash a couple of those long shots, and she was so scared she was just making a wild grab for the miracle of a magic system that would beat the horses.

It wasn't a good way to go to the races. Anybody

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 68)

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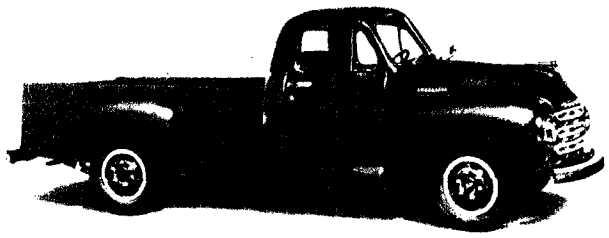
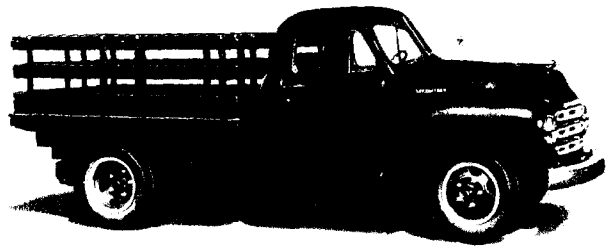
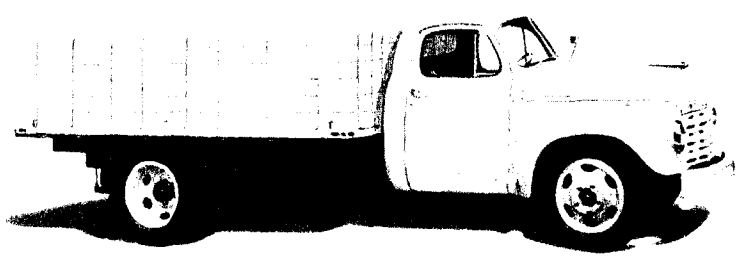


Studebaker ¾-ton 8-foot pick-up—1-ton also available

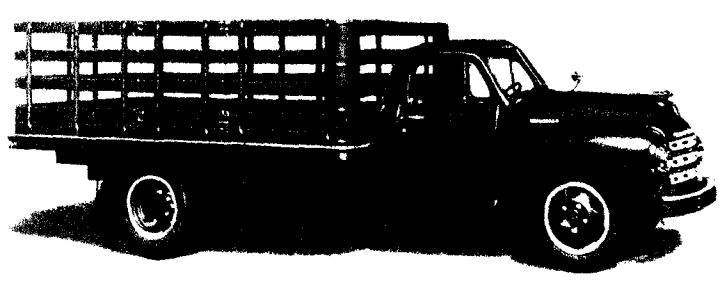


1-ton shown with 8-foot platform stake—¾-ton also available

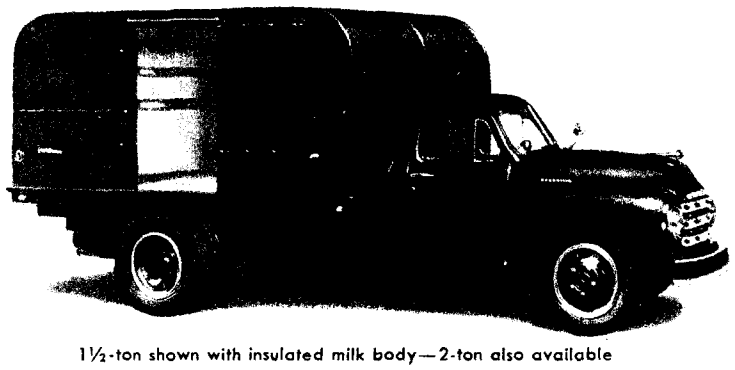
1-ton shown with 9-foot closed van body—1½-ton also available



1½-ton shown with 12-foot grain body—2-ton also available

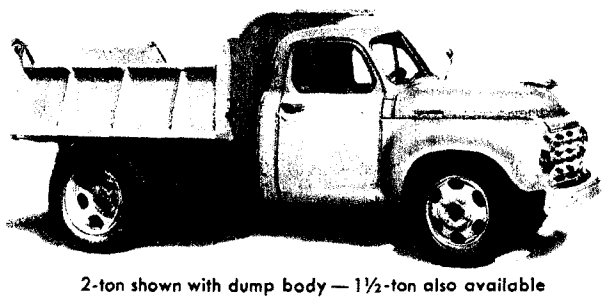


1½-ton 12-foot platform stake—2-ton also available

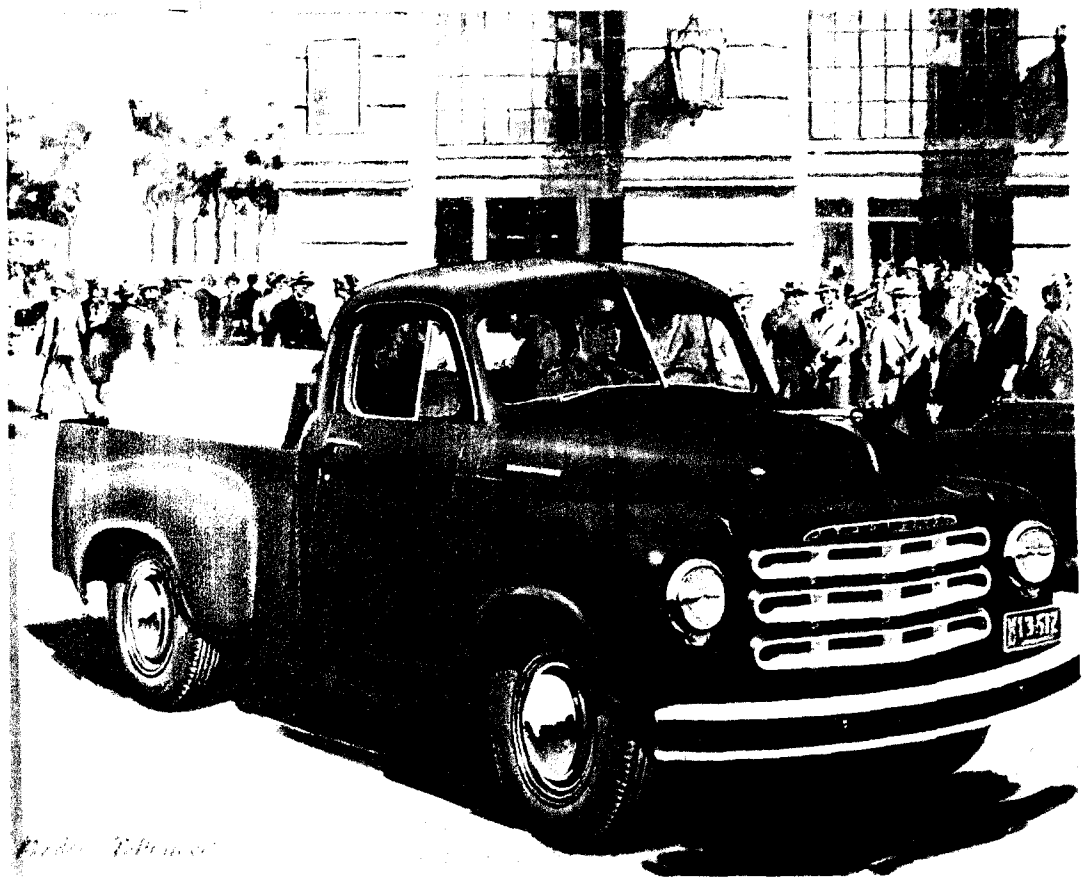


1½-ton shown with insulated milk body—2-ton also available

2-ton shown with 14-foot stock rack—1½-ton also available



2-ton shown with dump body—1½-ton also available



½-ton 6½-foot pick-up—also available with 6½-foot stake body

A new Studebaker truck is like a savings bank on wheels!

N[illegible]ileage puts you cash money ahead!

START cutting your truck operating costs all along the line. It's easy with a revolutionary Studebaker '49er.

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Moreover, along with new thrift, a husky, handsome Studebaker '49er truck brings unbelievable new driving comfort—easier handling—more restful riding—greatly increased vision.

It's the world's first truck with real "lift-the-hood" accessibility for easy servicing. It has weather-protected steps enclosed inside the doors—a low cab floor that saves strenuous climbing—foot-regulated air-scoop floor ventilators—automatic "hold-open" door stops—variable-ratio "extra leverage" steering.

Stop in at the nearest Studebaker dealer's—see how much help a new Studebaker truck could be to you right now. There's a size and wheelbase just right for hundreds of hauling needs.

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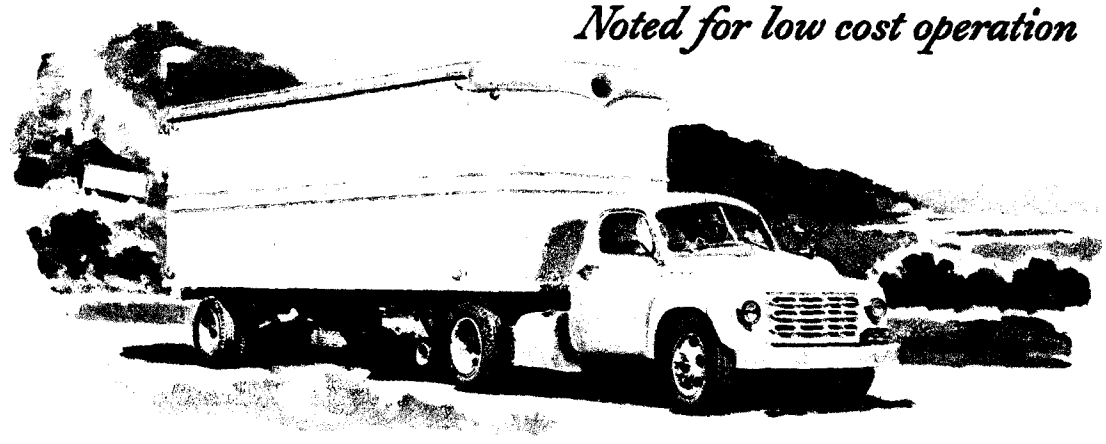
Noted for low cost operation



2-ton tractor shown with 26-foot semi-trailer

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DEMOCRACY CAN'T LIVE IN THESE HOUSES

Continued from page 22

curtains, aspired to new heights of living when they saw them in their own homes. Hundreds of thousands of "shiftless" and "worthless" rural slum dwellers, who never had known the possibility or even the meaning of thrift, became thrifty producers and canners of food. Never before had they had a reason for storage shelves.

These people could not have done this by themselves, and private landlords could not have done it for them. They had to have help, and the national government was the only source from which effective help could come at that time.

The people who dwell in the urban slums today can't get out by themselves, either. They require help. Where is it to come from?

The fact that upward of 4,000,000 dwelling units exist in blighted areas—and many of them are very old—is pretty good evidence that private capital cannot solve the housing problem.

Private enterprise is always alert for profitable investment. It must make a profit in order to survive. If slums could have been cleared and decent dwellings put up for the slum families, at a profit to private investors, it would have been done. But private enterprise should not be expected to commit suicide by plunging into enterprises that cannot possibly pay out. Men who finance great private works do so, usually, partly with the money of other persons. They have no right deliberately to lose it, even for the worthiest of social causes.

I would favor solving the housing problem by private effort, if it could be done that way. But since it cannot, I think the national government must do it. When the soil resources of this nation were threatened by erosion, the national government properly set to work to save them. It must act similarly when human resources are threatened. States and municipalities generally have not the means to do what must be done.

Anyway, the problem, the responsibility and the danger are national.

A Tide That Does Not Turn

Over the stretch of recent years the slums have been getting worse and worse. The rush of war workers to the cities while the war was on added immensely to the housing problem. There has been no corresponding flow back to the rural localities since the war ended, and none is likely. We are an industrial, and increasingly a city people. The situation is badly out of control, and will speedily grow worse, if all building is left to private capital.

Consider some facts and figures. Chicago has from 12 to 20 square miles of blighted areas. The best any private outfit could do when confronted with a problem like that is to make sample-size improvements—rebuild a few houses here, and repair some there. But that would not cleanse the slums. It would only create a few relatively clean spots, not large enough to contribute much toward general improvement.

The cost of land in slum areas, because they are congested centers, usually is vastly in excess of what the same land would be worth if developed along normal, decent residential lines. It is estimated that the cost of slum land in Chicago is commonly $2.75 a square foot, or approximately $120,000 an acre. That's more than $76,000,000 a square mile. In New York some slum land values are nearly twice these figures. How can private enterprise be expected to move in on such excessive values, and come out with the profit necessary for its life?

As nearly as I can figure, the average value of urban slum land, if it is used for normal dwelling construction, is about 50 cents a square foot. That's a little less than $22,000 an acre, or about $14,000,000 a square mile. Appeals to public spirit and civic pride are not enough to clear the slums, no matter how high-minded businessmen may be. Only a major operation can rid our cities of these cancers, and only the national government can perform that operation.

You have seen some wonderful illustrations of private enterprise at work in our great cities—for example, the erection of Stuyvesant Town in New York. But, to assure a reasonable profit, the buildings had to be so high as to create other problems of congestion. And the number of persons benefited is a tiny portion of the total who need better shelter.

HARRIS & EWING

Senator Douglas is one of the nation's outstanding economists. He was a professor at the University of Chicago, a member of the Illinois Housing Commission and a Chicago alderman. He has a distinguished war record. He enlisted as a private in the Marine Corps, was decorated for Peleliu and was wounded on Okinawa. He left the service as a major.

Perhaps you think of slums as evils confined to some of the big cities of the industrial North and Middle West. Listen to the solicitor general of Fulton County (Atlanta), Georgia: "In Atlanta we have 137,000 people living in filthy, dirty slums, cesspools and human junk yards, breeding places for juvenile delinquency and disease, immorality and crime. Twenty per cent of the city's area contains 39 per cent of the population, and 59 per cent of the crimes committed in Atlanta come from that section. In the same area occurs 72 per cent of the city's juvenile delinquency, and 69 per cent of Atlanta's tuberculosis. . . ."

The county health officer for Jefferson County (Birmingham), Alabama, is speaking: "From all causes the death rate was 72 per cent higher in the area of lowest rental, as compared with the area of highest rental. The tuberculosis rate was 507 per cent higher. The infant mortality rate, or death of infant children, was 117 per cent higher. Stillbirths, or infants born dead, 136 per cent higher, and deaths of mothers from causes related to childbirths 128 per cent higher . . . the adult crime rate was 122 per cent higher . . . and there was an excess of 416 per cent in juvenile delinquency. The illegitimacy rate was 383 per cent higher in the low-rent areas. . . ."

"He's a cad—but he's so rich, you hardly notice it"

COLLIER'S — WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

Similar facts come from almost every urban center of great size. The Detroit Housing Commission reports that the pneumonia death rate is three times greater in the slum area than elsewhere; infant mortality six times that of normal neighborhoods; the tuberculosis death rate 10½ times greater in the slums: and criminals in the blighted areas are 15 times as numerous as in better sections. This recitation of misfortune, misery and danger could go on and on. The situation is not mainly Northern or Southern, or Eastern or Western, and neither is the problem. It is national.

The Danger of Complacency

Some of you may imagine that because you live in nice small towns where the refreshing air of heaven circulates freely, the cleansing rays of the sun penetrate every room and yard, and rats do not congregate nightly around garbage cans and outside privies, you are immune to the threat of the blighted areas. I beg you, if you imagine yourself safe, to stop and think. If, because of depression in some future decade, we should have dangerous unrest, the consequences would not be confined to the areas where the unrest is most likely to develop first. If some dreadful disease should begin in one area, it might spread anywhere.

Responsibility to do something to clear the blighted living areas is not limited to morality or to national pride. National internal security demands that something effective be done. National health demands it. Protection of your own health and protection of you and your family from crime require it.

A number of years ago several cases of elephantiasis were discovered in widely scattered parts of the United States. Health authorities, alarmed at this alien disease in our midst, began careful studies to learn the source of the trouble, and every case was traced to the city dump in Charleston, South Carolina.

Senator Burnet R. Maybank, now chairman of the Senate Committee on Banking and Currency, was mayor of Charleston when those cases of elephantiasis were traced to his city. That situation, plus a personal experience, started him on the lines of thought and of action that have brought him today to be one of the foremost figures in the United States in the fight to provide for all Americans the kinds of houses which minimum standards of decency and safety require.

One day the public health officer of Charleston reported to young Mayor Maybank that the mayor's laundress was ill with meningitis. That laundress had just returned to the Maybank home the weekly baskets piled with freshly washed and ironed linen and clothes. When the mayor told Mrs. Maybank the disturbing news, she placed those baskets of clothes and sheets and towels and what not in the yard and burned them. Incidentally, like the noble woman she was, she went to the laundress' home and helped to nurse her.

Mayor Maybank came to Washington and called on the President. He told the story of the Charleston dump. He told of his personal experience. He explained that the city was broke. It could not act alone, nor could its businessmen remove the dreadful peril of the dump. He is a mighty man when aroused, as all of us who serve with him on his committee are aware, and when he went back to Charleston he had a relief appropriation for clearing away the city's dump. It was a stinking, unsightly and horrible spot frequented by buzzards and rats and disease germs—but it was no worse than other city dumps.

He transformed it into one of the first public housing developments for Ne-

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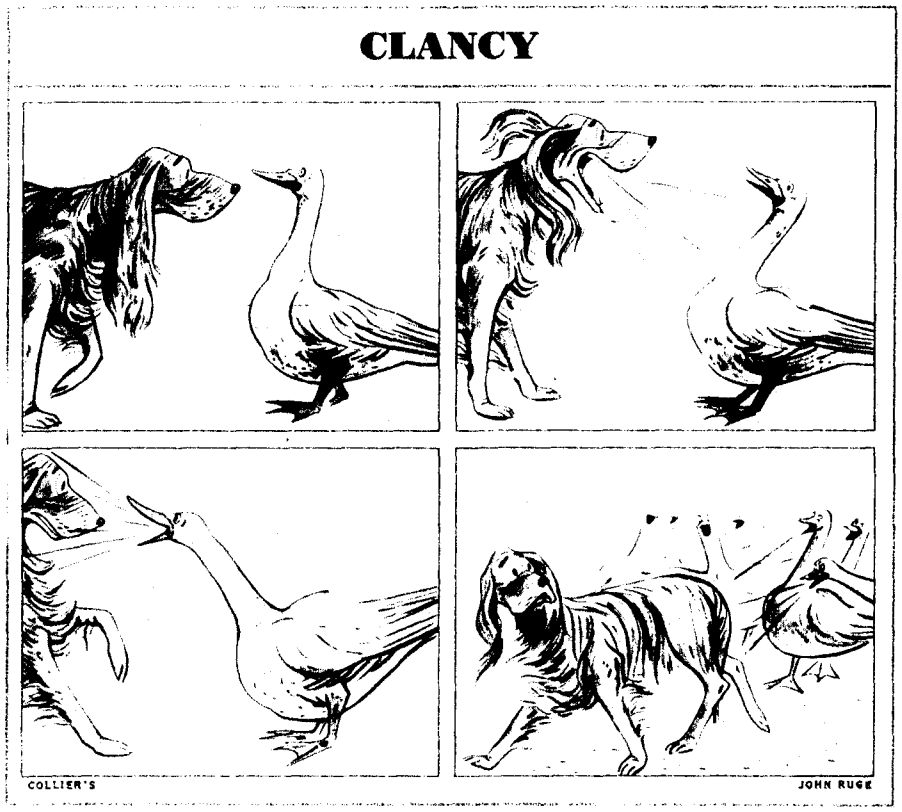


groes; and the neat buildings stand today as evidence of what can be done, and what must be done on a vast scale for the public safety.

A census estimate in 1947 shows there are more than 4,000,000 dwelling units in the nation's slum areas. This indicates that close to 15,000,000 persons—Americans, even as you and I—are living in these blighted rat- and germ-infested areas, where sickness, crime and despair are bound to be common.

Even if you reduce this problem to terms of money, and nothing more, you will find that money spent to clean up the slums will result in dollars saved to cities. A committee of the American Bar Association reported: "Based on composite figures representing many leading American cities, it may be stated that such blighted areas yield only 6 per cent of the average city's total tax revenue while absorbing 45 per cent of its service costs. . . ." In Cleveland another study showed that the slum area cost two and a half times its proportional share for police protection, three times its share for public health services, about five times its share for social services, and nearly six times its share in fire protection.

Slums Cost Taxpayers Plenty

Make your study in almost any large city, and the facts you find will support my contention that the slums are costly to taxpayers in terms of dollars. But I think that one of the lesser reasons for getting rid of them.

In Cleveland, where certain slum areas were cleared and public housing erected, the city saved yearly about $25,000 on relief rents, $11,000 in fire protection costs and $25,000 on tuberculosis care. And the crime for the families who were moved from slum dwelling to public housing was cut by about 34 per cent. In New Haven, Connecticut, the delinquency rate for children between seven and seventeen in 317 families who were taken out of the slums and rehoused in a public project was cut in half.

Enough has been done in a few spots to illustrate the great good that will result when we do more, as a result of action by this Congress, and when year after year we continue to do more and more. The housing bill recently passed by the Senate authorizes $1,000,000,000 for slum clearance, and for acquisition of land in the outskirts of cities for new housing. The cities benefited will put up $250,000,000. Some of the slum land cleared will be sold to private interests to be used for residential building, under existing city codes. Proceeds from these land sales will come to the government, and are expected to repay half the original billion.

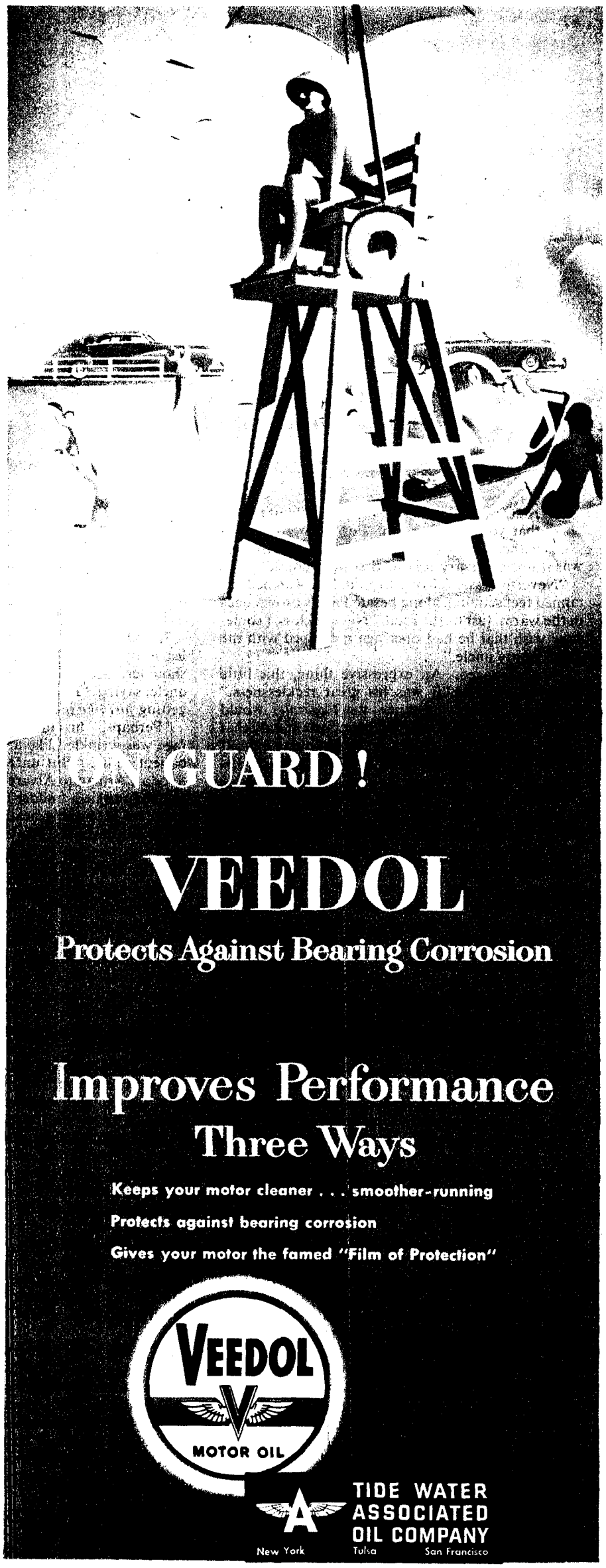
The Senate bill also provides for the building of 810,000 new houses over a period of six years for low-income tenants. At the moment of writing it is not possible to say what the final form of housing legislation will be.

But the slums must be licked, the rise of new slums must be prevented, by eternal vigilance on the part of citizens, manifested in local and national action. The apparent cost of the entire job will rise into the billions, but the benefits will be inestimable. A government investment in slum clearance, which I support, is not a dollar investment in the narrow sense. It is an investment in American ways of living, and in ever-rising American aspirations. It is an investment in social and political stability. It is an investment in the fundamental resource of this free country—the people.

A primary function of our representative and free government is "to promote the general welfare." When our nation was young, that did not demand as much government activity as is required now. In those simple, frontier days men were much on their own. But it is foolish for us to talk now about "going back" to simpler days and simpler ways. The basic principles of representative government do not change, but the application of those principles is constantly changing. Otherwise, our free government would have perished long ago because of a failure to promote the public welfare as it must be promoted in each generation—in the bright light of existing conditions, not in the nostalgia afterglow of conditions as they once were.

I think our government has been dangerously slow in recognizing that decent housing is a basic necessity for the public welfare. The public must urge that more be done for those who are caught in the slums. There is no sense in waiting longer, because it now is plain that only governmental aid can solve this national problem.

Such aid is not a threat to our free enterprise system. On the contrary, it provides families with decent homes upon which a better system of free enterprise can be built. The choice before us is slum clearance and rehousing by cities and the nation, or mounting millions of Americans living in slums. Which is the real threat? Think it over, in all of its implications. THE END



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The Execution

By ALBERT S. WILSON

Collier's
SHORT SHORT

Roberto felt a twisting in his stomach, when Armando refused the blindfold

PACO said, "You speak like the child of twelve that you are, Roberto. For us to go now to witness the execution of Armando Alvarez, was it not necessary that he first be captured?"

"Nevertheless—" Roberto said. He watched his tanned feet scuffling along beside Paco's brown ones in the warm dust of the road. "Nevertheless, I somehow wish that he had once again escaped with the funds of my uncle."

Paco shrugged. An expressive thing, this little shrug of Paco's. "It was his great recklessness," Paco said. "Everyone knew the *Federales* would catch him one day. Clearly it is important only that in the matter of his execution he conducts himself as a bandit of renown and a minor poet of distinction."

"Yes, this is true," Roberto admitted, for he liked to view life as did Paco and the rest. Yet now he had the half-guilty, half-rebellious feeling that his mother would not approve of this discussion, or of his attending the execution with Paco, either. For five years they had lived here with his great-uncle, while his father drilled oil wells to the south. But to be Robert Barnes and a *norteamericano* was still an unfortunate thing—meaning endless hand washing and studying at school.

They walked on. Ahead Roberto could see the sun-baked rooftops of San Carlos, where already the crowd must be gathering in the square. "Do you think he will refuse the blindfold?" Roberto said. "What if he shows fear, like the two you tell of who stole the burros?"

"That is even foolish to suppose," Paco said, "of one whose father rode on the right hand of Villa. Also, the Dona Isabella will be watching."

"How do you know?" Roberto asked.

"It is the way of a woman," said Paco simply; for Paco was thirteen years of age and already the self-acknowledged lover of Rosanna, the daughter of the shoemaker.

They continued in silence. A mile away on their left, Roberto could see the cottonwoods standing along the stream on which his uncle wished to build the dam. Between the stream and the road the bare land lay cracked and dried like old leather, and around the mud-brick huts beside the road the tiny parched patches of corn and beans withered and died.

"Now that your uncle's money has been recovered," said Paco, "my father says he will be once more inducing people to break their backs in the construction of this foolish dam. All so that they may further break their backs working all day in the fields!" Paco shrugged and added, "*Por Dios,* what for?"

Roberto blushed, for he was ashamed to be known as the nephew of the bent and ugly old *hidalgo,* whom they called "the old meddler"—and who they said rode his horse like a scarecrow, with his chin always on his chest. Roberto cared no more about the dam than anyone else. He shrugged, and his shrug was like that of Paco and of the others who lived in the valley. As they walked on he was reminded with wonder of his mother's sudden anger when she had told him of the recovery of the money the day before.

He had shrugged, that was all. "When did you learn to do *that?*" she had cried, taking him by the shoulder. And then she had whirled toward his uncle, saying, "Do you see what I mean, Luis? He's getting *just like the rest of them!*"

"Perhaps," his uncle had answered. His ugly face was wrinkled like a walnut, and he had a sad, patient smile. "But unfortunately, in any country to be an Armando Alvarez seems often more attractive than to be a builder of dams." He had laid his hand on Roberto's head and continued with the same softness, "In any country it is necessary to grow up. And to grow up is partly to learn that it is not enough to sit lazily in the sun, or even to live by daring depredations and toss away one's life carelessly, with a flair. That is why we must have the books and the study and the building of dams; because the other is not enough."

All this Roberto had not fully understood. As he walked now with Paco along the dusty street of San Carlos toward the crowded square, he thought rebelliously that there could be nothing finer than to be a bandit of renown and a minor poet of distinction, and to toss one's life away carelessly while half the valley watched in admiration.

Paco chose a vantage point from experience, and they waited with excitement, listening to various opinions from the crowd as to how Armando Alvarez would meet his fate. Then there was a faint stirring in the crowd, and Roberto saw that it was caused by a lady who had just arrived and was standing a little apart from the throng.

It was whispered of the wealthy and beautiful Dona Isabella that on certain nights Armando Alvarez's horse had been tethered beneath her bedroom window. She heard the whispers now and her proud head came up; but her eyes stared at nothing and for a time Roberto could not draw his gaze from her face.

WHEN he turned he saw at last the twelve *carabineros* with the lieutenant marching beside them. Before them walked a tall figure who moved carelessly and with grace. This was Armando Alvarez, whose odes to beautiful women had appeared in the back pages of leading periodicals; and who had, among other daring crimes, committed two murders and twice escaped with the money for the dam.

Armando Alvarez wore tight trousers and a loose-fitting white shirt. The curly hair of his chest showed at his open collar, and in his brown eyes there was neither fear nor anger, but only a calm, smiling awareness of the crowd.

His roving glance had already noted the presence of the Dona Isabella. And as the squad halted before the wall, he paused for a long moment, letting his eyes possess her in such a way that none could doubt what lay between them. Then he turned, still with careless grace, and walked to the wall beside the lieutenant. It was all done with an air that brought a murmur from the crowd and caused a twisting in Roberto's stomach.

Armando Alvarez refused the blindfold with the smallest motion of his hand. He accepted the cigarette, as was the custom, holding it unwaveringly to the lieutenant's match. Now he stood alone, with his back to the wall, looking with detachment out over the rifles leveled at his breast. He took one last puff, exhaled a perfect smoke ring, and with a gesture as casual as though he were strolling on the Reforma, he tossed the cigarette away.

And this, it seemed to Roberto, should somehow have been the end. For then, while the crash of firing still echoed, Armando Alvarez came all apart like a marionette and collapsed on his face in the dust. He lay very still. The breeze stirred the dust and fluttered his fine white shirt. It came to Roberto like a slow clutching hand inside him that Armando Alvarez would never again move at all.

AT THAT moment, Dona Isabella gave a terrible shriek that gripped Roberto in the very inmost part of him. He looked at her, and her face was as white as Armando's shirt. She shrieked once more and tried to run forward, but an old man and an old woman held her back. Roberto turned his eyes again to the figure by the wall, but when the shirt moved once more in the wind he looked quickly away. The motion of the shirt made the stillness of the body all the more complete. "Come," he said to Paco. "Let us go."

"Was he not magnificent?" said Paco.

"Yes," Roberto said. Yet as they walked back along the road he continued to see the still form by the wall and the white face of the Dona Isabella. Somehow, next to these things, the magnificence of the living Armando shrank to something foolish and worthless. And Roberto suddenly knew what it meant to be "not enough."

In silence they reached the fork of the road. Then Roberto saw a rider approaching from the distance—a rider who sat his horse like a scarecrow.

"Let us stop in the village and tell what we have seen to the others," Paco said. The rider was coming slowly from the direction of the stream.

"No," Roberto said. "I do not care to go." He tried to shrug—but he could not get it right. And then, moved by an impulse he did not fully understand, Roberto ran off across the bare, parched ground to meet his uncle. THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY TRACY SUGARMAN

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Tall, Cool and Handsome! ... 3 new ideas for iced drinks!

RUM RECIPES CALLERS RAVE ABOUT!

As made at the Gotham, N.Y., the Warwick, Philadelphia, and Saranac Inn, N.Y.

Sizzling day. Guests drop in. Tongues hanging out. Sip these frosty coolers. Cheers! Sighs! Compliments! Ask your secret? *Puerto Rican Rum*, you say ... rum the way Americans like it. *Not sweet and heavy, but light and dry*, smoother than smooth! No wonder it's America's most popular rum. Try it for new, exciting drinks people will talk about. Yes! For a welcome change serve Puerto Rican Rum! Many excellent brands to choose from!

RUM COLLINS

1½ oz. golden Puerto Rican Rum
Juice of ½ fresh lemon
1 tsp. sugar

Shake with cracked ice, pour in tall glass. Add soda. Garnish with cherry, orange slice. The smoothest Collins yet! Distinctive, smart, satisfying with Puerto Rican Rum!

RUM HIGHBALL

1½ oz. golden Puerto Rican Rum
Add ice, soda, ginger ale or water

Something special ... out of the ordinary! A highball with a grand new twist! So light ... so dry ... so smooth, thanks to the finest drink of them all—Puerto Rican Rum!

RUM MINT JULEP

2 oz. golden Puerto Rican Rum
1 tbsp. sugar
4 or 5 mint leaves

Crush mint and sugar in 2 tbsp. water. Pour into glass with finely cracked ice, stir vigorously and decorate with mint. Here's a welcome change for a grand old favorite.

Look for this name on every bottle **Puerto Rican Rum**

America's Most Popular Rum!

PUERTO RICO INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT COMPANY, SAN JUAN, P. R.

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U.N. IS DOING A JOB

Continued from page 19

"Yes, they will give it to us when it becomes impossible to settle."

And it was given to the U.N., last fall when the Assembly met in Paris. It came up before the Security Council, meeting those days in the theater of the Palais de Chaillot. Andrei Y. Vishinsky—he's the number one man now in the Kremlin foreign office—said loudly that the Russians would have nothing to do with the case, that it was none of the U.N.'s business.

The Council, however, thought it was and started talking about it, talking, talking, talking, until the Berlin pot simmered down. Mr. Vishinsky, in the face of all that debate, just couldn't keep quiet and he gave way slowly and talked, talked, talked himself. Nobody gave an inch, then.

But so long as the case was before the U.N., neither side would take the responsibility of causing a real flare-up in Berlin. So credit the United Nations with a damp towel, at least.

For months, that's where things stood on the Berlin situation. There was debate in Council and in committee, but it was no longer hysterical. One delegate put it this way:

"The consecutive translation system is one of the great inventions for peace. Invective gets to sound a little soggy after the second translation."

Then the break came. The United Nations is probably the world's worst place to keep a secret, but this one was kept under wraps for a long time: Philip C. Jessup and Jacob A. Malik had been meeting and talking things over. The Russians were willing to give way, the blockade would be lifted, a Council of Foreign Ministers would meet. As simple as that, almost.

And so far as the United Nations was concerned, this is what counted: The two men who ironed out the Berlin blockade were United Nations delegates, deliberately chosen because they were just that. The first break came on United Nations ground—in the delegates' lounge—and after that the U.N. kept its hand discreetly in the pie.

A few days before the announcement, Mr. Lie gave a dinner in his Forest Hills home. Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister Andrei A. Gromyko, Hector McNeil of Britain, and Dean Rusk of the State Department talked together for a long time and a very unofficial State Department communiqué said it was not about the weather.

So Secretariat people think that if it hadn't been for the physical existence of the United Nations as the only place left in the world where Russian and American officials meet together every working day in the year, if it hadn't been for the lid-on-the-pot quality of U.N. debate, Berlin might rank with the best in jumping-off places for new wars.

Ominous News From New Delhi

While the Russians and Americans were looking at one another across a barricade in Berlin, the United Nations had other troubles on its hands, other troubles that could mean war. One day in January, 1948, word came from New Delhi that made faces in London pale. India and Pakistan, two sister dominions, were on the verge of war.

The Indian army, led by British-trained officers, was in battle gear. Pakistan's soldiers, who had fought together with the Indians until the Indian subcontinent was divided into Hindu and Moslem states, were being mobilized. In the camps of the tribes of the northwest frontier province, some of the best fighters in the world were preparing to march with Pakistan.

The battle cry was Kashmir.

Kashmir is one of the princely states that was left out when India was partitioned. India wanted it, Pakistan wanted it. India accused Pakistan of opening its borders to allow the tribesmen to make forays into Kashmir. Indian troops marched into the state.

Pakistan cried that India was overrunning Kashmir because it knew that the predominantly Moslem population wanted to join Pakistan. Fighting started in Kashmir.

For a few days, the United States press played the story, chiefly for the name appeal of Kashmir.

Then the story dropped. Kashmir is far away.

The British Foreign Office did not drop the story. To the men in Whitehall Street, war in Kashmir was disaster. They knew the truth: A fight between India and Pakistan could spill over into the world's bloodiest religious war. Millions upon millions of Hindus and Moslems would be butchered. In time, all Asia would be swept up in war.

The case came before the U.N. Security Council, and usually calm British spokesmen didn't bother with reserve and understatement. It was Philip J. Noel-Baker who looked around the Council table and told the ten other delegates, "Gentlemen, if war breaks out in Kashmir, it may be the most terrible conflict in the history of mankind."

It has taken a long time, but the United Nations has prevented that bloodiest of all wars and has come near to settling the Kashmir dispute. It has taken dozens of meetings, meetings at which Indian and Pakistani spokesmen set new United Nations records for talk-athons. It has taken the on-the-spot work of committees and commissions, experts and observers.

The job is in the hands of Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, who dropped building a new home in California in answer to a telegram from Mr. Lie asking him to be the United Nations administrator in Kashmir. It will be his duty to supervise a plebiscite that will determine whether Kashmir goes to India or Pakistan. The plebiscite awaited settlement of a formal truce, discussions on which were prolonged by both India and Pakistan, as each jockeyed for a more favorable position. The principal point in dispute was troop withdrawal.

The admiral's explanation for taking the plebiscite job was quite simple:

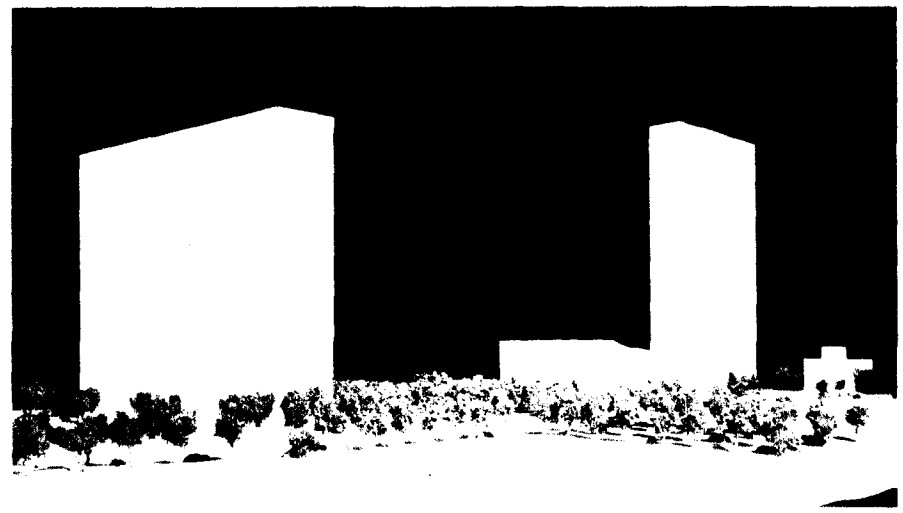
"I like the United Nations, believe in it, and I want to help it."

News that the United Nations had stopped still another war—at least for the time being—reached Lake Success about noon on May 7th. It came in a long cable sent from the Hotel des Indes in Batavia, where the U.N. Commission for Indonesia meets.

The Dutch and the Republic of Indonesia had agreed to call a halt to five months of jungle warfare. This five months was just the last stage in fighting that had gone on almost since the Japanese surrendered and the Netherlands administrators returned to the islands of the East Indies.

By the record, Indonesia is the oldest item on the agenda of the United Nations. Hundreds of hours have been given over to trying to find a way to bring the Netherlands and the Republic together. About a dozen resolutions have been passed and cease-fire orders have been ground out by the Council one after the other. Most delegates shudder and cancel evening appointments when anybody speaks the name.

After World War II, when the Dutch returned to Java, Sumatra and Madura, they found that the independence movement had made headway during their absence. Leading the group of states that wanted out from the Dutch colonial empire was the Republic of Indonesia. Fighting began almost immediately and the Council stepped in.



Construction of U.N. Headquarters in New York (models shown here) has begun. The first building, the Secretariat, will be finished in 1950

With a good deal of backing and filling, the Council appointed a good-offices committee for Indonesia, while Australia represented republican interests, Belgium the Dutch, and the U.S. was picked as a neutral.

The result of the committee's work was to bring both sides together one day on the U.S.S. Renville and get them to sign an agreement. That agreement provided for the establishment in 1950 of a United States of Indonesia, with the republic as the most important member.

In December, 1948, cables from Batavia announced that the Dutch had begun military action against the republic, had swept over most of its territory, and imprisoned its leaders. The republic, reduced to guerrilla fighting, seemed a dead cause. The United Nations effort in Indonesia seemed an even deader cause and with it died a lot of the Security Council's prestige.

The play shifted then to the General Assembly, the United Nations public forum, on which every member has a vote and a voice, and the veto doesn't exist. Technically, the Assembly can only make recommendations but actually it has become the most potent body in the U.N. It has become a place where the small- and middle-sized nations can often outvote the larger powers. More, it has become the most powerful wielder of public opinion in the world.

Two members of the British Commonwealth that have always sided with the republic—India and Australia—announced that they would demand full debate in the Assembly on the Indonesian case.

The colonial powers tried to put it off but were outvoted heavily. Then, a few days before Assembly debate was scheduled to begin, the dispatch from Batavia said the Dutch had given ground, had agreed to return to the republic its onetime capital at Jokyakarta. The war was to stop, negotiations were to get under way at The Hague for the creation of the United States of Indonesia. The republic was to get 50 per cent of the seats in the new U.S. of I.

There was no doubt in any delegate's mind that this was a U.N. achievement, pure and simple. The Assembly, taking no chances, is keeping Indonesia on its agenda for September.

Peacemaking in Palestine

The day that news of the Indonesian cease-fire came through, the Assembly was deep in a battle over the admission of Israel. The Arabs were still fighting hard to keep the new state out but by this time the knowledge of past accomplishment underlay the U.N. debate.

The United Nations, through its commissions and its mediator, Ralph Bunche, had brought peace to Palestine and had stopped war in the Middle East cold. It did it through the U.N. technique—bring them together, keep them together, dig, dig for an agreement, get kicked around, come back and dig more.

Score: three regional wars, stopped.

The political record has not all been on the credit side of the ledger and nobody at the U.N. says it has. There is still trouble in the Balkans, trouble between Greece and her neighbors to the north, Yugoslavia, Albania and Bulgaria. Dr. Evatt has held 70 meetings with the representatives of those four countries and has had tough going.

But there have been signs that there may be a break, that Russia may decide to pull out of the Balkan fight just as she dropped the Berlin fight. And for the same reason: The commitment was too deep, the returns too small.

So far as disarmament goes—atomic and just plain ordinary disarmament of old-fashioned things like air forces and navies—there has been nothing accomplished. The rift between the Soviet world and the Western world is still too large and deep.

The United States won't give up the atomic bomb monopoly without the strictest sort of controls. The Russians think those controls mean U.S. domination of Soviet economy. They fought about it for a couple of years. The majority lined up with the U.S., but the Russians didn't budge.

The United States wanted to drop the whole thing, said they were going around in circles. The Assembly in Paris didn't like that. It sided with the majority but announced that the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission must go on. An American said, afterward:

"We thought it was a waste of time. The Russians simply aren't having any. But if the Assembly thinks it is worth another try, okay. Maybe it is."

Politics. That's half the story of The Case for the United Nations.

The men and women who don't make much news, just plug away every day in their windowless cubbyholes, can tell the rest of the story: of epidemics met, of children fed, loans made, trade agreements bargained out, food production

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stepped up, travel made safer, human rights set down on paper, backward regions given "know-how," refugees housed and clothed, mass murder outlawed by convention, narcotics rigidly controlled. That is the do-gooders' part of the story.

Tied into the United Nations are 13 world-wide organizations who supply their own funds but are supervised by the United Nations and form an integral part of its machinery. They go by the dull name of specialized agencies.

Most Americans are scared away by the name. But if they aren't and take the trouble to look into the specialized agencies they will find little items that may make them think twice about the "world's greatest boondoggle."

Items like these:

On the island of Pakwachou in the Yangtze River, a team from the Food and Agriculture Organization showed a Chinese farmer just how a tractor worked. On Cape Cod, in the United States of America, a small girl was unhappy about a small lamb, dying from a gashed leg. Friends wrote to the FAO; the FAO took time out to send a detailed letter on the care and treatment of wounded lambs.

When it isn't attending to Chinese farmers and small girls from Cape Cod, the FAO tries to find more food for more people—the estimate is that 55,000 more people come into the world every day, all quite hungry.

All over the world FAO sets up conferences on increasing food production—in Cairo, Rome, Baguio, Terespol, Warsaw, Montevideo, Nairobi. It sends missions all over the world to teach farmers how to get more out of the land and fishermen more out of the sea.

Chinese Cattle Inoculated

One went to China where subsequently more than 500,000 head of cattle and buffalo were inoculated against the Black Plague. Another FAO outfit fought a chestnut tree blight in Italy with blight-resistant strains from China.

Another mission spent three months in Siam, planning an increase in rice output. In Venezuela, FAO experts looked into the possibility of meeting a national lack of edible fats and oils by using palms and other plants.

The FAO uses international co-operation every day as a work tool. For instance, the job of dividing food stocks is one of the organization's chief tasks. A special international emergency food committee periodically goes over supplies of vital foods like rice, cocoa, fats and oils and makes suggestions on allocations. In one 12-month period, 475 allocations were recommended. In only 13 cases, did a government say no.

Paris is the headquarters for the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization. So far, UNESCO has supervised the distribution of some $200,000,000 worth of supplies contributed by schools, organizations and governments—books, microscopes, pencils, typewriters.

** A. M. Rosenthal, author of this article, covers the U.N. for the New York Times—his assignment for the last three years*

UNESCO has come through with $400,000 worth of its own money. On its own, UNESCO is fighting illiteracy all over the world. Test projects are going on in the Marbial Valley of Haiti and on the plains of Nyasaland in east Africa.

Then there is an organization called ICAO—the International Civil Aviation Organization, another specialized agency. Under ICAO agreements signed by member countries, part of the risk of traveling has been removed. Right now, a chain of weather ships is operating in the Atlantic, exchanging information and aiding in rescues.

ICAO cuts through red tape and sets up uniform stands for aeronautical maps and charts, rules of the air, licensing of personnel and meteorological codes. That means that wherever a pilot flies he will face the same operating conditions.

The World Health Organization, W.H.O., set up in July, 1948, is operating on a $5,000,000 budget and with it has declared war on malaria, tuberculosis, venereal disease. In Egypt, its doctors fought a cholera plague to a standstill.

All over Europe, millions came to know W.H.O. through a campaign to immunize the continent against T.B. In Poland, Finland and the Philippines, in Ethiopia and China, W.H.O. is fighting epidemic, disease, plague and filth.

One of its big weapons is an epidemiological intelligence station in Singapore, which receives information from 334 seaports and airports, and relays it via 12 radio stations to port authorities, aircraft and ships at sea.

The International Refugee Organization in one year placed 374,000 refugees—sent them back home or found new jobs in more than 70 countries.

The International Bank lent $16.000,000 to Chile to build up its hydroelectric projects.

The U.N. International Emergency Fund, tied in with several other U.N. bodies, fed 4,500,000 children—a couple of billion meals—and supplied cod-liver oil for a million German kids, in all four zones of occupation.

Up on the second floor of the U.N.'s administration building is the office of A. H. Feller, the legal expert who untangles juridical knots for the U.N. He used to be one of President Roosevelt's bright young New Dealers, and he is the man U.N. people go to when things get them down and they want to be told that they're not working for nothing.

As Abe Feller sees it, the U.N. isn't what it was designed to be at the time of the San Francisco Conference.

"The way they thought of the United Nations then," he says, "the responsibility would rest squarely on the United States, Britain and Russia. It would be up to them to keep the peace. They would stick together and none of the little guys could start any wars."

It didn't work out that way and the Big Three became the Big Two and the Big One. To Mr. Feller that meant that the U.N., the whole idea and operation, had to shift:

"Look, what we are now is a kind of lens. When something goes wrong, we can't pound any country into doing right. But we can turn the lens on the spot. It gets pretty hot under the lens. Things get done. Slowly, but done."

Talk and Vetoes Irk Visitors

Visitors who come to the U.N. for a day have two main gripes—too much talk, too many vetoes. The 30 Russian vetoes in the Security Council are large in the visitor's mind. Mr. Feller tells them not to get too discouraged.

"The Council is not functioning as the big stick of the United Nations," he says. "It really never was meant to be a kind of international night stick. What is happening now is that the Security Council is emphasizing the mediation and conciliation angles of its job."

As for the long hours of talk:

"A man comes out to the U.N.," says Mr. Feller. "He sits through two or three hours of talk in a meeting. Nothing happens. He goes away. The U.N. is a talk machine, he tells his friends."

Mr. Feller pointed through the window to the roof of the conference building stretched out below.

"We've got a dozen committees going every day in the work year. People come out here to tackle a problem. All right, in one room we are getting no place on housing. But next door, we are hammering out a convention that every country in the world will enforce—a convention to stop the use of narcotics.

"All right, we are not getting anyplace on the atomic bomb. But in Geneva, we've got an Economic Commission for Europe, pulling the Continent together industrially. Read the papers and you'll see they are getting someplace."

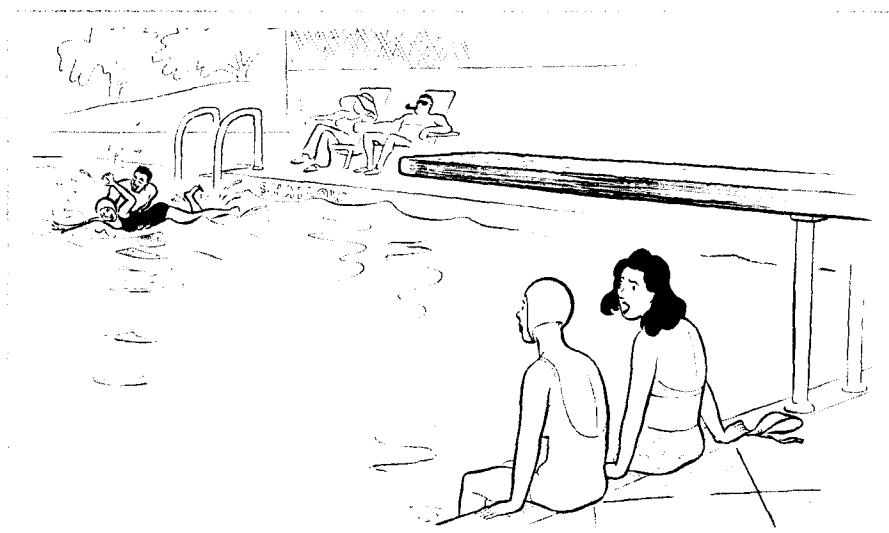
Mr. Feller leaned back and put his thoughts together for a minute:

"We've taken a lot of kicks on the pants and we'll take more. But we have learned one thing: Peace is hard to come by. Nobody wants to lose face. It's easy to slide into war. But for peace, you've got to work at it every single day. A job and a half, believe me."

The United Nations building is a labyrinthian place and only an old-timer there could find his way easily through the winding corridors from Mr. Feller's office to the rooms where they deal in dollars and cents. The financial experts of the U.N. are preparing the 1950 budget for submission to the Assembly in September.

Last year, Mr. Lie asked the 58 member nations to give him $33,469,587. For the 1950 financial year, he may ask for a few hundred thousand dollars more to meet increased expenses of missions overseas. In September, one of the Assembly's committees will go over the budget line by line, question every expenditure, haggle, and then decide it is worth it.

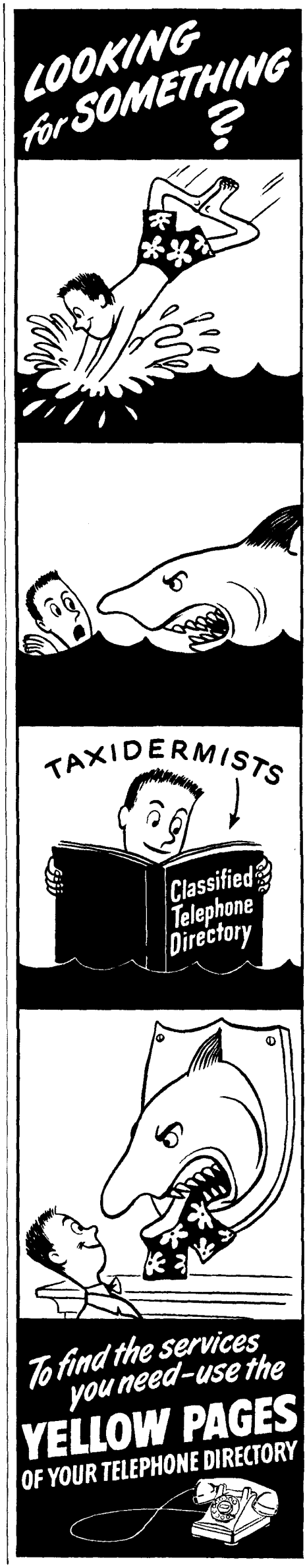
So for 1950 the United Nations will cost the world about $18,000,000 less than the Department of Sanitation costs New York City. THE END



COLLIER'S

"She's tri-state swim champion but knows enough to keep quiet about it"

DANIEL ALAIN



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Culture-Crazy COLORADO

By JOHN CHAPMAN

Thousands are joining an arty stampede on two tough old mining towns of the West. They'll hold a cultural roundup at Aspen, Colorado, scene of the Goethe Bicentennial, and at Central City, where Die Fledermaus will be presented, pardners

A NATIVE of the lofty mining community of Aspen, Colorado, stood outside a store window studying with interest a card announcing "Goethe's Bicentennial Convocation and Music Festival."

Eastward across the continental divide, a bill announcing the production of a light opera was being studied appreciatively by the natives of Central City, a mining town equally remote.

In the 19th century, Aspen and Central City were large booming communities, but they were in no sense rival camps. Aspen, 8,000 feet up on the western slope of the Rockies, produced silver, lead and zinc. Central City, on the eastern slope, also at 8,000 feet, produced gold and boasted that it was the richest square mile on earth. Since those fine days they have come close to being ghost towns. This month they are booming again, as serious rivals. Their product is culture.

A few days ago the first great swarm of intellect and talent arrived at Aspen to celebrate the 200th anniversary of the poet-humanitarian Goethe's birth. The entire Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra was there with its noted leader, Dimitri Mitropoulos. Big Gregor Piatigorsky was on hand with his cello, and pixy Artur Rubinstein had brought his piano.

There were two violinists, Nathan Milstein and Erica Morini, and such notables as Dorothy Maynor, Herta Glaz and Mack Harrell were ready to risk nosebleed by singing at the high altitude.

A Coloradan himself (of the late Denver Times), John Chapman is dramatic critic for the New York Daily News and editor of the Best Plays yearbook published annually by Dodd, Mead & Co.

But all this was just the frosting on the cake. A convocation is generally defined as a meeting of minds, and in Aspen there was a staggering assembly of brains all cocked and ready to fire. There was Dr. Albert Schweitzer, all the way from French Equatorial Africa; José Ortega y Gasset, Spain's foremost philosopher; Thornton Wilder, homegrown novelist and playwright; Gerardus van der Leeuw, professor of theology at the University of Groningen, Netherlands; Robert M. Hutchins of the University of Chicago. Also expected were Halvdan Koht, Norwegian historian, Ernst Robert Curtius, of the University of Bonn, Germany, and many others.

All this for the natives? No, indeed. Four thousand visitors from all over the country are clambering up to Aspen to enjoy this intellectual

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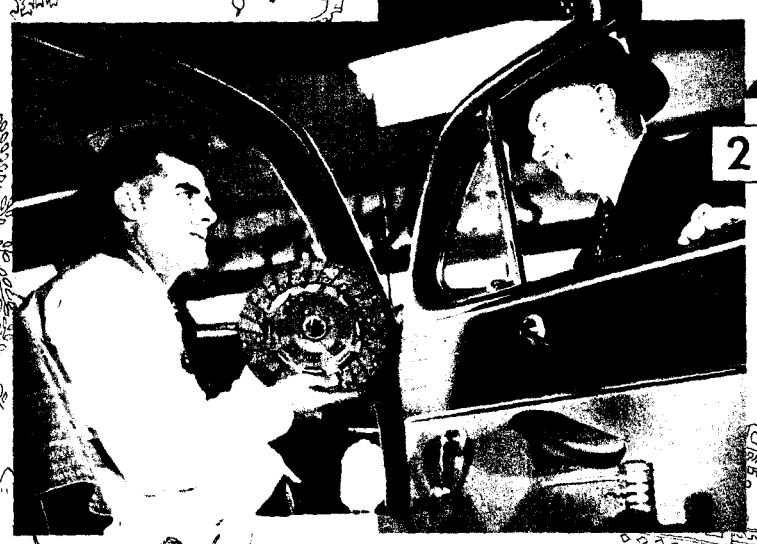

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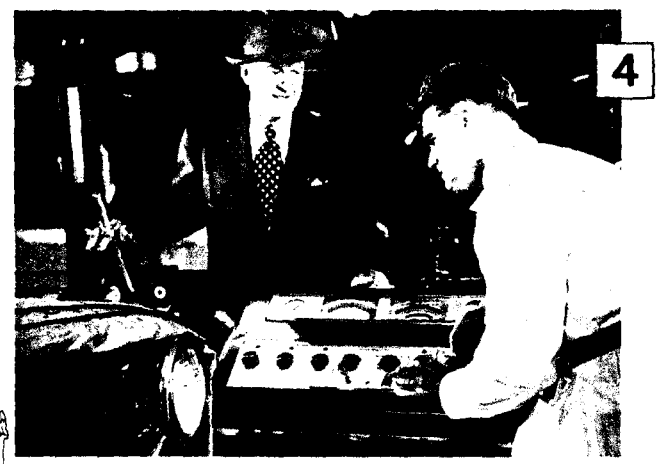

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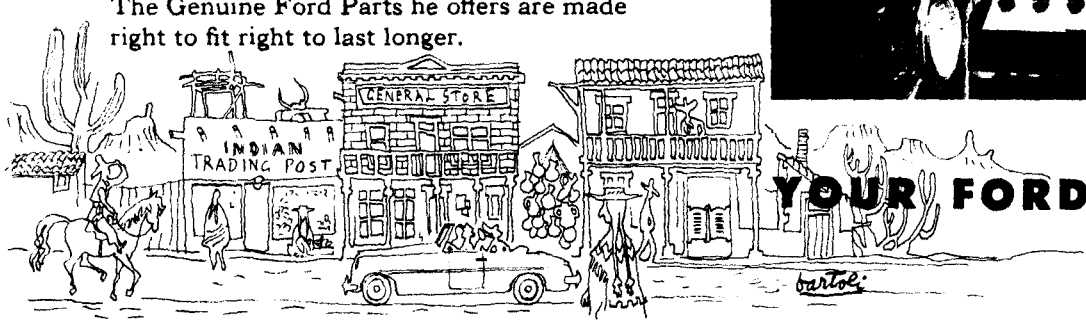

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Nation's Summer Traffic Accidents Hit New Peak

Chicago, Ill. (special). With the summer season just getting under way, the nation's leading safety experts are fearful that this year's toll of dead and injured in highway accidents will set a new record. Summertime, when good weather prevails, should be safer for the motorist and the pedestrian, but a study of statistics compiled state by state ...ears shows that this surmise ...ract the Christmas ...summer ...her

and the emergency hospital wards. But, one prominent safety expert pointed out many serious accidents, as well as minor ones, could have been avoided if the automobile owner had only taken a few simple precautions by having his car checked for safety. Too many Americans who ordinarily are cautious, will risk the lives of their families and others by setting out on trips or even long cross-country tours without having their cars looked over before they start out. A prominent national magazine, Collier's, has been crusading for safety checks by the ... Called Preventive Service, ... now in its tenth year, ... by state and ...

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MONDAY MORNING HEADLINE

Summertime! The call of the open road! Off we go to enjoy a grand holiday. A lot of us will have great vacations. But many, *far too many,* will wind up as Monday morning headlines in the accident columns.

Don't let it happen to you. Make sure your car can take it now . . . and all summer long. You drive farther and faster in the summer. Make sure your car is safe!

In the column on the right, Collier's—with the help of the nation's leading automotive safety experts—has compiled a simple 5-way safety check of the danger spots. Have a car that will take you safely wherever you want to go. And bring you back safe, sound, alive . . . and not make you and yours a Monday morning headline!

MORAL: *Take your car to your service man in time!*

Before you start out get a

Accidents don't "just happen." There's a reason for all of them. And far too many accidents occur —far too much misery is inflicted by plain ordinary neglect. So before you start out on your trip this summer make sure your car can take it. For your own sake, for your family's sake, for everyone's sake, give your car this 5-way check-up now—a check-up that has been approved by safety experts.

PULL WHEELS AND INSPECT BRAKE LININGS

Hydraulic system must be checked, too; worn parts replaced and fluid added.

CHECK STEERING AND WHEEL ALIGNMENT

And faulty shock absorbers, broken spring leaves and unbalanced wheels also can directly affect steering and stopping.

CHECK VISIBILITY . . . LIGHTS, GLASS, WINDSHIELD WIPERS

Don't forget the tail lights when you check the light system. Be sure your head lamps are aimed correctly. Make sure windshield wipers wipe clean.

LUBRICATION, POWER AND IGNITION

You must lubricate for safety. And it's most advisable to use premium gas for real power in the pinches. Faulty ignition can also lead to trouble so have electrical system checked, too.

HAVE TIRES INSPECTED

Higher speeds generate tremendous heat. Make sure your tires can stand the gaff of summer driving.

Accidents peak up in July and August. The reason is obvious. More than 73% of us Americans take our vacations in the summer. We drive longer and farther and the highways are crowded night and day.

Keep your name out of the accident columns and avoid roadside breakdowns by getting a summer safety check-up now. Your service man knows how to help you keep out of trouble.

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clambake. The first group of about 2,000 arrived on June 27th for a 10-day period, the second is to arrive July 7th and stay until July 16th.

This is the greatest swarm of culture addicts ever to invade the wild West. Aspen, which has a population of around 2,500, is unable to put up a fraction of them. Ranchers, resort operators and summer residents within a radius of 50 miles are providing beds and food, and are pledged to charge the lowest prices possible—$55 for 10 days, plus $2.50 a day for food. Concert and lecture tickets are included in this rate. The hotels and guesthouses are a little more expensive—$150 to $250 per person for the 10-day period, but this also includes meals, lodging and admission to concerts and lectures.

Guests also enjoy swimming, hiking and fishing for fine native and brook trout in the Roaring Fork, and for rainbows in other streams; high in the hills there is still skiing; and the world's longest scenic chair lift climbs almost three miles from Aspen to the peaks above, providing a fabulous sight-seeing trip.

When Aspen swung into its Goethe Bicentennial, its cultural competitor, Central City, prepared to launch a three-week performance of Die Fledermaus with a cast of Metropolitan and New York City Opera singers headed by Regina Reznik. This is to be followed by a play. Among those under consideration were Mae West's revival of Diamond Lil; Edward Everett Horton's road show of Noel Coward's Present Laughter; New York's new intellectual delight, The Madwoman of Chaillot.

Opera Houses From 'Way Back

Colorado has had an urge for the finer things ever since gold was discovered there in 1859. Every self-respecting town had its opera house in gold mining days. Central City has had its restored, and since 1932, it has offered such uplifting attractions as Camille, A Doll's House and Beethoven's Fidelio for summer visitors.

From July 5th to August 5th this year, Julio de Diego, noted Spanish painter, will conduct art classes at Central under the sponsorship of the School of Art, Denver University. Students pay $90 for the course, and $2-a-day lodging in private homes. Julio de Diego, by the way, is the husband of Gypsy Rose Lee, she who made an art out of strip tease and then turned art collector. Gypsy was with De Diego last year at Central, enlivening the operatic and theatrical season and taking part in a round-table discussion of the arts.

The latter is an annual affair called a "critique," and the writer of this article will be the moderator at this year's session.

Everybody is trying to be very polite about this clash of attractions along the Great Divide. Central, an hour's drive from Denver, is a special pet of that city's society. And Denver society is well-heeled, thanks principally to the digging abilities of its ancestors, and it is extraordinarily openhearted and open-pursed in fostering Central's art.

The Central City Opera House usually manages a season of an opera and a play with a modest deficit of around $20,000. This year the budget has been set at $35,000, and if Die Fledermaus and the play that is selected should go into the hole, a few prominent Denver citizens will quickly kick in.

But Central's sponsors were nevertheless flabbergasted at the financial magnitude of the Aspen venture. The Goethe festival will cost $275,000, of which $175,000 will be spent on the music and brains alone.

The story of how Aspen blossomed out as a center of culture starts when a delegation from the Modern Language Association suggested to Chancellor Robert M. Hutchins of the University of Chicago that a celebration of the German poet Goethe's 200th birthday would underscore the importance of the humanities in this Atomic Age. By a study of Goethe, the great humanitarian who believed in the universality of knowledge and the brotherhood of man, they might provide the peaceful keynote that the world urgently needs.

A Business Manager Comes In

It was then that a Chicagoan named Walter Paul Paepcke, chairman of the Container Corporation of America, entered the picture. In 1947 he had opened the Aspen ski lift, in a bid to make the town the country's greatest winter resort.

When Chancellor Hutchins proposed that Aspen, a remote, undisturbed and pleasant place, be selected for the Goethe Convocation, Paepcke fell in with the idea. He agreed to take on the job of organizing and financing the gathering. People from all groups from all over the country contributed—a Wyoming teacher and her small class scraped up $20. Fifty thousand dollars has been earmarked for the production of a new uniform translation of all Goethe's works. One foundation has contributed $20,000 to this.

Bargain Basement Blues

I'm utterly, finally,
Terribly weary
Of clerks who insist upon
Calling me "Dearie."

But addressed as "Young lady"
I love them a lot,
Since I'm utterly, finally,
Terribly NOT!

—BETTY ISLER

Officers and financial supporters of this timber-line intellectual fiesta include Herbert Hoover; Chancellor Hutchins; Thomas Mann, the author; Marshall Field, Chicago millionaire and publisher; Bruno Walter, the conductor; Mrs. Howard Wurlitzer, trustee, College of Music, Cincinnati; Wilbur C. Munnecke, administrative vice-president of the Encyclopaedia Britannica; William Lee Knous, governor of Colorado; Everette L. De Golyer, of the Saturday Review of Literature; Ernst Mahler, executive vice-president of the Kimberly-Clark Corporation.

Also among the sponsors are such educators as Donald J. Cowling, Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota; Robert L. Stearns, Colorado University; Mrs. Edgar Tobin, University of Texas; George N. Shuster, Hunter College, New York.

Aspen's adherents dream of making their town the Salzburg of America. Its circular bowl, with a stage in the middle and benches around it, could be a permanent site for concerts and dramatic festivals, and its opera house is just as quaint and Victorian as Central City's, although it isn't as well preserved. Already the cultural attributes of Aspen are noticeable. Novelist John P. Marquand has bought a house there and will move in this summer; already practicing in Aspen is Fred Glidden, writer of Westerns under the name of Luke Short. The balladist Richard Dyer-Bennet and his wife conduct a thriving school of music, and one Louis Neilson, a Dane from Brooklyn, operates what is probably the only Danish pastry bakery in the Rockies.

Aspen has been getting the jump on Central City lately in snagging celebrities. Gary Cooper's new home is being built there and will be completed soon. I heard one Denverite remark indignantly, "*We* could have got Cooper and Marquand for Central if we'd been on our toes, because Central is a better place."

Natives in both camps sometimes look askance at the invasion, even when logic tells them that they gain from these goings on. The angels of Central City have refurbished the hotel as well as the opera house. They have taken abandoned houses once used by miners and made them into modern summer homes. They have built stores and several enticing saloons. And they aim to preserve Central just as it was in Victorian days. Any native who wants to hang a nice red neon sign outside his shop is most thoroughly discouraged, and sometimes he resents it.

The same desire to preserve the Victorian atmosphere of Aspen is evident, and here the prime mover is Mrs. Walter Paepcke. She is an artist and at one time was an interior decorating expert for Marshall Field.

Under her guidance Aspen's Jerome Hotel has been restored with great charm and fidelity.

The cultural wingdings at Central City started when the heirs of Peter McFarlane, one of the builders and owners of the opera house, presented the historic old building to the University of Denver in 1931. It might have become merely a place for student actors and dramatists, but Edna James Chappell and her husband, the late Delos Chappell, decided to get supporters and revive the opera house on a big scale and give it national importance.

In July, 1932, it opened with Lillian Gish in Camille. Produced by Robert Edmond Jones, with music by Macklin Marrow, this could have been a top-flight production on Broadway, and was, in fact, taken there later. The following summer Walter Huston appeared in a Robert Edmond Jones production of Othello, and in 1935 a musical revue was tried with the Metropolitan Opera's Frank St. Leger conducting. In succeeding years The Gondoliers, A Doll's House, Ruy Blas and The Yeomen of the Guard had varying fortunes, A Doll's House turning up the biggest deficit.

"Met" Singers in the Cast

It wasn't until 1940 that the old mining town's opera house really went in for opera, closely linked with New York's Metropolitan. The 1940 production was The Bartered Bride, and the singers included Josephine Antoine, Norman Cordon and Helen Olheim. The next July they did two operas—The Barber of Seville and Orpheus, with most of the company and directors from the Metropolitan Opera.

The house was closed during the war; it reopened in 1946 with The Abduction from the Seraglio and La Traviata. In 1947 the season was extended by the addition of a play—the New York company of Harvey, with Frank Fay. Last year Louis Calhern went out from Broadway with The Play's the Thing to supplement Beethoven's Fidelio.

Each year Central City expands. The expansion is pretty vertical for it's strictly a cliff-hanging community. This season a building across from the opera house has been remodeled into apartments with baths, so that now the principals of the big musical productions may live near their work in style—and for free. Each year more miners' houses are restored by the summer colonists. It is not unusual for a $50 house to have $10,000 put into it. And always at festival time Central is a tourists' mecca, with wide-open gambling, madhouse bars, Cheyenne Mountain Square Dancers in the old livery stable, and similar enticements to supplement culture.

Denver's mining money and its social propensities are not directed toward Central City alone. Between Denver and Central City is the Red Rocks Amphitheatre, an outdoor auditorium which seats 9,000. Here, huge, nightmarish, upended slabs of rock make natural sides, stage and backdrop. It is so perfectly acoustically that the dropping of a pin on the stage can be heard in the rearmost row of the auditorium.

New Scenery for Wagner

July 8th will see the beginning of five weekly concerts in the eerie Red Rocks setting, and it is hoped that this will be the start of a major cultural festival. Red Rocks' backers vision productions of Wagnerian operas there—and certainly there could not be a more fantastic and wonderful setting for Brünnehilde and her playmates. And, say the visionaries, specially created ballets will be presented.

Not too far, in Western terms, from Red Rocks, Aspen and Central City is Colorado Springs where the modern Fine Arts Center is presenting a festival through July and August for small string groups, featuring the presence and works of Paul Hindemith and notable visiting instrumentalists. In Colorado Springs, too, is Hanya Holm's school of the dance, and Miss Holm always has a dance festival. Her current dance festival on Broadway is the tremendously popular Kiss Me, Kate.

When Colorado's cultural celebrations are over and the leaves of the quaking asp begin to turn, the natives of Aspen and Central City will return to the quiet life, enriched in money and perhaps in soul. Some of the Goethe lectures in Aspen will be nationally broadcast, and it is expected that all of them will be recorded and made available to scholars everywhere. In a year or two the new translations of Goethe's works will begin to appear, and by then everybody will have forgotten that all this happened in a little town where Smuggler Mine once produced a silver nugget weighing 1,780 pounds.

Everybody will have forgotten except the natives, of course. They will be telling stories about the convocation and music festival for the rest of their lives, for some rare and wonderful things must be happening there these days.

Although the Goethe festival will be over on July 16th, Aspen will survive. For one thing, mining is once again looking up. The Anaconda Copper Company had a crew there this spring to appraise some of the properties for lead and zinc ore. Forty men are now working in the Smuggler Mine, and other famous diggings are to be reopened. The town is still the seat of Pitkin County, and the big square courthouse sits solidly behind its iron fences, a token of the past and a guarantee of the future. The courthouse has at least one cuspidor in every room, and on the landing of the great wide staircase is a sign of definite cultural import. It says: DO NOT SPIT ON THE STAIRS. THE END

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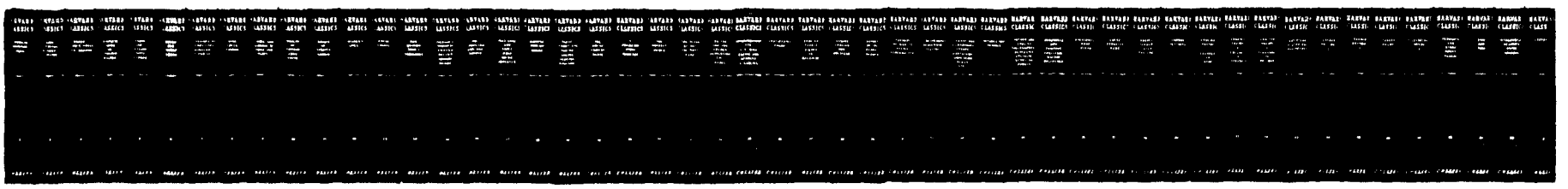

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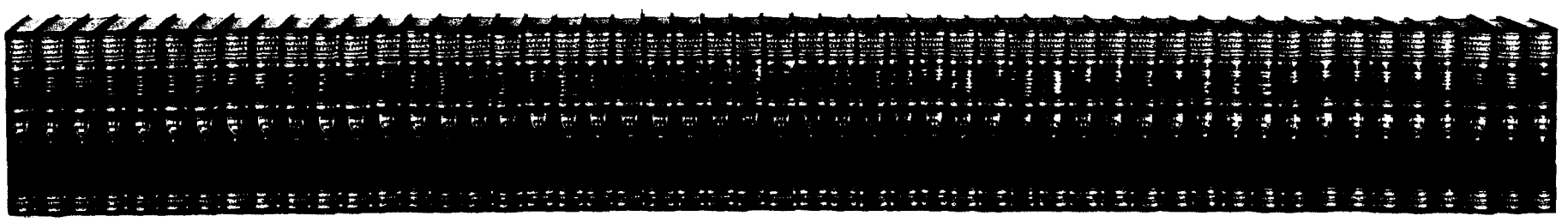

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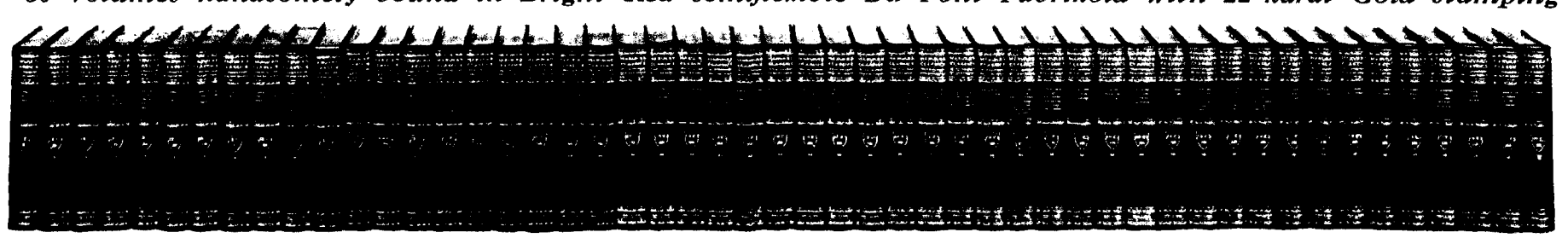

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AROUND THE YOUNG WORLD

Continued from page 30

with a sallow-looking German named Micky Sternberg, who is in charge of the *Kultur* Department of the *Freier Deutscher Jugend Bund* (Kommunist Klub of Germany). He understood that I was a frustrated poet who couldn't sell her stuff to those "decadent" American magazines specializing in "cheap trash" which "contaminate the minds of young misguided people in the U.S.A."

He spent three hours describing the vast program of the F.D.J. and loaded my arms with costly four-color offset posters, leaflets, flags, booklets and the biographies of Lenin and Stalin for kids just learning to read.

A Communist Defines "Fun"

"But what does your *Freier Deutscher Jugend Bund* do for fun and recreation?" I asked. As far as I could understand, the main dish was politics, and there was no program of sports or handicrafts.

"We have culture and discussion groups!" the fellow answered curtly.

I asked what they discussed.

"Oh—science or mathematics," he said.

I wish that all of our boys and girls in the U.S.A. could have heard, with their own ears, the Communist leader's idea of a whale of a good time for their young people. I asked if they had any sports or games, and he said that baseballs, footballs and tennis rackets are "too expensive," but that a political discussion group doesn't cost a cent. Sure, except for the thousands of dollars spent on dull-looking propaganda literature!

I grabbed my armful of flags, booklets and posters and left before Mr. Sternberg had a chance to ask me to write a poem for the F.D.J. newspaper.

My difficulties with certain grownups in foreign countries hit a new high every time I went through the ordeal of customs and immigration, which always took me longer because of the unusual contents of my luggage. When I arrived in Istanbul, the Turkish police nabbed me as soon as I stepped off the plane because of my "strange cargo," held me for questioning for five and a half hours, and impounded my baggage, so that I couldn't give any friendship parties for the kids in Turkey.

In Hong Kong I met up with a very enthusiastic group of British and Chinese teen-agers who used to play hooky from school to visit me and ask all sorts of questions about teen-agers in America. They had weird ideas about our "juke-box set" which they knew for the most part only from exaggerated movies portraying hubba-hubba characters wearing zoot suits and jitterbug queens wearing long baggy pull-overs and short skirts above their knees. They asked me if our teen-agers really spoke "that funny type of slang" and if every kid rode around in "an old broken-down car with names painted all over it."

I tried to explain that every American teen-ager does have a few favorite slang words, and that once in a while you'll find some hot-shot with a souped-up jalopy, although they don't paint names on them so much any more. But I'm afraid my friends still had the idea that *all* young Americans are crazy.

"Our American teen-agers are very special," I would tell the kids all over the world who are so anxious to get the real story about the fabulous young Americans. "They have their own fads, fashion magazines, clubs and dance steps. Our teen-agers have a lot of fun at their corner drugstores, dances and parties, but most young people in America take part-time jobs, too. They may appear to be more happy and carefree than other kids, but they have their serious side."

"But why do they wear those beggar's clothes?" asked a cute little Chinese girl who couldn't figure out why American girls and fellows wear beat-up dungarees when they can afford to wear nice clothes. Unfortunately, in most foreign countries I've seen, there is seldom a middle class as we know it. You are either rich or you are poor, and you are often judged by your clothes and how many servants your family has. This Chinese girl could not understand why a rich banker's daughter would ever wear anything but pink taffeta dresses and white fur coats. If *she* could afford such clothes, she would dress that way!

"In the U.S.A. you can seldom tell who is rich and who is poor. And besides, it doesn't matter," I said to many of them. I also told them that clothes back home are so reasonably priced that almost everyone can afford to be well dressed, but that it is usually considered bad taste for young girls to wear fussy clothes, jewels and white fur coats, anyway!

"Oh, I'd *love* to wear worn-out dungarees like American girls, but my mother won't let me because if I did everyone would think we are poor!" wailed a little pigtailed British girl whose mother has the typical hypocritical attitude of many well-to-do parents in foreign countries. It's the same sad routine when their kids want to be useful and take part-time jobs. If Junior were to take a newspaper route or if Sis were to get a summer job as a waitress, their friends might think they were broke!

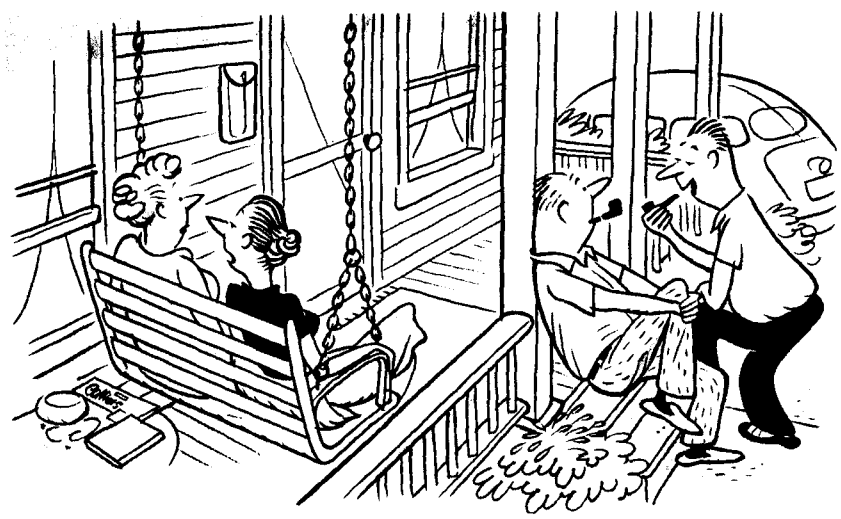
Kids who live outside the United States often develop a false sense of values by not having any of the daily responsibilities so familiar to American kids, regardless of the size of their papa's bank account. I was happy to find, though, that there is seldom much social prejudice among kids in foreign lands, and if there is any friction of this sort, it's usually a social or economic problem.

In Hong Kong, because of the evacuation of Shanghai, kids of all nationalities are thrown together, and they get along very well. Chinese, American, Portuguese, French, British, and Russian kids used to drop in for soft drinks and we had a lot of fun. Many of them belonged to the newly formed teen club sponsored by the famous China Mail newspaper, and this "hep" group of international teen-agers asked me to give them some ideas for parties and dances.

"Well, why not *have* a party?" I said, and they were delighted. We set the date for a Wednesday afternoon, and planned to have it in the private garden offered me by a Chinese millionaire philanthropist, Mr. Aw Boon Haw, who manufactures the famous Tiger Balm medicine. On my guest list were mostly students from private schools, so to make it a *real* democratic, American-style party I thought it would be a good idea to invite some who weren't well-to-do.

Back home the Y.W.C.A. always has a nice group of kids, so I paid a visit to the woman in charge of the Hong Kong branch, explained the purpose of my party, and invited 25 teen-age members of the Y. I also invited the classes of a small Chinese public school, which brought my list of guests to about 200.

VIEWPOINT



"I hoped he'd take me this year but he says he'll be in sales conferences 24 hours a day and I'd never see him"

COLLIER'S

"I'm going to fly out. Boy, that's wonderful country! And they treat you like a king! Golf—fishing—sight-seeing tours . . ."

DAVE GERARD

Shortly before the party was to start, I put on my dungarees with a coolie jacket, which seemed like an appropriate Chinese teen-ager costume, and took a taxi.

When I arrived at the Aw Boon Haw mansion, imagine my surprise to find the place swarming with thousands of kids—*so many that it was impossible* to stage any kind of party, because they pushed and shoved so much that my party box split apart and the kids immediately snatched up its contents which had spilled out on the ground. From that time on, the "guests" were like a human steam roller, and I was really afraid I would be crushed to death. Fortunately the police came to my rescue and I was taken to a doctor who patched up my bruises.

The next morning, I read in the Hong Kong papers that there were *six thousand* gate crashers who "were curious and wanted to see what an American party was like." An invitation to the poor Chinese at a public school to attend an American party given at a millionaire's mansion is news that really gets around by what the Chinese call the "bamboo telegraph," and *everybody* wanted to have a look!

I found out later that my invitation which included only the "teen-agers" of the Y.W.C.A., had been extended to a dozen tiny tots, three nursemaids and some irate mamas who afterward wrote an open letter printed in the Chinese Mail complaining about the absence of refreshments and criticizing my guests and my costume. Funny—I was *sure* I invited only teen-agers to that party!

There were lots of sights which opened my eyes on this trip: the small children in Manila whose toys are their daddies' steel revolvers . . . The sixteen-year-old girl guerrilla in a Greek prison camp at Lero who bragged about shooting 25 soldiers . . . The little eleven-year-old boy in uniform I met at the Nationalists' army camp near Shanghai, who had never heard about America . . . The poor little Arab refugee kids who stuck their tongues out at me, because their propagandized parents had told him that my country is responsible for the war in Palestine . . . The poor kids living in Poland and Czechoslovakia who are not permitted to read American books or to speak English . . . Some of the Italian university students still suffering from the effects of the war, who still regard Mussolini as a hero.

I guess we Americans take comfortable living for granted. Certainly I never dreamed I'd ever take a bath in a muddy river in Siam, ride an oxcart to the movies in Syria, sit on the ground and eat with my fingers in India, or write my column by candlelight—which I had to do in several countries. Of course for me these little inconveniences were all a lot of laughs because they were only temporary. But they made me realize that although the world is very interesting, there's no place I'd rather live than in our own "sweet land of liberty."

In Turkey I once complained to a nice mustachioed driver that it was annoying to be continually followed by the secret police wherever I went. "But you're lucky, Miss," he chuckled. "You're just visiting, and I have to *live* here."

Education—a Key to Freedom

Everyone knows that one way we can help to create a happy, free and democratic world is to educate the young people living in it. But in most countries outside the U.S.A. an education is still a luxury. Where there have been schools and colleges, they have been demolished or taken over by militarists.

What a shock it was in Shanghai to see crude barbed-wire fences and machine guns surrounding the school buildings which were being used as soldiers' barracks and arsenals. And how tragic in Manila to look at what was once a beautifully constructed high school, now a shambles of rubble and debris with an estimated 300 children buried beneath the charred ruins. In Tokyo, one of the bombed-out high schools had no windows, heat or lights and resembled a cave, but classes went on as usual, even on rainy days—the students held umbrellas while they patiently studied their geometry and history.

In the muddy slums and narrow back alleys of Shanghai, before it fell to the Reds, I visited little "street schools," organized by Madame Sun, where one child supposedly teaches another. The groups of tots sat on small stools and huddled like pups around the eight-year-old teacher who held up a broken piece of slate to show them the simplest Chinese characters written in chalk.

In Calcutta and Delhi, I was proudly shown several excellent girls' schools which teach everything from dress designing to home economics—but which, unfortunately, are expensive and attended only by a few wealthy girls. As in many other parts of the world, in India the problem of learning to read and write seems to be less important than getting something to eat, and the responsi-

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bility of finding food and clothing is often left to the children themselves.

To many kids, homes are just places to sleep every night, and I've seen some pretty poor excuses for "homes" too. I never believed that 12 people could live in one small unheated room until I saw, with my own eyes, twelve Chinese living that way. It was then that I realized why many children in China were sent away by their parents to join either the Communist or the Nationalist armies (it doesn't really make any difference to them) just for the daily rice rations and warm-padded khaki uniforms.

In Siam I saw large families living aboard filthy broken-down river barges. Near Haifa, on the road to Israel, the more fortunate Arab refugees I passed carried moldy home-sewn tents with them, while the less fortunate slept out in the open.

On the desert near Cairo, I saw a family of eight huddling together inside their home, made of two rusty oil drums with a worn-out canvas tarpaulin thrown across the top. In a badly bombed-out section of Berlin a little girl took me to her home—an old German tank which had red geraniums growing out of the broken gun turret! And thousands of kids in Germany feel fortunate to live in the dark, cold cells of old air-raid bunkers!

Now I understand why these young people are not able to learn to think straight—they are never given the opportunity to learn to do so. And it's no wonder they are so easily led astray by high-pressure military and political groups who give them rosy pictures of their idea of a "peaceful world."

To most of you it might have been discouraging continually to meet children who are surrounded by poor living conditions, illiteracy, prejudice and hatreds, and by grownups who have neither the time nor the inclination to teach them right from wrong. But in traveling through five war zones, the bombed-out countries of Europe and the Far East, and even behind the Iron Curtain, I found young people who might well be embittered and dissatisfied but who seldom complain and truly have hopes for a better world when they grow up.

In Greece, where civil wars have been going on ever since the kids can remember, I met a sixteen-year-old boy at Athens College who said to me, "We young people in Greece are quite used to fights, riots and shootings, but if there is another world war, we do hope that no bombs are ever dropped on America." I admired his protective attitude in wanting to shield our Americans from the horrors of war which are so familiar to the Greeks, and asked him why he felt this way.

"Because," he said, "my classmates and I would like to visit New York City someday, and we don't want it blown to pieces before we get there!"

After five months of traveling I finally landed at La Guardia Field, and was glad to be back. On my trip I had had two cameras stolen, which I had to smile about and say, "Well, someone got enough money for a few meals." A crate containing several thousand dollars' worth of toys meant for French orphans had been looted right in the customs house at Le Havre . . . again I had to keep my patience and maintain a "good will" attitude.

In spite of these difficulties, I bear no ill feelings toward any of the grownups who were responsible for the more discouraging incidents of my trip. Also I can only feel sorry for the selfish adults who are responsible for much of the disorganized and confusing lives of the less fortunate kids in the world. I'm sure that when these "sad characters" were young, they were—as all kids are—kind, generous, trusting and able to laugh once in a while.

But as the years go by, it seems that bad breaks and disillusionment often change people and make them selfish and embittered. It is too bad that there is no way of stopping the birthdays of everyone in the world after they reach the age of twenty-one. If this miracle were only possible, today and forever after, you may be sure the kids in Manila would be playing with dolls and blocks instead of Daddy's revolver. THE END

NEW REBEL YELL IN DIXIE

Continued from page 15

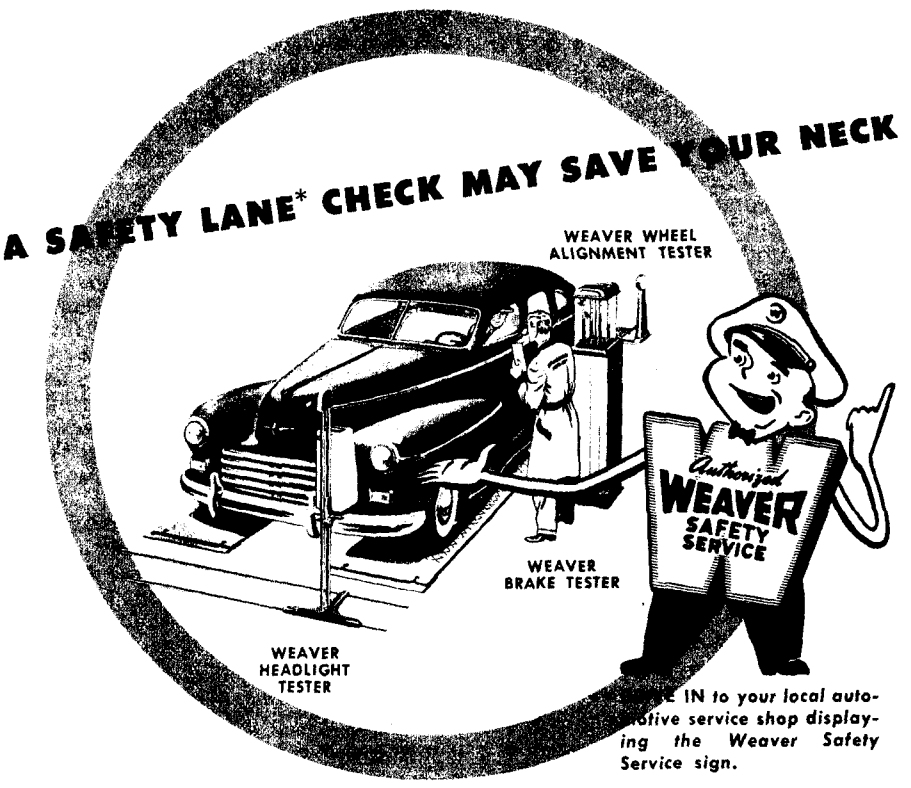
fantastic proposal to strip the federal government of virtually all its powers and economic programs, against the racial discrepancy in teachers' pay, and against the beating by a deputy of a Negro prisoner who had killed a white man. We had applauded the inclusion of a Negro on a jury panel for the first time since Reconstruction, the slum clearance and aid to education legislation in Congress, and the increase in Negro farm ownership in Mississippi. We had awarded identical cash scholarships to the outstanding seniors in the white and the Negro high schools.

But since I didn't get around to an editorial denouncing intolerance, I herewith denounce it; and I would like to send carbon copies not only to those home folks who did not like some of my opinions but also to those Northern liberals who continue to write long and castigating letters about "you cowardly Southern pseudo democrats."

I don't think that many other Southern editors get around to denouncing intolerance. They're too busy. Take Virginius Dabney, of Richmond, who won last year's Pulitzer prize for editorials; and Jonathan Daniels, of Raleigh, who speaks in North Carolina and in Washington for enlightened democracy; and Wright Bryan of the Atlanta Journal and Ralph McGill of the Atlanta Constitution who day in and day out battle the Klan, the low estate of Georgia politics, the vestiges of the lynch spirit, and the disintegration of the state's public school system.

There are Ed Meeman of the Memphis Press-Scimitar, who took on the Crump machine and saw it licked last summer; Colonel Harry Ayers, the old war horse of Anniston, Alabama, who doesn't like

Winner of the Pulitzer prize in 1946 for writing, liberal Hodding Carter is well known for his oft-expressed, straight-from-the-shoulder views on the sociological-economic troubles that plague the South. He began newspapering in 1929 on the New Orleans Item-Tribune, and in 1939 became the editor and publisher of the Delta Democrat-Times, in Greenville, Mississippi.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Dixiecrats or discrimination; the Reverend Sylvester Green, minister turned editor of the Durham, North Carolina, Herald, who alone among Southern daily newspaper editors plumped for the civil rights program.

The list could be lengthened to fill a page: George McLean, of Tupelo, Mississippi, concentrating on the economic development of his TVA-transformed region, as a vital preliminary to social progress; Mark Ethridge, the internationally noted publisher of the Louisville Courier-Journal, Mississippi-born and bred and the first director of the wartime FEPC; the two young Alabama weekly editors, Neil Davis, of Auburn, and Charles Dobbins, of Montgomery; Edgar W. Ray of the Tampa Times, Alfred Mynders of the Chattanooga Times, and in South Carolina, George Buchanan of the Columbia Record and Wilton Hall of the Anderson Independent. And the controversial veteran, Aubrey Williams, with his Southern Farmer in Montgomery, and Nat Caldwell, of the Nashville Tennessean, and the Tennessean's publisher, Silliman Evans.

I could name many more, and I doubt that any other section could match this editorial roster.

The newspapers have the largest audience. But their effectiveness is probably matched by the work of Southern educators. The first person who generally comes to mind when North Carolina is mentioned is Senator Frank Graham, who for 19 years was president of the famed University of North Carolina until another Tarheel progressive, Governor Kerr Scott, appointed him last spring to a United States senatorial vacancy.

Fine Record as an Educator

What Frank Graham's magic formula is, no one knows. But the influence of this man extends through his students and his own activities throughout the South and beyond. Around him he gathered the ablest faculty in the South and fearless students, who have taken their place by the hundreds as younger leaders in every Southern state. He has defied every Southern taboo (he served as one of the two Southern members on the President's Committee on Civil Rights) and he has identified himself—with militant liberal organizations everywhere.

His was not the only light at the university. Among the nation's sociologists, Dr. Howard W. Odum ranks high; and he stands higher yet among men of good will, for his scholarly, factual, hopeful interpretations of the new South. The effect of the teachings of Dr. Odum and his able colleagues, Dr. Guy B. Johnson and Dr. Rupert B. Vance, is incalculable.

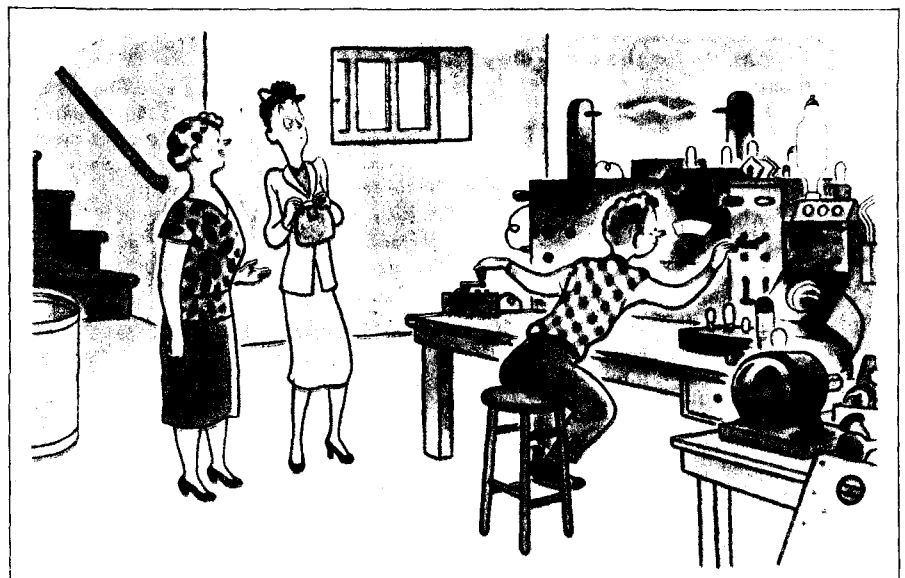
Here again it is difficult to single out. Educators in a different and more difficult category are President A. D. Beittel of Talladega College, Alabama, white director of a Negro institution, and a trio of patient miracle workers in the field of public education for Negroes: P. H. Easom, of Mississippi, N. C. Newbold, of North Carolina, and Ed McCuistion, of Alabama, directors of Negro education in their respective states.

The campuses of every college and university in the South contribute to the roster of teachers who are breaking down old misconceptions and fears and inertia where it will do the most good: teachers like Miss Florence Sytz, director of field work instruction of the Tulane University school of social work, James Silver of the University of Mississippi, and Bell Irwin Wiley and David Calvin Kytle of Emory University, to name four at random. Most of them survive the ridiculous charge of radicalism—a charge less often heard now—but some, like former President Homer Rainey of the University of Texas, pay a bitter penalty for academic courage.

It may be argued that editors and teachers are not representative, and that the venturing spirit cannot survive the test of political approval. Certainly the records prove that in general the successful Southern politician either shuts his eyes to the South's racial dilemma, or, what is worse, capitalizes upon it.

But demagoguery is no longer a certain Sesame. A year ago the old-line Tennessee politicians threw the book at Estes Kefauver, branding him a Negro lover, a labor tool and a Red; but Kefauver toppled the Crump machine and won a seat in the United States Senate. In Arkansas, at about the same time, Sidney McMath, a young Marine veteran, withstood similar mudslinging and captured the governorship. It is significant that after their victories, Tennessee in effect abolished the poll tax, and McMath put poll-tax elimination high on his legislative calendar.

Senator Lister Hill, of Alabama, likewise continues to triumph over his state's race-baiters and reactionaries; and in Mississippi, two years ago, John Stennis, a quiet conservative who endorsed the then controversial federal aid to education program and refused to deny his opponents' allegations that he was too sympathetic toward the Negro, won in a



"His last stroke of genius plunged five city blocks into total darkness"

COLLIER'S — NED HILTON

five-man contest that included John Rankin; and Senator Claude "Red" Pepper is a hardy Florida perennial despite his departures from the Southern norm.

Such men may be exceptions still, but their numbers are growing. A Kerr Scott is elected in North Carolina, a Lyndon Johnson goes to Congress from Texas, an Ashton Williams, of Lake City, South Carolina, organizes a Truman ticket in Governor Thurmond's face. And conscientious office seekers throughout the South are discovering that a candidate who reasonably discusses societal obligations, economic stresses and the need for moral and political reorientations is no longer doomed to defeat.

One factor in the changing scene, still minimized as a force and not yet full grown in the South, is organized labor. Obviously, the unions are special pleaders and not disinterested in their own advancement. But union leadership in the South, particularly that of the C.I.O., has worked effectively to make plain the identity of economic interests of all Southern workers of both races, the stupidity of frictional contact, and the importance of the ballot.

The C.I.O. has put Southern leaders on the job, and these include intelligent and perceptive men, whose outlook is broader than their organizational activity itself. As a somewhat bewildered industrialist described them, "They're actually respectable people." And the definition fits such field directors as gentle Lucy Randolph Mason, of Virginia, Southeastern field representative of the C.I.O., and state C.I.O. directors Paul Christopher, of Tennessee, R. W. Starnes, of Louisiana, Franz Daniels, of South Carolina, William Smith, of North Carolina and C. H. Gillman, of Georgia.

Labor leadership is immature in many areas of the nation; but it is avoiding some of the old mistakes in this homogenous region where economic imbalances lie at the root of nearly every evil.

There exists another force for good which is potentially more powerful than any other. The South is a region of churchgoers, and the influence of religious leaders is strong. Today there is a profound emphasis, by Protestant and Catholic clergy and lay leaders, upon the ethical implications of Christianity in the field of human relations.

One of the noblest stories I know is the labor of the Reverend Harold Purcell, a Catholic priest who came to Alabama from New York in the thirties. Four years ago, Father Purcell decided that the Negroes of Montgomery needed better schools, and almost singlehanded he raised $400,000 from contributors throughout the South and the nation. His school opened 18 months ago.

But the school was neither Father Purcell's first achievement nor his last. When he first came to Montgomery he opened the tiny mission and clinic of St. Jude, for religious and welfare work among Negroes. A few years later he had begged and borrowed enough money to buy a 40-acre site for his City of St. Jude; and there he has built a social center, a clinic and a beautiful bell-towered church. Now he has asked for bids on a 158-bed $500,000 hospital for Negroes. Two thirds of the money has come from contributors. The other third will be given by the government under the Hill-Burton hospital building act. The Hill in the act's title, incidentally, is Lister Hill of Alabama.

Though not all church effort can be as spectacular, there are scores of Negro schools and colleges entirely or in part supported by Southern churches throughout the South. But the religious impact is more far-reaching than that. What the ministers are saying from their pulpits, what the organized lay groups of the churches are recognizing, what the college Y.M.C.A.s and Y.W.C.A.s are inculcating is that Christianity's basic strength lies in its concepts of man's brotherhood, man's dignity and man's responsibility for his brother. The inclusive significance of those concepts is not universally accepted, but there are hundreds of Southern church people who can tell you that they are increasingly effective.

Men Inspired by Christianity

Mrs. M. E. Tilley, of Atlanta, the other Southern member of the President's Civil Rights Committee, identifies herself simply as a churchwoman. It is applied Christianity that animates such clergymen as Methodist Bishop Arthur J. Moore, of Atlanta, Episcopalian Bishop William R. Moody, of Lexington, the Reverend Monsignor T. James McNamara, of Savannah, and the Reverend H. Brent Schaeffer, of Jackson, Mississippi, Lutheran minister and uncompromising advocate of equal rights.

For such men as these—and their hundreds of fellow workers—Christian social relations signify implemented brotherhood. And unless we believe that religion has no force whatsoever, it is undeniable that liberalism within the churches has been an inestimably strong factor in creating new attitudes of fair dealing in the South.

To some extent there is co-ordination within the various religious denominations, and the labor movement is, of course, organized. But Southern liberalism otherwise lacks a unified base except for one six-year-old organization, the Southern Regional Council, with headquarters in Atlanta.

The SRC is unique in a number of heartening directions. It is biracial, nondenominational and nonpolitical. It does not indulge in tom-tom beating, parades, or lengthy pronunciamentos slanted for non-Southern consumption and approval. But it is not an isolationist effort to separate the South's problems from the nation's—or from the nation's concern. And its board of directors and membership cut across both racial and occupational lines to include outstanding white and Negro leaders in every field, with state divisions in 11 Southern states.

George S. Mitchell, the SRC's executive director and a wise and forthright man, explains its principles this way:

"SRC believes that the South can be prosperous and healthy, freed of poverty, prejudice and fear. It believes, in the name of democracy, Christianity and common decency, that the Negro must have equal opportunity in the schoolroom, on the job and at the polls.

"Our objectives are equal justice; a square deal for all our people in hospitals and medical care, schools, jobs, farming opportunities, veterans' services and housing; and full citizenship for everyone in voting, jury service and representation on official bodies."

That's an ambitious, long-range program. It won't be attained this year or next, and the SRC membership knows it. Meanwhile, the SRC hacks away. It has supplied basic facts for successful campaigns to secure Negro policemen in Atlanta, Memphis, Nashville, Conway, South Carolina, and other towns and cities. (Some 65 Southern communities now have Negro policemen.) It has at various times urged upon each Southern governor a positive program to assure civil rights for all Southerners, and has been amazingly successful in getting salutary facts about health, housing, edu-

Next Week

AN ENCOURAGING MESSAGE FROM John W. Snyder

SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY

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cation, voting and law enforcement into the Southern press.

It has been influential in having local ordinances passed curbing the activities of the Klan; has persuaded a number of white churches to be hosts to interracial meetings, and served as technical consultant for the Jacksonville, Florida, Self-Survey, which achieved some 70 specific improvements in the Negro community. It helped form the Negro community centers in such cities as Macon and Savannah, and was instrumental in having Kentucky's Day law amended to allow Negroes to receive medical and nursing education in institutions formerly open only to white students.

The SRC is widely respected in the South. And, in the opinion of the New York Times, "Progress can surely be made if liberals, North and South, will sit down and reason together along the lines this group suggests."

So there they are—Southern newspapermen, church people, educators and business, professional and labor leaders —who are credited so little for what is actually a great deal. They are animated by a love of the region in which they live, and a conviction of its worth and essential decency and promise. In this they differ from many liberals elsewhere whose approach to the South and its problems is a mixture of contempt, mockery, punitive threat and unrealistic demands. In less complex areas, their purposes and achievements may seem elementary and small. But they know better. They may not agree with the rest of the country, or even among themselves, about every proposal for greater social justice. But justice is their common goal.

I am reminded by what the late William Alexander Percy, the Southern poet, philanthropist and man of gentle and courageous spirit, once told me:

"You can't do anything on the grand scale. But you can work for your fellow citizens in your own town. It isn't national leaders we need so much as men of good will in each of the little towns of America. Try to keep Greenville a decent place by being a correct citizen yourself; for it's the total of all the Greenvilles that can make the kind of country we want or don't want." THE END

QUEEN SIZE

Continued from page 25

a little, afraid that she might remember about the date and be embarrassed.

"But, Mac," she would say, "why didn't you say something, remind me, or something?" And she would stand there with a hurt frown on her face, with a shadow of sorrow in her fine eyes. "I feel awful about it, Mac. Forgetting all about the date, I mean, and then this thing this afternoon, and I can't—"

He cramped the jeep out of its parking space, straightened it with one mighty hand, while his huge foot bore down hard on the accelerator. Well, maybe she would not remember at all, and that would be best.

IT WAS about half past two, and already three or four people were gathering in the shop, when Adam Bent arrived. With him was a publisher's man named Smith, whom Ernestine knew. But she had eyes only for Adam.

He was middle-sized, slender and tanned deeply from the sun of foreign lands. He wore a linen coat, a yellow shirt and flannel trousers and, knotted about his strong bare throat, a foulard scarf of great splendor. He smiled into Ernestine's eyes, and his hand was strong and steady in her own. "Miss Moore," he said, "I am delighted." His eyes said that he was more than delighted.

The three of them stood aside from the customers. Smith said, "Ernestine has done a magnificent job of pushing your books. Terrific."

Adam's eyes swept slowly and appreciatively up to Ernestine's face. "And you have read them yourself, Miss Moore?"

"Ernestine," she said. "Nobody calls me anything else."

"A pleasure," said Adam Bent.

Ernestine said, "I've read them all. Every one. I think I like this last one best." She paused there, savoring the title, recalling the stirring events packaged between its covers. "South to the Sun," she said. "I think I like that one best of all."

"Maybe we'd better have at this business," Smith said. "The cash customers look restive."

"Of course," Ernestine said. She led the way to the table, watched Adam Bent seat himself and take out his own pen. She said, "And now, ladies . . ."

It went on throughout the afternoon, Adam Bent patient and tireless—smiling, nodding; finding, somehow, fresh phrases of deprecation to answer each new song of praise. Ernestine hovered near him, fetching fresh copies of the books, ringing up sales, herding the customers into position. Smith perched upon a corner of the counter, smoked endlessly, watched without expression.

"He's wonderful," Ernestine said. She moved past Smith, banged the cash register with her hand. The thing trembled upon its base and obediently shot out a drawer. "Wonderful," she said again.

Smith's face was blank. Smith's voice betrayed nothing. "He loves it," he said.

Ernestine paused, change in hand, frowning. And then the frown was swiftly gone. "Oh," she said. "I see. You're kidding me."

"Mmm," Smith said, which could have meant anything. He slid down from the counter. "Right back," he said. "You want a ginger ale, too?"

He was back in five minutes, carrying three paper cups with practiced ease. He set the cups on the counter and turned his back to shield them from the eyes of the customers. From an inside pocket he got out a silver flask and poured whisky into the drinks.

Adam Bent seemed grateful for the refresher. Ernestine noticed nothing. . . .

And then, at last, it was done and the customers were gone. Ernestine tallied the count. "Eighty-seven," she said. "That's pretty good, isn't it?"

"It is magnificent," said Adam Bent. He was flexing the fingers of his right hand.

"I told you," Smith said. "In an area the size of this one—"

"You didn't tell me all," said Adam Bent. He was looking at Ernestine and smiling a little. "Juno," he said.

His tone was plain, but the allusion sped past her without contact. "Juno?"

"It's a town," Smith said. "Juneau. It's in Alaska." He came down off the counter. "Well, children?"

Ernestine stood, irresolute. She picked up a library-size, unabridged dictionary and brushed the counter beneath it absently with her free hand. Then she set it down again. "I was hoping," she said. "I mean—"

Adam Bent said, "Yes, Ernestine?"

Ernestine said, "Well, I live just over on the next street, and I thought you would like to have a beer, or a drink, or something." She paused there. "That is," she said, "if you drink."

Smith looked at the floor. Adam Bent said, "Under the circumstances, Ernestine, after a long day—" He let the

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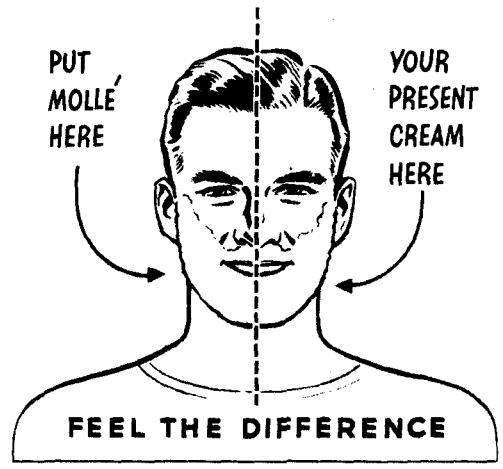

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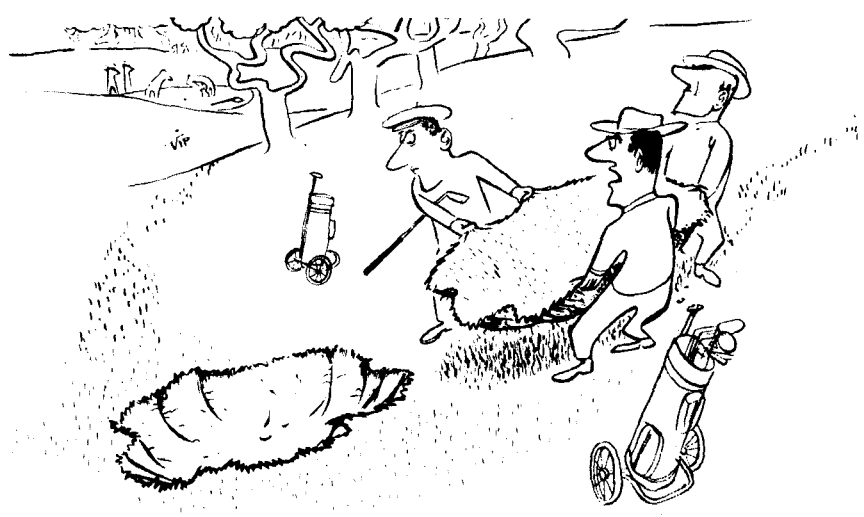

"I don't mind putting divots back for most guys, but you Wheaties men . . ."

Not unusual for Wheaties eaters to do things in a big way. N. Y. Giants' Johnny Mize clouted 40 homers last season. And he's enjoyed Wheaties, milk and fruit, over 10 years! Famous training dish—nourishing 100% whole wheat flakes. Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions!"

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sentence hang, supplying its own implication. "I'd love it," he said.

Ernestine glowed. "And you?" she said to Smith.

"Smith was telling me on the way down," Adam Bent said, "that there were one or two people here he would like to see, if he got the chance. Maybe—"

"I see my chance," said Smith.

"You know where my house is," Ernestine said.

Smith nodded. He looked at Adam. "An hour," he said. "Better make it an hour and a half. I may have to hunt a little"—he paused there—"for these people."

"An hour and a half," Adam Bent said. "I'm sure Ernestine won't—"

"Of course not," Ernestine said.

"Mmm," Smith said. He went out to the car.

WELL offshore, with the coast line itself dim and faint and only the mountains, rising far behind, showing plain against the bright sky, Macdonald was a busy fellow. He had dropped the mainsail long since, and furled it loosely; he had secured the boom into its crutch. Now, under genoa jib alone, reaching easily, he trolled. Or, rather, he was finished trolling. He lounged on the cockpit seat, one bare foot on the tiller, the rod in one hand, and a large sandwich in the other. A can of beer was on the deck beside his elbow.

He was peaceful, quiet, serene—and lonely. This was a time for a man to indulge himself in thoughts, to weigh himself carefully, and to find himself lacking. Macdonald was thinking, of course, of the man Adam Bent—whoever he might be—and of the magnificence of Ernestine. He thought of the way Ernestine smiled, and of the clarity and simplicity which shone in her fine eyes.

Something hit his line, picked it up and carried it away. The rod bent like a bow. Macdonald stuffed the remainder of the sandwich into his mouth and put both hands on the butt of the rod. His foot slipped from the tiller, and the sloop, obeying her balance, started up into the wind. Macdonald fell off the seat, landing with a thump upon the floor boards.

He got himself up, breathing heavily around the sandwich. The jib was luffing already, shaking hard at the mast and sending deep shudders through the hull. The line was disappearing from the reel. He got one great leg over the tiller and stood there straddling it, facing aft, shifting himself sideways bit by bit until the luffing stopped. Then he centered the tiller and braced one knee against the coaming and concentrated upon the rod.

Slowly, stolidly, he ate his way through the sandwich while he worked. He levered with his vast back and shoulders, reeling quickly, smoothly upon the forward reach. Water gurgled musically beneath the counter; the sloop heeled a little, settling herself into her work.

It occurred to him that it was lucky that he had sea room—that his nearest obstruction was one of the Marquesas, some twenty-seven hundred nautical miles away. He and the fish—whatever kind of monster it might be—had the ocean to themselves. And that was good; that was the sort of thing that took a man's mind from his troubles. . . .

To Ernestine, moving around the small kitchen, the time was pure, unalloyed delight. Adam Bent sat in the living room—Adam Bent, author, wanderer, adventurer, doer of deeds, intimate of the great. She snatched an ice tray from the refrigerator, upended it over the sink, and popped cubes out with her thumbs.

And from the doorway, Adam Bent said, "Like a goddess."

She turned from the sink in her astonishment. He was smiling at her, and the romance of distant places hung about him like a cloak. "That's nice," Ernestine said.

"No more, my dear, than you deserve." His eyes had a dreamy look. "Like a goddess," he said again, "tall and strong, your head in the Olympian clouds."

Ernestine breathed deeply. Her hands closed in a sort of ecstasy, and ice cubes sprayed upon the floor. But she was too rapt to notice. "I am pretty big," she said. "I hadn't thought about—about the other. The clouds, I mean."

"You should, my dear," said Adam Bent. He was watching those hands. They were still closing, in an unconscious sort of way. The metal tray was beginning to bend. "You should think about the clouds, my dear," he said again. And he moved back out into the living room.

He watched her as she came through the door, carrying two drinks. He regarded the size of her, as other men had done, and admired her magnificence. But Adam was not like other men. Adam Bent was articulate; his confidence in himself was without limit. He said, "You have no right, my dear, to hide yourself from the world here in this beach town."

"Why, I like it here," Ernestine said. "It's a nice place. Friendly and happy and—"

"But without scope for you." It was, he thought, a corny approach; he also thought it might achieve results. It did. "New York," he said, "Paris, London, Rio—" His eyes had that dreamy look again, that look of things seen, many things, not to be forgotten; of memories distant but never dim, never dull, never commonplace. Like Othello, he brought them out now, those memories, those experiences, those deeds.

She listened, her lips parted a trifle and a tiny smile lifting the corners of her mouth. Her fine eyes were wide and clear, and yet filled with the wonder of her thoughts. And when his hand, moving slowly, touched hers, closed upon it and held it firmly, she made no move to draw it away.

"You, my dear," he said, "are without compare, lovely as—"

"But—" Ernestine said. She was frowning a little, pulled partly out of her dream by an underlying sense of reality. "But my size?" She smiled, driving away the frown and the simplicity shone clearly in her eyes. "There's so much of me," she said. She disengaged her hand.

"Your size—" Adam Bent said. He seized the hand again, almost covered it with both of his own. "You dwell too much on that. Your size is nothing." He paused, watching the smile disappear. "You are like a queen," he said, "regal and majestic, standing head and shoulders above lesser people."

"That's true," Ernestine said. She did not appear to notice where her hand was. "I used to walk with my knees bent, but it gave me cramps in my legs. Now I stand up straight, and—and it's like you said: Most people come to my shoulder. They don't like to dance with me, because they can't see where we're going."

"You don't understand," said Adam Bent. "You are a symbol, like a statue, to be admired, to be worshiped. You are beauty incarnate, cast in the heroic mold. Men are at your feet. Even"—he paused, judging his timing with nicety—"even," he said, "as I."

"Even you?" said Ernestine slowly.

"But, of course." He was smiling a little, as though to mock his own inadequacy. "I've been trying to tell you, my dear." He let his case rest. Then he watched her, and waited for an answer.

Footsteps thundered on the porch, and a fist beat upon the door. Smith's voice, breathless with urgency, called, "Hey, Adam! Ernestine! Let me in!"

Ernestine got up. She went slowly across the room, her feet scarcely touching the floor. She opened the door, and Smith shot in. "I've got a photographer," Smith said. "He's all lined up. I've talked to the guy who caught it, and he'll lend it to us. He doesn't care. And we'll get some publicity pictures. 'Adam Bent, noted author, lecturer, traveler, visiting Encino Beach—' "

Adam Bent was standing. "What?" Adam asked, "Who caught what?"

"Fish!" Smith said, as though it should be plain to the slowest mind. "Tuna. The biggest damn' tuna you ever saw. Some guy in the sailboat caught it offshore. In a sailboat, mind you! The guy just brought it in—and it's down at the wharf now."

Ernestine looked dreamily at Adam Bent.

"Come on," Smith said impatiently. "The guy is waiting."

Adam Bent said, "Well, of course—on a matter of business." He turned to Ernestine with an apologetic smile. "It *is* a matter of business. You see that, my dear, don't you? It's unavoidable."

"Yes," said Ernestine. "Of course."

THERE was a crowd at the wharf—but not much of a crowd. Some small boys had gathered; and there was a vagrant cat lured to the wharf by the rich smell that drifted on the cool breeze. The crowd was nothing compared to the fish itself; a sleek and silvery tuna, just off the scales, and stretched out on the wood of the wharf's end.

It was not, of course, the largest tuna ever sighted, lost or even caught. But as a matter of record, it did weigh one hundred and eighteen pounds and six ounces; and many persons since—experts all—have carefully explained to Macdonald that the catching and the boating, particularly the boating, of such a fish, under such circumstances, is manifestly impossible.

He stood off to one side. He wore a pair of dungarees, and a handkerchief wrapped as a temporary bandage around his right hand. The rest of him was bare. And he was munching on a sandwich and working on a quart-size bottle of beer. The small boys stood around in awe. The cat, having traced the aroma to its source, crouched on the wharf, with greedy eyes fixed on the prospective feast.

And then the procession marched up the wharf; Adam Bent and the photographer in the lead, Smith and Ernestine in the second rank.

Macdonald saw the white linen jacket and the yellow shirt and the foulard scarf of great splendor. Then he saw Ernestine, and he paused in mid-swallow. His vast, bare feet stirred a little in embarrassment.

The photographer said, "To make it look good, Mr. Bent—I mean, so people won't wonder that you were all dressed when—"

"I understand," Bent said. His tone was curt; the voice of a man who knows business. He was already stripping off the jacket, which he draped carelessly over the railing. He took off the yellow

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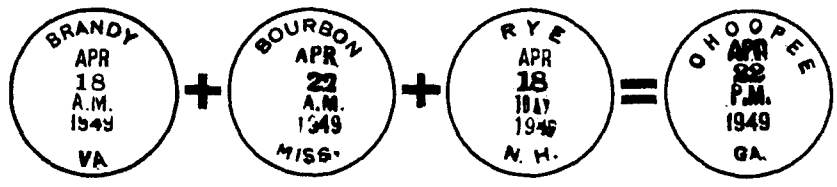

FROM LOUISE BOULIGNY, MERIDIAN, MISS.

HOWARD SPARBER

FROM JOHN J. MAHER, WASHINGTON, D.C.

FROM HALLOCK S. JOHNSON, WEST CHESTER, PA.

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shirt, showing tanned and muscular shoulders which lent credibility to the adventures about which he wrote and lectured. Adam Bent's face was serene.

Ernestine was close now. She paused to look down at the fish. Macdonald's eyes clung to her, and it was as if he were memorizing the shining marvel of her hair, and the smoothness of her skin, the grace of her bare legs and her arms. He looked at her as a man might look at his salvation, meeting it face to face. The beer bottle dangled from his bandaged hand; the sandwich was clutched, forgotten, in the other.

She saw him now and smiled at him. "You caught it, Mac?"

Macdonald nodded.

"All alone?"

Macdonald swallowed, and nodded again, feeling something inside of him begin to twirl and twist into a hard knot.

"It must have been quite—" She stopped there. Memory drove the smile away. Into its place came a little frown of hurt, a shadow of sorrow in her fine eyes. "Mac," she said. She shook her head slowly. "We were going sailing today. We had planned it. And you came by the shop." Was it only today? So short a time ago? "And—why didn't you say something, Mac—remind me?"

He stood there, feeling the agony of the embarrassment, his and hers. But to Macdonald, only her discomfort mattered. His own was a constant thing, ever-present. He was always ready to smile, to laugh even, at quips and gibes.

He was always ready to pretend that he didn't mind when his head struck doorframes, or care because his strength was at times too great. Beds were never designed for him, or clothes, or automobiles, or chandeliers—but he could always pretend that all of these matters were unimportant, including the jokes about them; including the sudden, vain tempers of small men determined to show how tough and formidable they were. Macdonald could always smile, and the smile was on his face now.

"Why, Mac?" But the question was unnecessary; she already understood the reason. She recognized it out of a kinship and a deep, subjective knowledge, knowledge which came to her, now, as a thing of astonishment. With sudden amazement, she realized that someone else, someone other than herself, could go through what Macdonald plainly was going through at this very moment.

Smith said, "Come over here, Ernestine. We're all set."

ADAM BENT was stripped to his trousers now; they were rolled part way up his legs. He stood squarely upon his bare feet. He smiled as a man might smile who has come successfully, safely and with credit through a harrowing adventure. The biceps of both arms bulged as he balanced the fish upon its nose beside him. Adam's chin was raised, pointed in half profile for the camera.

Smith said, "You, too, Ernestine. Stand right beside him. A little cheesecake never hurt any picture."

She walked toward Adam Bent.

"Good publicity for you, too," Smith said, "and—"

Adam Bent said, "I think not. Better, I think, alone."

Ernestine stopped short. "I don't care, Adam," she said. "Whatever you want."

Macdonald, watching, halted the beer bottle halfway to his mouth and held it there, motionless.

Smith said, "Wait a minute. It'll be a lot better with the girl in it."

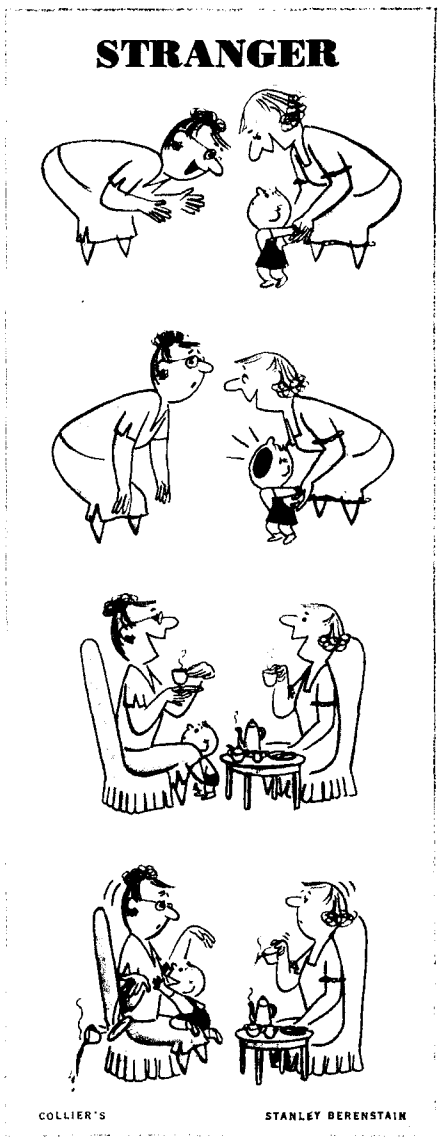
"No," Adam Bent said. His chin was out. "No," he said again.

"Look—" Smith began. Behind him he heard Macdonald stir gently, his bare feet whispering against the boards of the wharf. "This is Juno," Smith said. "Remember?"

Adam Bent looked at Ernestine looming above him. She was watching him, waiting, not understanding; not even beginning to understand. She was even smiling. Like a great cow, Adam Bent thought. There passed quickly through his mind an image of the photograph as it would appear here and there, spread throughout the literate world: himself and the great fish, and—dwarfing them both into ridiculousness—Ernestine. His anger grew, covering Smith, covering the entire situation; and then it compressed itself and focused upon the girl. He let his eyes run the full length of her, insolently, insultingly. He saw the sudden shrinking in her face, and in her eyes.

Still looking at her, he said slowly and distinctly, "If you think that I am going to allow myself to be photographed in juxtaposition with this—this—"

Something happened, all at once, and Adam Bent was never exactly sure what it was. To his mind, automatically registering stimuli, the major action seemed divided into small, apparently unrelated



parts. A beer bottle dropped to the deck and lay there, gurgling gently. A half-eaten sandwich made a soft sound as it, too, landed.

And underlying these sounds—overpowering them, actually—there was a rumble as of a train emerging from a tunnel. Something huge, something fantastically huge, bore down upon him across the breadth of the wharf. Two big hands caught his arm and lifted his feet from the ground and held him there, suspended. Adam found himself looking closely into Macdonald's face, and all of the rest—Ernestine, Smith, the wharf, the camera—were suddenly without importance.

"You—" Macdonald said, and all of the rage, all of the hurt in his mind were concentrated in the word. "You—" Macdonald said again to the face that was staring, wide-eyed, into his own.

Ernestine said, "Mac! Mac!"

For a long moment Macdonald stood there, motionless, hearing her voice. Slowly the fury drained away; the rage ebbed, leaving him empty, cold, without force or feeling. Adam Bent's eyes were large and round; his mouth was partly open and his breath came and went with a whistling sound.

"Little man," Macdonald said. "Little man." He stopped there, knowing no words to express what he felt. He hurled Adam Bent from him. Adam soared through the air and landed with a thud near the wharf railing. Then Macdonald bent down and seized the tuna at the narrow tip of its body; straightening, he flipped his arm contemptuously, and the silver fish turned lazily, end over end, and landed on Adam Bent's lap.

THERE was no sound. The cat, taking silence as his acquiescence, trotted across the boards toward his feast, his tail in the air. Macdonald stood where he was, towering like some fabled giant, looking down upon the scene. He felt Ernestine's eyes upon him, and he shook his head slowly, afraid to turn, afraid to look. Then he stirred himself and walked quickly away.

Ernestine stood where she was, looking down at Adam Bent and the tuna. Neither of them moved. Smith, standing beside him, said, "That is probably the first fish Mr. Bent ever caught all by himself. And it appears to have been too much for him." Smith looked at Ernestine. Then he turned his head and looked at the bulk of Macdonald, moving toward the shore. He shook his head slowly. "Migod," Smith said. And then he looked at Ernestine again, his eyes climbing to the level of her own. "King size," he said. "Him, I mean."

Ernestine nodded.

"Sort of king size yourself," Smith said. "As far as that goes. Or queen size."

She was still nodding, absently; still looking along the wharf, toward the shore. Thoughts were stirring in her mind, bringing lights to her eyes and a glow to her face. She was thinking of Mac at the shop today, Mac at the shop on other days, Mac sailing and swimming, Mac listening and smiling with the incongruous gentleness of a huge man—the same gentleness she, herself—

"If you're thinking what I think you're thinking," Smith said, "you'd better hurry."

Smith stood there, watching her; and it was as if he had, by some curious force, set her feet in motion. She found herself walking, slowly at first and then faster and faster, first along the boards of the wharf, and then across the concrete of the sidewalk and the street.

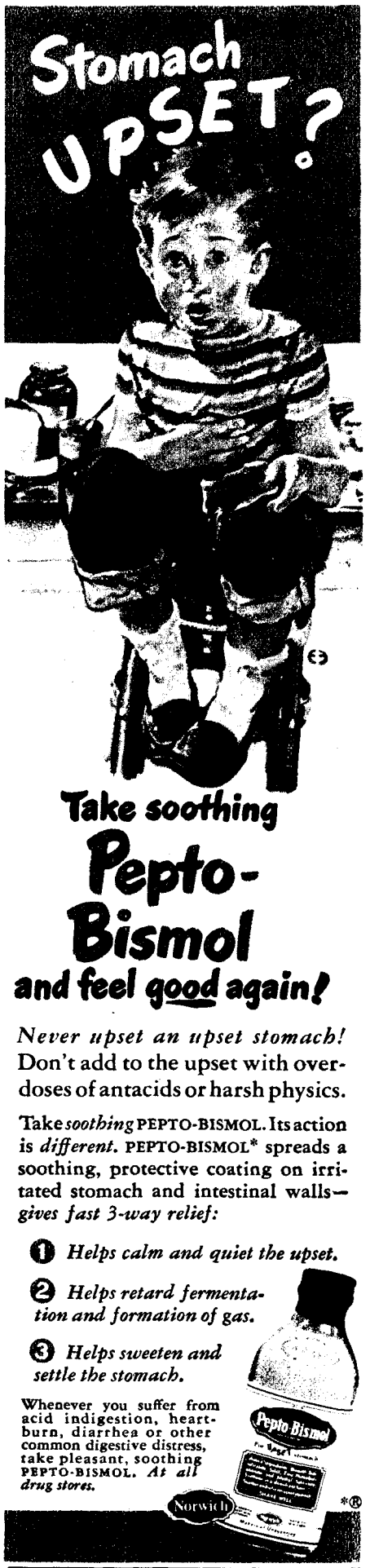
Macdonald was already in the jeep. His legs were tucked carefully beneath the wheel, his knees spraddled like a man riding a child's bicycle. His head rose inches above the windshield. His shoulders seemed to fill half of the other seat. And he was looking at Ernestine with the curiously gentle, almost shy smile that she had known would be there, would always be there.

She walked around to the right side. She stepped in, ignoring the footboard, stepping easily over the gunwale. She settled herself in the seat. Their shoulders touched. Macdonald was still looking at her.

"Little man," said Ernestine. She was smiling, too. "You said it. Little man." She watched some of the apprehension go out of his face. She said, "You didn't say it all, though, Mac. There's more of it." She shook her head a little—regretting the time, the years it had taken her to reach this understanding. "Little people, Mac," Ernestine said. "They can't hurt us any more." . . .

Back on the wharf, Smith was bending over, shaking Adam Bent gently; there was a grunt and a snort and then Adam Bent opened his eyes. "Wake up, hero," Smith said. "The typhoon—it done gone."

THE END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TWO ACROSS

Continued from page 48

knows his way around a track can always give you the finish to that one. The high players have even got it tabbed in their own lingo. "Scared money," they always say, "never wins."

They're right. It doesn't.

It was Dave Sturgeon got me together with Janie, and it was on account of Dave that Janie blew herself to this one cockeyed bet I'm speaking about. Dave was a hot-shot director on the Superba lot. Those Hollywood wages always sound like dream stuff to me, but the way I heard it Dave was knocking off five Gs a week. There wasn't anything scared about Dave's dough. The first time I got a look at Dave he was tossing that folding money around as if the stuff was confetti.

ON a Saturday, the third week of that first meeting at Santa Anita, I met up with Dave. When they got off in the seventh race I'm on the clubhouse lawn. There wasn't anything I liked in the race, and I'm not even watching it. But all of a sudden I am watching the wildest horse player I ever looked at—Dave Sturgeon. And he's standing up in the chair next to me. There's a thing called Wild Honey running, and while Dave was trying to get Wild Honey down in front he gave out with enough body English to move a truck.

Dave had plenty of beef on his bones, and a voice like a foghorn. When they got off he yowled at the starter for sending 'em away a little ragged, and when they came by the clubhouse he's telling both the jock and the horse how they should go places and get things done. When they hit the backstretch Dave ran out of breath, and for an eighth or two he just went in for some quiet prayer. But when they're in the homestretch and the jock on Wild Honey made his move, Dave let go with a bellow that must've bothered a few of the good people in San Diego. Wild Honey's out there with a thing called Spanish Dude, and the rest of the way in they're neck and neck. I'll now give odds that Dave is going to run second to apoplexy.

"Come on, Wild Honey!" Dave is bawling his lungs out. "Spanish Dude, stay outa there! Roll him, jock! Get that honey hossie up there! Wild Honey, be sweet!"

When the photo sign went up I'm all set to duck. If I didn't, I figured it was almost a mortal cinch that better than two hundred and fifty pounds of apoplexy would cave right into my lap. But Dave crossed me up. All of a sudden he was dead quiet, but when he climbed down from his chair you could tell he was so mad he was really burning up inside.

"You know who won that?" he barked at me.

"No," I said. "I didn't see it."

"Without looking I'll tell you who won it," Dave said. "My horse ran second. That's who won it."

"I wouldn't tear up any mutuel tickets," I said. "Not till they send the picture down anyway."

Dave doesn't even hear me.

"You know why we ran second?" he's still beefing. "Because Wild Honey's smart, and she wants to learn me a lesson. But it won't do any good. I'm just too dumb to learn. Wild Honey went off at forty to one, and I've got six hundred dollars' worth of win tickets on her. The way I wanted to bet was two hundred across—two hundred win, two hundred place and two hundred show. So what happens?"

"I'll bite," I said. "What did?"

"I go simple-minded," Dave told me. "Just before I went up to those windows I'm so weak in the head I have to listen to a smart guy, and this smart guy tells me never to bet 'em back. Okay. So I've gotta be smart too, and on account of I only bet Wild Honey to win she has to come second. Right now I oughta have my pants stuffed up with place and show tickets good for plenty of oughday. But not me, brother. I'm so dumb I have to go starve myself to death with smart guys. Would it make you sick if I cut my throat now?"

Dave was right. When the picture came down the wire from the top of the stand Wild Honey was second. When the result went up on the tote board I figured Dave might take off again, but he crossed me up with another fast switch. He sat down in the chair next to me, and the way he is now Wild Honey is strictly over the dam. You'd think he'd never even heard of her.

"Well, that's that," he said. "What do you like in this last one?"

"It's a bad betting race," I told him. "But if you like anything it has to be the away, and Dave reached out and shook hands with me.

"Much obliged," he said. "I got well on that one."

"Glad to hear it," I said. "If you got out on a one-to-two shot you must've bought yourself a few tickets."

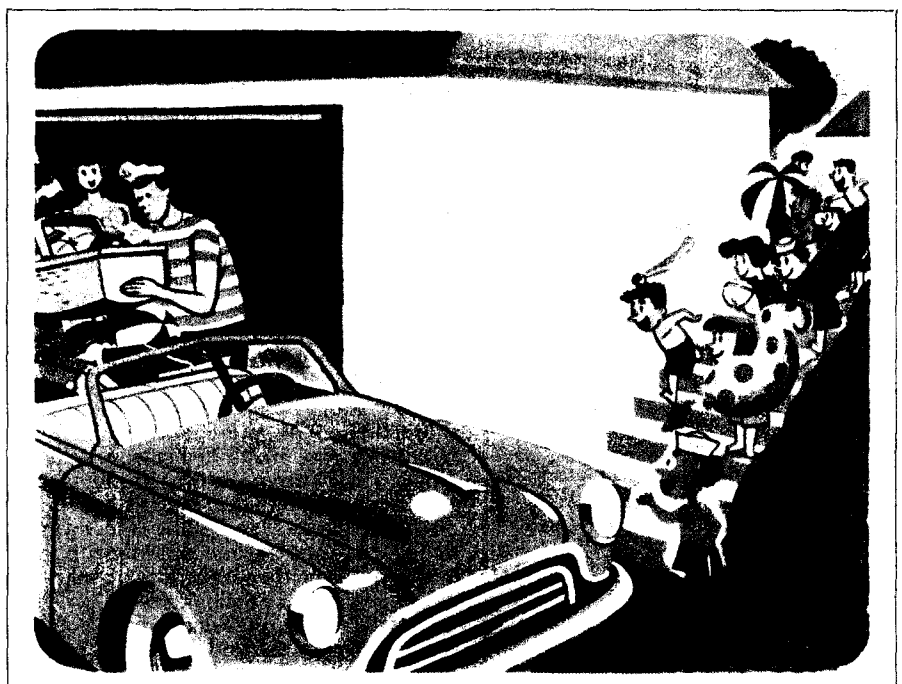
"Two grand on his nose," Dave said. "Maybe I'm a buck or so up on the day."

Now I'm giving Dave that long look-over. A player with the kind of a bank roll Dave was showing me is what a hustler dreams about.

"I like the way you call your shots," Dave told me. "Do you call 'em that good all the time?"

"No," I said. "And nobody else does either. But if you're asking me if I know my way around a race track the answer is yes."

Dave grinned at me. It was like he'd just cashed a nice little mind bet, and he was getting a kick out of it. "I had you tabbed for a pro," he said. "We might do a little business together."



COLLIER'S

"Hey, Pop, will you have room in the car for a friend or two?"

DON TOBIN

favorite. If his legs hold up I'll even tell you how he'll win the thing."

"Yeah? How do you mean?"

"He'll break last," I told him. "At the clubhouse he'll be trailing by ten. Over in the backstretch he'll be so far back he'll give you heart failure, but when they turn for home he'll show you some of the class he had when he was winning handicaps. That's when he'll really start picking 'em up and laying 'em down, and about a hundred yards out he'll collar whatever's in front. He'll look this one right in the eye, and tell him to stay back where he belongs. After that he'll come on to win by open daylight."

"Army Day, huh?" he said. "If he wins like you say he does why isn't he a good bet?"

"He's a gimpy," I said. "Odds-on choices with bad legs you can have."

"More smart-guy stuff, huh?" Dave said. "Maybe I'm nuts, but if I've got the winner I don't care what his price is. Army Day's for me, brother."

Army Day got off like I said he would, and all the way around the race ran to the cold dope. But my figures on Dave weren't worth anything. The way he's taking this one I figure he's probably bought himself a ten-dollar win ticket just so he can have an interest in the thing. He's half watching the horses and half watching me. It's like he was adding me up. Army Day took the thing going

We drove back to Hollywood in Dave's car. On the way in we traded information. Dave told me who he was, and he was beefing plenty because he was already better than two grand to the bad for the Santa Anita meeting. He was beginning to figure that trying to beat 'em with his own handicapping probably made him just a grade-A chump. That he didn't like.

I leveled with Dave about my information. Any horses I give out I get around the track in the mornings, when the stables are working. I get 'em from trainers, jocks and now and again a gyp owner with a short string of claimers. We trade favors. Any time they hand me a horse I know he's ready to go, and they're really sending him for the front money. They don't all win, but the big operators at the tracks won't make any kind of a bet unless they've got this kind of information.

BY THE time we got to Hollywood, Dave was about ready to talk a deal. He asked me to meet him in his office at eleven o'clock Monday morning.

"When you show up at the studio ask for Janie Conway," Dave told me. "She'll have a pass for you, and if I'm jammed up when you get in you can hang out in Janie's office until I'm loose."

Dave was a sucker for those laughs. When he spoke with me about Janie he blew himself to a small one.

"Janie's got a system to beat 'em," he told me. "If she'll tell it to you she might curl your hair a little. Janie's got one that's really out of this world."

Janie was a friendly kid. Her office was across the hall from the elevator in the writers' and directors' building at Superba. During the day almost everybody in the place stopped by with at least a short hello for Janie. She wasn't too busy on the switchboard, and the first morning I showed up I noticed she had a Racing Form spread out in front of her.

"Mr. Sturgeon told me all about you," Janie told me while I was waiting to see Dave. "He says you know everything about the horses."

"They're tough to beat, honey," I told her. "I know that much about 'em anyway."

Janie looked a little unhappy. What she wanted was somebody would tell her it was a cinch to beat 'em. "What about all those people that go out to the track every day?" she asked me. "Somebody's got to win, haven't they? Doesn't that prove something?"

"All God's chillun got two bucks," I said. "That's all that proves, honey."

SHE had a routine with the phone that made you curious. Almost every time the buzzer sounded she'd go into it. "Okay," she'd say to the phone. "I'll get Mr. Callahan for you right away."

I figured this Callahan was maybe Mr. Big around the joint. It was after she got him on the phone a few times that Janie tipped me off who he was.

"Mike Callahan must be the biggest bookie in town," she told me. "Everybody here bets with him. On account of the difference in time between here and back East they start betting the track at New Orleans, and the one in Florida, at ten o'clock in the morning. All afternoon they bet Santa Anita."

"Makes a nice full day," I tried her out with a little dead-pan. "Mr. Callahan never objects, does he?"

Janie didn't know it was dead-pan. She was playing everything absolutely straight. "Oh, no," she said. "He'll take any kind of a bet. You should hear what I do on that phone. Why, every day they bet thousands of dollars."

Janie was in a tough spot. That outsize folding stuff was floating around all over the place, and just looking at it had Janie a little dizzy. Whenever she took a peek at the Form you could tell she had the jumps. She had that scared look you'll always see around the two-dollar windows when those horse players come up and make a wild stab at the longest price in a race. It was after she gave the Form one of those quick once-overs that Janie let me in on her system.

"I don't know anything about the horses myself," Janie told me. "Those charts and the past performances are just so much Greek to me. But I've got a boy friend knows a lot about 'em. And he says that he's got an absolutely sure-fire system to beat the races. He says if you could only afford to play it every day you'd just have to win a lot of money with this system."

"Oh?" I'm still dead-pan with her. "Is it a secret, or could you let me in on the boy friend's system?"

Janie lowered her voice a little. You'd think she was getting ready to slip me a key to one of the cellar doors at Fort Knox. "Well," she said, "my boy friend noticed that quite a lot of the races are won by horses that have an E in their names. He says if you'd always bet a dollar on every horse with an E in its name you'd be bound to make a profit."

"Must be a lot of those horses," I said

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to Janie. "Wouldn't betting 'em all run into money?"

"That's the trouble," she said. "My boy friend's been trying to think up some way to pick out just the right horses with an E in their names. If he does think of a way I'll let you know."

The buzzer was asking for Janie again. Dave Sturgeon was ready for me. Before I went I tried to do her a favor.

"You and your boy friend better watch that system for a while, honey," I said. "If I were you I'd stick to mind bets, for at least a year anyway."

No sale. Janie's eyes went scared again. She was thinking about that little place in the San Fernando Valley, and about how tough it would be for the old folks if somebody else beat them to it.

"A year!" she said. "Oh, no! I can't wait that long!"

Dave Sturgeon wasn't waiting a year. Dave wanted action, and right now.

"I've been doing some selling," Dave told me in his office. "I'm not the only chump around here who's down to those horses, and I've been telling some of the other suckers how you called your shots for me Saturday with Army Day. We're making up a little pool. You give us any information you get, and while you're doing it we stake you to five hundred a week. Anything we win or lose is strictly our business. How's about it?"

"I'm in," I said. "How can I lose?"

SCREWY things go on around a race track; I've seen my share of 'em. But what went on in Hollywood that winter was tops. Waitresses in the commissary, extra people, telephone operators and stenographers were chipping in two-bit pieces to make up dollar bets for the bookies. Producers, directors and writers had special radio setups in their offices, and they were getting last information from the tracks about prices, track conditions, jockeys, post times, off times and results. They were betting all the way from sawbucks to G notes, and from morning till night.

Out on the sets, bit players and the crews were betting deuces. Some of the sound stages had the special radio setups, and between takes, directors and top-line actors were listening all day long to anything that just happened to be running anywhere. They had phones on the sets, and anybody calling his bookie with a bet of less than a hundred to win was strictly small-time. Bookies and their runners were all over the joint, but any time you might have enough of the studio you could park yourself in poolrooms that were running wide open all the way from Hollywood to Santa Monica.

I'd see Janie every day, and she'd keep me up to date about how the boy friend was getting along with his system. I'd been around about ten days when the boy friend doped it out that post positions made all the difference.

"You still just bet horses with an E in their names," Janie told me. "But you only bet them when they have the number-five post position. It helps a lot, because it cuts down the number of bets you have to make. This way you don't need so much capital to start it off."

"Keep watching it, honey," I told Janie. "But don't bet any money till you've watched it a long time."

Smart money at the track always says that now and again you might be able to beat a race, but you can't ever beat the races. If they'd only bet the stuff I dug up for them that winter, Dave Sturgeon and his crowd might have won some dough for themselves. But it was the old story all over again. They could never wait. Any time I didn't have any information they'd bet their own handicapping. The beating they were taking was brutal.

Dave couldn't get out to the track much. A couple of writers were finishing up a script for him, and he had to be around if they wanted him to sit in with them for a while. But any time he wasn't with those writers you'd find him parked behind his desk, and he'd be giving Mike Callahan a battle over the phone.

"Dave Sturgeon, Mike," he'd say. "I'm taking that Moonlight Kiss in the fifth. Two across, honey."

Two across was shorthand with Dave and Mike for two hundred across. Day after day Dave made the same bet. If he ever got hot he figured that two hundred win, two hundred place and two hundred show would add up plenty fast. But as long as I was with him Dave never came up with that lucky streak. About a month after I went hustling for him Dave was out at least another three grand. The guy's a sweet character in my book, and the way I'd wince when I heard him making those two-across bets with Mike Callahan you'd think it was me getting hurt.

Janie Conway's also got me down. At this time I'm speaking about the boy friend's come up with a brand-new gimmick for that ga-ga system he's got, and Janie says she isn't going to wait any longer. Now she's really going to lay some dough on the line. When she told me she just knew the system would pay off she put butterflies in my stomach.

"It's fixed up now so you only have to bet just a few horses every week," she told me. "You'd be surprised how many of them win. Now you have to watch out for three rules. It has to be a horse with an E in its name, it has to have the number-five post position and its weight can't be more than a hundred and six pounds. Whenever there's one of these special horses running my boy friend's going to call me up and tell me. Just to start with I'm only going to bet a dollar. After I win a lot I'll make my bets bigger. That's the smart way to do it."

Janie wasn't kidding. The day after she told me she was all set I'm out on a sound stage with Dave. While Dave's shooting a test I'm kibitzing, and I saw him burn a little when Janie got him on the phone. It was late afternoon when she called, and she told Dave she wanted him to make a bet for her with Mike Callahan. When he was on a set Dave was always strictly business, and he put in a small beef with Janie.

"Will you be nice, honey?" Dave asked her. "Just to keep the franchise I'm out here trying to get a little work done. How's about you and me going to the races some other day, huh?"

"All I want is just to make one little bet."

"Well, why bother me?" Dave really began to get a little bit sore. "Call Mike on the phone and bet it for yourself. By this time you've gotta know the guy's number."

"He won't take a bet from me," Janie said. "When you're only betting just a little you have to put up the cash with one of his runners. It's so late now they're all gone."

"Okay, honey," he said. "I'll fix it for you. Call Mike and tell him I can't get to the phone. Tell him I asked you to make a bet with him for me. And just for ducks what's the name of this thing you're plunging on?"

"Eenie Meenie," Janie said. "It's in the last race at Santa Anita. Honest, Mr. Sturgeon, I don't think Eenie Meenie can lose."

NOBODY will ever know why, but Eenie Meenie won. And that wasn't all. Eenie Meenie paid fourteen to one to win, four to one to place and even money to show. The next morning I'm with Dave in his office, and it's while he's kidding me ragged about Janie's system being better than my information that Eddie Blake joined up with us. Eddie was Mike Callahan's pay-off man at Superba, and he handed Dave an envelope. On account of Dave was busy shooting that test the day before he didn't make any bets for himself, and we knew all the dough in this envelope belonged to Janie.

"That was a nice score, Mr. Sturgeon," Eddie said when he handed the envelope over to Dave. "Even Mike got a jolt out of that one."

"Oh, sure," Dave razzed Eddie a little. "After that one I guess Mike must be out of business, huh?"

"Our store's still open," Eddie said. "You want anything today?"

"Maybe later," Dave told him.

After Eddie's gone Dave spoke with Janie on the phone. "We're up to our eyes in here in folding money," Dave told her. "Come and get it, honey. It's all yours."

When Janie showed up it was like she was walking on air. Before Dave gave her the envelope he just had to kid her a little.

"Don't lie to me, big shot," Dave said. "How much dough did you bet on that Eenie Meenie?"

Janie was so excited she could hardly talk. "I only meant to bet a dollar," she said. "But after my boy friend called up and told me about Eenie Meenie I got to thinking. All of a sudden I noticed Eenie Meenie had an E in his name six times! So I decided to bet six dollars, one for each E. But when I called up my boy friend, and told him what I was going to do, he got scared. He said I shouldn't bet the whole six dollars just to win. He said I should bet two across—two to win,

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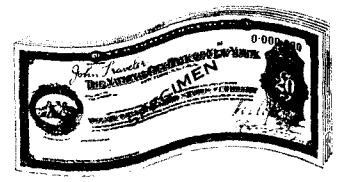

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two to place and two to show. Well, that's the way I did bet it."

Dave handed her the envelope. "Don't go snooty just because you're rich, honey," he told her. "Always remember your old friends."

Janie couldn't wait to get a look at that dough. She sat down on the edge of Dave's couch, and when she tore the envelope open you could see her fingers were trembling. But after she really did get a look at that folding money you'd think she was staring at a ghost. There were seven five-hundred-dollar bills in that envelope, and three more worth a hundred each. When she saw those bills all the blood went out of Janie's face, and she was dead still. It was maybe a minute before she said anything, and then she started to shake again. Only now she was shaking all over.

"Oh!" she can hardly get the words out. "Oh, dear!"

Dave isn't kidding with Janie any more. The way it is now you might say Dave is also looking at a ghost.

"How much've you got there, honey?" he asks Janie.

"Thirty-eight hundred dollars!" Janie managed a whisper. "Am I crazy?"

DAVE'S a beefy citizen, but he's still plenty fast on his feet. All of a sudden he's out of his chair, he's around the desk and he's sitting alongside Janie on the couch. He grabbed hold of her hands and started to talk fast. "When you called Mike Callahan to make your bet what did you say?"

"I said what you told me to," Janie's still groggy. "I said you wanted me to make a bet for you on Eenie Meenie, and I said you wanted to bet two across. Did I say anything wrong?"

After what happened next Dave Sturgeon will always be tops in my book. The guy didn't even draw a long breath.

"Wrong, honey?" he grinned at Janie. "Looks perfect to me. You picked a winner, you bet it and you won yourself plenty of that lettuce. What's wrong with that?"

"But I only bet such a little bit." Janie's staring at that dough again. "I didn't know you could win so much."

Dave is still moving in on Janie very fast with those ad libs. The one he came up with this time is really a honey.

"It's on account of you bet with Mike Callahan," he told Janie. "Mike's a real big-shot gambler, honey. Doesn't make any difference to Mike how they pay off at the track. Mike makes his own prices, and you can take your pick. If you want track odds that's okay with Mike, but if you want the prices Mike offers before the race goes off that's okay too. My dough says you always get a better break with Mike than you do at the track, and that's why I always bet his prices. He probably figured that Eenie Meenie didn't even have a Chinaman's chance to win. Why, in Mike's book the thing must've been at least a thousand to one."

"A thousand to one!" Janie gave out again with a whisper. "Then it's true! It's mine! It's really mine."

"Would you mind a little tip?" Dave asked her.

"How do you mean?" Janie said.

"Don't ever try it again, honey," Dave told her. "Nobody figures to be that lucky more than once."

"Oh, no," Janie said. "I'll never make another bet as long as I live. I've got what I want. I've got a home for my folks. I've—"

All of a sudden Janie stood up. "My folks," she said. "I've got to show them. If they don't see it they won't believe it. I've got to go home. I can't work the switchboard any more today. They'll have to get somebody else."

Boom! She's out the door and gone. After she left, Dave went back to the swivel chair behind his desk.

WHEN he looked at me again there was the ghost of a little grin playing around his lips. "You know something?" he asked me. "Don't look now, but those hossies are giving Sturgeon a dim deal. Sturgeon takes a beating even when he wins. That ain't good, honey."

"How come there's any skin off your neck?" I asked him.

"I'll map it out for you," Dave said. "I'm taking five G's a week out of this joint. Maybe it's on account of I'm smart, or it might be only because I'm lucky. Anyway, I'm getting it. But when it's payday around here for Janie Conway she won't take home as much as forty bucks. So what do I do now? Do I call Janie back in here and tell her that thirty-eight hundred she's glommed on to is all just a big mistake? Do I tell her she's really only got thirty-eight bucks coming, and now she can go buy herself a home for her father and mother with that kind of a bank roll? No dice, brother. I can take it pretty good, but I can't watch 'em die right in front of my eyes."

"Why tell anybody anything?" I asked him. "If you just clam up about the whole thing, who's hurt? A bookmaker, no less. Are we supposed to cry our eyes out about that?"

"Still no dice, honey," Dave shook his head. "If we play it that way I'm hurt. I'd always know that when Janie told Mike Callahan I wanted to bet two across on Eenie Meenie he naturally figured I'm betting my usual two hundred across. If I just let the thing ride the way it is I'm hurt plenty, because no matter what, I've always got to live with me."

Dave reached into a desk drawer and came up with one of those big-size checkbooks. After he filled in a check he wrote out a short note on a piece of yellow copy paper. While he was addressing a big envelope he tossed this note to me.

"My swan song to the ponies, kid," Dave said. "Maybe you'd like to look it over."

"Dear Mike," the note read. "Herewith payment in full from a reformed horse player. My bet with you yesterday was only two bucks across. You paid me off for two hundred across. You've got thirty-seven hundred and sixty-two dollars coming back to you, and my check for same is enclosed. Love and kisses, baby. Dave."

Eddie Blake came in again just after Dave got his letter to Mike sealed up. Dave handed the letter to Eddie and asked him to take it to Mike. "Okay, Mr. Sturgeon," Eddie said. "But how's about another one of those big-priced winners? You got one for today?"

It's like I said about Dave. He always went for those laughs. The one he came up with at this time I'm speaking about must've been a toughie, but he did come up with it.

"Haven't got a thing, kid." He grinned at Eddie. "But I will appreciate it if you'll give Mike a little extra message for me."

"Why, sure, Mr. Sturgeon," Eddie said.

"Tell him all horse players die broke, will you?" Dave said. "You can't beat 'em, kid. I just found out." THE END

COUNTERBLOW

Continued from page 29

sky, plenty of ocher soil and green-blue sage rolling away in all directions. "It's a million miles from nowhere," said Archie, as Brown led him toward headquarters.

Brown smiled faintly again. "It's not even on the Radio Facility Charts."

Presently Archie was in a small, oak-furnished office saluting Brigadier General Hjalmar MacCarty, commanding officer of the base.

"Glad to see you, Reynolds," the general said in a deep voice with a faint Dixie modification. After returning the salute he offered his hand in a self-conscious, high-brass way. Archie shook it and said, "How do you do, sir." He glanced around. Not much here but a desk, a few chairs, and some covered maps on the wall. Everything was carefully dusted, though, and MacCarty himself looked as though he had been gone over with a dry rag.

MAC CARTY was short, like Brown, but he had a leaner, harder face. He had woolly gray hair and a figure twenty years too young for it. His hands were stubby, full of vein and muscle. He smelled slightly of shaving lotion. His tie knot was perfection and a little gold pin held down the points of his collar. Neatly.

"I guess you're wondering why you're here," said MacCarty, with a rather overdone twinkle in his eye. The old man, thought Archie. Career fella. Command pilot's wings, and a war record and probably refueling stunts and good-will tours in the thirties. A hero, always, without hesitation. For eight thousand base pay and those bright stars, he could afford to be. Trouble was, these characters always expected the same thing of lieutenants. Corporals, even.

"Yes, sir," said Archie. He took a chair at the general's nod.

"First, Reynolds," MacCarty said, "I might as well inform you that you've been investigated as thoroughly as a man can be, and selected for a signal honor." These very professional fellas; they all talked like citations. "I would like to be able to say that this is a volunteer duty. It is not. Once you report here, Reynolds, you will remain for some time."

"Oh?" Archie lifted his chin slightly.

MacCarty chuckled. "But it's not as bad as it sounds. It's a great thing, Reynolds. I'm proud to be a part of it—and you will be, too."

"Oh," said Archie again.

"You are now a member," said the general, "of a group without a number, name or official designation of any kind. It's mainly heavy bombardment, but you'll be flying jet fighters in accordance with your special qualifications. Now, Reynolds, you'll hear plenty of rumors, but I advise you not to pay any attention to them. I'll tell you what's official, right now." He leaned back from the desk. "If there's a mission coming up—it's one we've got to be ready for day or night. It all depends on certain factors. But it'll be a shooting mission, Reynolds. And I can promise you this: If it comes, it'll be bigger than anything in history. Bigger and more terrible than anything you ever dreamed of."

Hush-hush, all right. And a little crazy after Archie had a chance to sit back and think about it.

If anything, it got more mysterious; thicker and thicker with rumor in the days that followed.

COLLIER'S "I have an unusual problem—I gained one" KATE OSANN

ARCHIE started out by being routinely attentive, keeping his gripes to himself. He listened just enough to learn the minimum at the lectures on the new F102D—the type he was to fly—a stubby thing with huge triple tail fins and folding wings. It was powered with a jet rated at 3,000 pounds thrust: In performance it wouldn't quite bust Mach 1 (the speed of sound) but it was fast enough. It had no landing gear. That was because it took off from the bomb bay of a B-36 in flight and returned there after its own flight. Archie could only stare at it and think of Buck Rogers.

He met group and squadron mates, and discovered that they had all come here much as he had, none with any idea why he had been picked. What kept most of them going was wondering what in blazes would happen next . . .

They were kept busy. There were lectures on equipment, upper-air navigation in high winds, and on geography, with many briefings on foreign cities and terrain. In late afternoons they donned grease suits and worked on engines with the enlisted AM's. They stripped and reassembled high-speed guns, they studied high-velocity bail-out procedure. Archie's widest yawns came in the refresher course on sound-wave propagation—but even at that it sort of pleased him to know that the big New and Improved Air Force could still throw in a little boondoggle here and there. Gave him a sense of security.

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The restriction to the base was hardest to take. Their mail was censored, and they received through a New York A.P.O. They couldn't mention jets, New Mexico, sagebrush, jack rabbits or any of the cities whose geography they studied. They spent their evenings watching movies, playing cards, reading, batting Ping-pong balls, and sometimes drinking. Sometimes drinking pretty hard.

Well, it can't last forever, Archie kept thinking. When they run out of things for me to do they've got to send me back to Bay E.

BEFORE long Archie checked out in this F102D, this hitchhike fighter. He was assigned as parasite to Brown's bomber and it took him a week to make his first decent hook-on in mid-air. That was a little above par. After that accomplishment he climbed through the catwalk and went up forward to see Brown. The stocky lieutenant colonel wiggled around in the seat, grinned through his mustaches, and circled his thumb and forefinger. "Nice going, Archie. You've finally got the knack."

Archie nodded slowly and said, "Thanks."

Brown's dark eyes moved just slightly back and forth, scanning Archie's face. He wanted to say something, obviously, and was trying to decide how. Funny guy, Brown. He never said much and always seemed to be looking and listening—waiting for something. A fast Armageddon, maybe. He leaned back now and said, "Finding it rough, Archie?"

"Oh, I don't know, Colonel." Archie tried a small grin. "I'd rather be back at Bolling, if that's what you mean."

"That's sort of what I mean." Brown kept searching Archie's face. "I've had a feeling you could put more into this. This isn't official, Archie. Just thought I'd mention it."

"Colonel, I haven't been sleeping late or skipping off A.W.O.L. exactly—"

"Sure, sure, I know that. But all of us ought to be really ready for this thing. I mean really on the ball. Be a rugged deal this time. Rugged."

Archie said, "Very interesting," laughed nervously, waved his hand, and went back for a cup of coffee.

In the days that followed he was sorry Brown had brought the issue up. It created a tension between them; it stopped cold that fluent camaraderie commanders and subordinates ought to have in the air. Not that it was tragic or fatal or anything like that because at the first opportunity Archie would see that he was no longer supercargo on Brown's or anybody else's bomber.

Still, it made it all a little uneasier than it should have been. . . .

The thing happened one day. The thing few of them really and truly believed ever would happen—and when it came, it came casually and matter-of-factly and with an altogether unreal calm. Perhaps that was because they had already been drilled in the motions so often.

It happened like this:

Archie was sitting and playing pinochle with a few others, and the horn sounded, and Archie grimaced and looked up and said, "That's us again." And then they all ran for the briefing room.

Through the cigarette smoke General MacCarty's face looked pale and not so antiseptic this time, and Archie was surprised to see that his gold collar pin had slipped open. The big map was down. A Plexiglas overlay covered it and there were red grease-pencil lines going north along the meridians.

MacCarty said, "This is it, gentlemen," and Archie winced at the triteness of the phrase before its meaning really struck him. Then MacCarty was suddenly all business. A business he knew from Airframe to Zeuss fastener. For the moment, anyway, Archie had to sit back and admire the man's quiet competence.

"The general course," said MacCarty, pointer in hand, "is marked here on the overlay. Your flimsies will give you individual courses and get you to the Interception Point, where we all meet for the run in on the target. Each airplane commander will have sealed orders designating that target. Navigation will be done by squadrons, or individually to the I.P. if you become separated. . . ."

MacCarty droned on and Archie, for the first time, didn't fidget in his seat. This was it, the general had said. Really here. A strike—a big strike. A shooting mission.

For the rest of the briefing he turned that thought over and over on the prayer wheel of his mind. . . .

And now they were airborne and the night was all around them, and Archie was looking over Lieutenant Colonel Brown's shoulder at the blackness of the earth below and ahead. There was a greenish glow in the cockpit. Forty-eight six-engined bombers with clean, pencil-like bodies and swept-back wings spanning two hundred and thirty feet. Two hundred and eighty-eight power plants shaking the earth, shaking the earth ten thousand feet below, as they continued to climb. The farmers would be running from their frame houses and turning white faces upward. They would turn slowly, tracking the sound as it passed. Course, north. First leg—to the top of the world.

In each bomber there was a jet fighter. In the other bomb bays, The Bombs. Not just bombs, but The Bombs.

They flew on, invincible.

Over Canada the word came to open the sealed orders. They were at thirty thousand now, the pressure was on, and the inside of the B-36 was a warm little world of itself.

The moon was southeast, the terrain, blue monochrome. Occasionally a lake would glitter.

Brown opened the orders and read them very slowly and carefully. His expression didn't change. Archie watched until he was sure that the man had read them at least four times, and with difficulty he kept from stepping forward and snatching them from Brown. He glanced at the pilot, and at the flight engineer behind him, and he knew from their faces that they felt the same way.

Brown finally said to the copilot, "Keep her on auto and get the whole crew in here."

They came, summoned by interphone. Archie looked at all their faces, all their good G.I. faces, and saw nothing momentous or dramatic. They looked almost surly. They were all very quiet.

"All right," said Brown, "these are the orders." He read them plainly, without eloquence, without comment. Everybody knew the city that was their target. It was one of those in the geography lectures. It was a large industrial center. But no one so much as murmured when he heard its name. Brown paused when he had finished. Still, nobody said anything. He swept his dark eyes over them and showed his usual quizzical expression. He moistened his lower lip. "This," he said finally, "is not an initial strike. It's a counterblow."

Nobody really got it right away. Then the crew chief, a boy sergeant with middle-aged eyes, said, "Sir, does that mean—"

"It means that the enemy has already attacked our territory somewhere. I don't know any more, fellas, and I don't know whether ours is supposed to be a knockout blow, or whether we're just supporting another strike. I don't know what we'll run into when we get there. I wish I did." One side of his mustache twitched. "I wish we'd had time to find out—"

Snow cover began to show downstairs and presently it had thickened until it was over everything. The world below them was white.

Some of the crew napped.

Brown rose, stretched his bulldog frame, and stood at the navigator's table for sandwiches and coffee. That brought him nearer to Archie. He turned to Archie and said, "Well—what do you think of it?"

ARCHIE was still trying to beat his way out of the unreal daze; he was still trying to figure out how it could have happened. *Really happened.* He said to Brown, "Hard to believe, isn't it?"

Brown nodded. He sipped his coffee. He waited for a few moments and then said abruptly, "Sometimes a man just has to talk."

Archie didn't say anything.

"You know"—Brown was staring into his coffee—"it's going to be big. Very big. More stuff to think of than a man can keep in his head. How're we going to do at the showdown? It doesn't take much for an edge—and I keep wondering if we've got ourselves that edge. I keep wondering." Then Brown laughed sheepishly and said, "Forget it, Archie. The altitude's got me." . . .

The city came into their television screens the next day. Somewhere, far ahead, a high and almost invisible snooper plane had its infra-red orths turned upon the cloud cover, and the

CHARLES E. MARTIN

Take Me Out To The Ball Game

(But not on Ladies' Day)

Despite the fact she doesn't pay,
A girl must have on Ladies' Day:
Ice cream, popcorn, score cards, Cokes,
Hot dogs, cushions, peanuts, smokes.

Oh, baseball magnates, heed my plea,
This free admission's breaking me,
Please set a limit within reason—
Have just one Ladies' Day a season!

—LOYD ROSENFIELD

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image was what they saw on the green, glowing disk. While they watched, radar called the pilot and reported jam. They were spotted.

Brown murmured, "It's about time for our own V-6s. Unless they never launched them—"

Minutes later sudden glowing spots appeared on the screen. There was a snowy effect and the tube turned white. It flickered, came into focus again. Archie saw a black patch upon the city that covered a whole section on the southeast bank of the river. A doughnut cloud rose above it.

There was another glow, another moment of blank screen. Now a gaping hole—twenty square miles, perhaps—appeared in the north area, where the park had been.

Nobody said anything now. Everybody just gaped at the screen.

THEY might have been proud. They might have been pretty proud of long-range rockets with atomic war heads launched across one quarter of the globe and timed to pave the way for them. They might have been proud of weapons for which there was no defense, absolutely none.

It was a mighty achievement. But maybe the curve of pride dropped off somewhere—

Archie swore at himself. He was starting to think in crazy circles.

Brown said, "Time to hop to it, Archie."

"Roger," Archie said. He pushed his way back to the parasite bay and donned his pressure suit. His man-from-Mars suit. It was rubbery except for the plastic globe that fitted over the head. The arms and legs were ringed, like an earthworm's body.

Then he was snug in the plane and a crewman had swung the canopy down over his head. Now it was part of him. Archie Reynolds, jet creature. Creature with a terrible sting in his nose.

He was still plugged into the interphone. "Radar to pilot," it crackled. "Blips ahead. Bandits. About twenty I think—"

"Roger, radar," came Brown's voice. "Set, Archie?"

"Yeah," said Archie.

"Go to it."

Master battery on. Advance throttle. Ignition on. Punch it. A whir, then turbo speed. Archie gulped breath in the first sickening moment of drop, then WHOOM! Light off. The stubby wings bit air, and he was wild and free.

He looked back and saw the massed bombers behind. They droned on, sure of themselves, old and very wise things. Seven or eight years from the drawing board already.

They would be obsolete before the month was out.

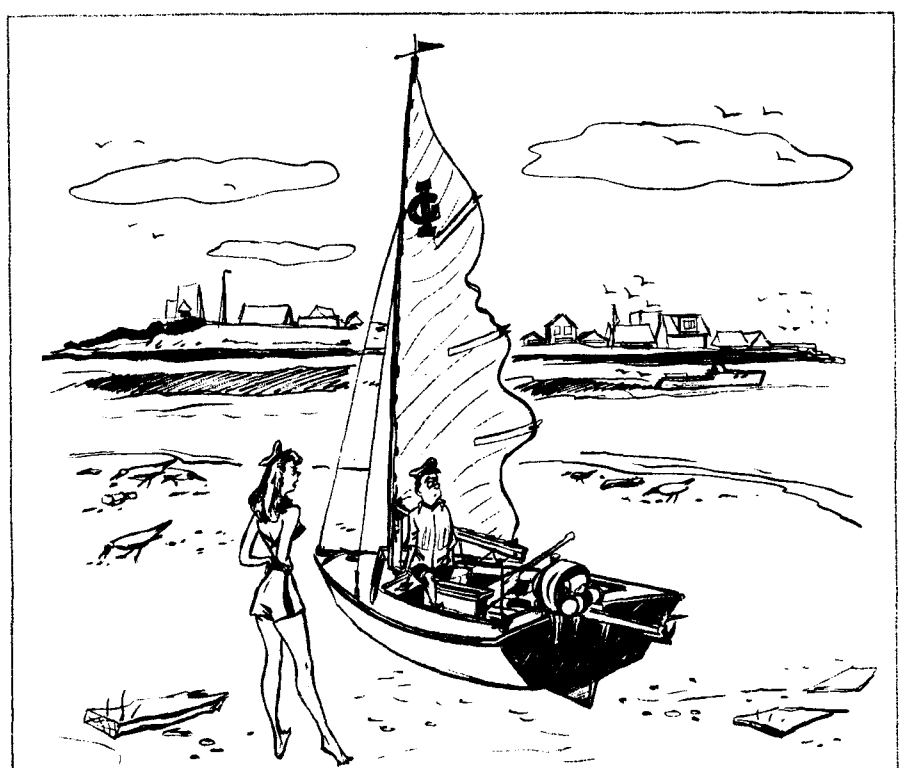
His signal panel glowed and his mind went blank, and then he swore viciously and dragged back the memory he needed to read the combination. He glared at the code figures that were pale green on the frosted glass. Their meaning finally tripped his imperfectly conditioned response; he acknowledged and banked to the left.

He was sucked into the seat while automatic pressure in the suit drove blood back into his head, stopping a blackout. There was a blur in the sight reticle, and for a bare instant he was panicky; then he remembered that he didn't have to worry about whose blur it was. Ours or theirs. I.F.F.—Identification Friend or Foe—took care of that. The microwave set sent out a signal and if it didn't come back just right, it fired the guns.

It fired them now.

A line of glowing worms shot from the plane's nose. There was a harsh basking, like a resined string pulled in spurts through the bottom of a tin can. The blur disappeared. He banked and saw it clearly, then, just long enough to catch the enemy insigne on its fuselage. He remembered that they'd flashed silhouettes of the type—a jet fighter—during the identification sessions back at Tesqua. He couldn't remember exactly which one this was. He wasn't sure just how to set the wing-span pointer on his sights; he couldn't recall the speed, climb and maneuverability of the thing. His intestines began to tie themselves into cold knots—

His bank brought him about, one hundred eighty degrees. In earlier planes he would have pulled up, stalled, and sideslipped around. Not in a jet. It was all bank and dive, now; bank and dive and climb and hope you'd get on his tail. You'd never win otherwise. At this speed you couldn't even keep him in sight. VROOOM! He'd flash by you, disappear, then you'd wait a while, and—VROOOM!—he'd flash by again.

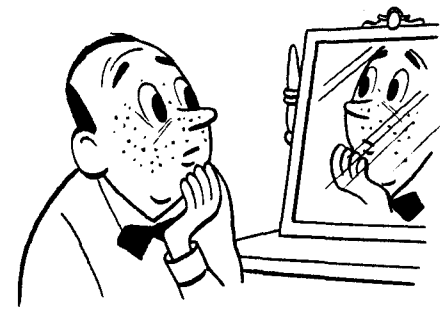


"First we run out of air, then out of gas, then out of water. Do you have anything else up your sleeve?"

COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON

Last time he'd known his job. Last time the airplane had been part of him, and his own confidence and the powerful snarl of its engine went together. He felt out of place this time. He still couldn't believe he was here.

The blur again. Or was it a different blur? He hadn't kept track; he'd been too bewildered—scared, frankly. Well, no difference—there it was. It tried to squirm out of the little rectangle of his sight, but he held to it. It sharpened into a rear silhouette. It was dark except for the glow streaming from its tail pipe.



HENRY BOLTINOFF

On the Spot

I think, in the bright summer weather,
As I freckle as only I can,
That if freckles were closer together
I'd have quite a beautiful tan.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

Archie let the deadly worms sink and sink and sink into the shape ahead. It wobbled off to one side. He tossed his right wing high, fell over and away into a dive. He still didn't know whether he'd shot the first blur he'd seen, or whether he'd come upon another one. Maybe that first blur was stalking him now. He wanted to scream and thrash and claw his way out of the cockpit. But he didn't; he held it down—at least he had *that* ability left from the last time.

He looked around him and saw that the battle was thick. There were black streaks dropping through the sky and they were like blobs of ink falling to the bottom of a glass of water. Far above the bombers plowed through them, over them, between them. Jets hurled on crazy courses—ours and theirs—cat's-cradling all of it. One bomber turned magically into a gob of yellow flame with smoke peeling from the edges and little black specks turning lazily in the middle.

It was different this time. What in the devil was different? It was too big, Brown had said. Archie felt a surge of resentment. This was supposed to be a politician's war. He wished that all the striped-pants diplomats and the hot-rock politicking generals on both sides of the Curtain could be sitting up there with him, sweating off their fat, having it soak into their stuffed shirts.

A HUNDRED steel tack hammers began to hit Archie's airplane. It lasted for less than a second, but he was ready to scream again before it stopped. Metal skin, in the force of the terrible slipstream, peeled away in long triangles from the bullet holes. The shadow of the thing that had stung him flashed overhead and away.

Archie found the distinctive shape of the bail-out knob and worked it. He heard the loud report of the cartridge. Archie and his seat arced from the wounded airplane and tumbled into space.

He pulled the rip cord when it seemed about time. They'd gone all through this in bail-out class, but he couldn't remember the details, now. The opening jolt was terrific; he cried aloud with the pain in his groin, and couldn't stop the tears from welling up in his eyes. He couldn't wipe them, either, through the transparent globe.

He fell into the cloud layer and looked in wonder at the illuminated milk all about him. Through the plastic he could hear the faint grumble of the bombing and the battle, and he twisted his head this way and that, trying to grasp the pattern of combat. He felt suddenly terribly alone. His knees trembled.

He came through the clouds and the city was below him. What was left of the city—its site, its bare site. Smoky mushrooms, live, evil things hung over it in places and there was nothing but circles of charred earth beneath them. At the rims of the circles were rings of rubble and twisted metal, some of it smoking, some still white-hot.

I'm going to die, thought Archie, and he was surprised at how calmly he could think that. I can't possibly miss the area of radiation. I'm going to die.

He couldn't take his eyes from the shattered city. As it came nearer, details—like body blows—hit him one by one. Several black tree trunks, no limbs, stood in an empty brown plain. A lone building was erect among the rubble; its windows were gaping, it had no insides. A locomotive had been bent into a U by the heat. Much of this—miles of it—he couldn't see where the city hadn't been touched.

What was it they had said at the lectures? Oh, yes. This city was about the size of San Francisco or Philadelphia. But the mission had been a *counterblow*. What did San Francisco or Philadelphia look like now? Or Wichita, Albuquerque, Paris, Manila?

Archie shuddered. The ground rushed toward him, and, just before it struck, the entire scene disappeared from in front of his eyes.

SITTING upright in bed, Lieutenant Archie Reynolds stared at the plain walls of his room in the Bachelor Officers' Quarters. The desk lamp was on. There was a loud knocking at the door.

Archie was cold with sweat. He looked at the clock. Four. Outside he heard engines and the honk of the Pentagon boat. Relief came over him like a tubful of ice water. A dream. It had been a dream. A nightmare . . .

Now he recognized the absurdities. The F102 was still in the experimental stage; it had no "D" series yet. Aerial television was still being studied. There was no missile designated V-6. Yet some of it had seemed real; terribly real. The way he'd been shoved into it. The casual suddenness with which war had come. The bigness, the horror, the nearly total destruction. These were ghost images, burnt in—

The knocking was insistent. In robe and slippers Archie opened the door and saw Captain Tesqua, with an officer of the day brassard around his arm. Tesqua was thin, olive-skinned and had a graceful stance. "Hello, Archie," he said, "you're hard to wake."

"Hello, Tesqua. Heard you'd pulled O.D. tonight. What's up?"

"Mystery stuff." Tesqua blinked his eyes rapidly and shoved an envelope at Archie. "From the message center. Urgent and classified. I'll take a drink for a tip—"

Archie scarcely heard. His fingers trembled as he opened the outer envelope. He saw TOP SECRET stamped on the inner. He could barely focus his eyes on the letter's heading:

SUBJECT: Special Project . . .

Tesqua yawned and said, "What time is it, anyway?"

It was warm in the room but Archie shivered. When he spoke, his own voice sounded very far away. "It's late. Awfully late," said Archie. THE END

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TALES OF HOFFMAN

Continued from page 27

Morley's observation: "If one were suddenly given five minutes' warning before sudden death, five minutes to say what it has all meant to us, every telephone booth would be occupied by people trying to call up other people to stammer that they loved them."

"I don't want to wait until the last five minutes," Hoffman says.

As a play reviewer, however, Irving draws a sharp line of demarcation between friendship and criticism. In his chaste conception of the critic's credo, he is capable of being as acrimonious toward friends as their bitterest foe. After he panned her last show, Tallulah Bankhead said, "He has too much integrity!"

Caustic But Reliable

Rouben Mamoulian, a close friend for 17 years, didn't speak to Hoffman for 18 months after he rapped Sadie Thompson, which Mamoulian had directed. Hoffman's caustic wit keeps the theatrical world in a perpetual stew. But, caustic or not, if he were rated in Variety's Box Score, he would very likely be found to be among the most reliable of the critics.

The columnists frequently quote criticisms from his notices, for he has developed a lively, unorthodox style of play reviewing that expresses his views in a sententious line or two of barbed wit. He wrote about one play: "I saw nothing wrong with the third act. Possibly that's because I left in the middle of the second." Of another: "The author kept the conversation ho-humming." Sleep My Pretty One was dismissed with: "The best we can say for Pauline Lord is that she forgot some of her lines—which seemed to us like a good idea."

The terse headings which he imposes over his notices are another remarkable innovation of his reviewing technique. These disclose his verdict succinctly. The heading over his review of Strange Fruit was "A Lemon." Similarly, a musical, Billion Dollar Baby, was tersely captioned "Inflation."

The emphasis placed on the "wisecrack" in his reviews has been widely criticized by boosters as well as by detractors. To all of them Irving has a succinct answer: "There's no reason why I should be as dull as the play."

But Hoffman's acerbity is much overrated. It is directed only at mediocrity, and there is a coast-to-coast Hoffman cult consisting of people who respect him for his relentless honesty. Darryl Zanuck's response to a gripe about Hoffman's comments on a 20th Century-Fox picture was, "Irving is a good friend of mine, but he doesn't carry his friendship to the point of yessing me. That's why I always respect his judgment."

Zanuck is not the only luminary who looks to Hoffman for an honest opinion. Irving Berlin sang God Bless America to him before it was published and tries out most of his new songs on him. Pulitzer prize playwright Sidney Kingsley insists on discussing his plays with him before they are staged, and dramatist Norman Krasna refers to him as "my best friend and severest critic."

The tendency to give forthright, constructive criticism is a characteristic of his Tales of Hoffman column. His attitude toward the Reporter is that a trade paper is not necessarily a puff sheet, and whenever the industry merits a lashing, he administers the cat-o'-nine-tails.

On the other hand, innumerable recommendations which have profited the motion-picture industry have appeared in his columns. A few years ago, J. Edgar Hoover advised him that the F.B.I. would give its full co-operation to the first company that set out to make a factual film about the organization's activities instead of hokey gangster epics.

Irving relayed the news to Hollywood, thereby instigating the filming of "documentaries" such as The House on 92nd Street and The Street with No Name. Similarly, his column recommended two books, How Green Was My Valley and Gentleman's Agreement, to the industry, which soon afterward were purchased by Darryl Zanuck and won the producer a pair of Academy Awards.

Much of the razzmatazz that dazzles others is just a lot of poppycock to Hoffman. He learned the facts of life on Broadway at an early age when most youths are engaged in less complex studies. The son of a schoolteacher who taught him to read and write before he went to kindergarten, Irving left De Witt Clinton High School at the end of his third year there. At fourteen, he attended the Democratic National Convention and made caricatures of William Jennings Bryan, John W. Davis, Al Smith and Franklin D. Roosevelt, which he sold to the New York Evening World.

Not long afterward, he was doing a thriving business selling his caricatures of theatrical personalities to the dramatic editors of the New York papers. Through this, he met Walter Winchell and began to contribute quips to his and other columns. They were printed with such regularity that before long the Morning Telegraph engaged him to write the paper's Beau Broadway column.

Hoffman wears his success well, but that is all that he wears with any semblance of style. Ordinarily, his hat is distorted beyond recognition, his suit rumpled, his tie awry, and his shoes are unshined. After he leaves home in the morning, his mother often has to phone him to point out that he has put on one black and one brown shoe.

Where Prominent Men Confer

Irving lives with his parents in an apartment on Riverside Drive overlooking the Hudson. For his public relations practice, he has a Park Avenue office, but most of his business is conducted in the seedy apartment he maintains on West Forty-eighth Street. Meetings of national import have been held here. Those who've crossed its threshold to attend these sessions have been men like Wendell Willkie, Fiorello H. La Guardia, Joe Curran (head of the Maritime Union), Irving Berlin and Zanuck.

Hoffman differs from the average Broadway habitué in that his world is not bounded by the gold chain across the entrance of the Stork Club. He has a profound political consciousness.

Several months before Pearl Harbor, the Wheeler-Nye-Clark assault on anti-Fascist elements in the motion-picture industry so disturbed him that he took a train to Washington, where he discussed the investigation with President Roosevelt and urged him to denounce it at his next press conference. The President pointedly explained that the only comments he could make at a press conference were direct answers to questions put to him by newspapermen.

Irving hustled over to the Press Club, looked up a reporter friend and planned his campaign. This included a suggestion that a Washington newspaper publish a cartoon showing several popular comedians complaining, "How can we get laughs with competition like that offered by the Wheeler-Nye-Clark Committee?"

At his next press conference, the President was asked by Hoffman's newspaper friend, "What do you think of the Wheeler-Nye-Clark investigation of the motion-picture industry?" Mr. Roosevelt displayed a copy of the paper containing the cartoon Hoffman had suggested, and chuckled, "I think this cartoon best expresses my attitude." That brief exorcism, spotlighting the incongruity of the proceedings, hastened their end.

THE END

BUTCH

COLLIER'S "Aw, shucks! Now I forgot her finger size" LARRY REYNOLDS

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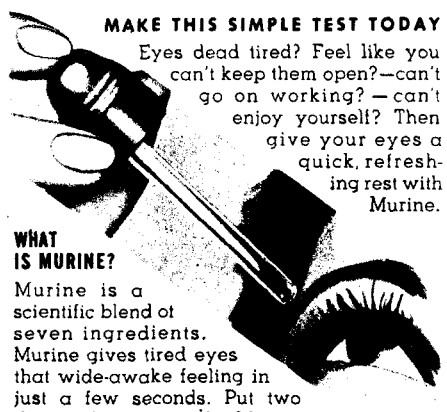

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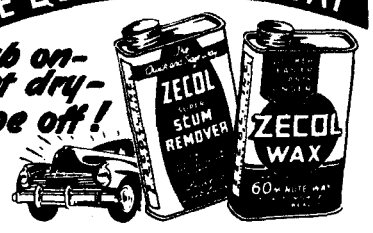

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MAC SHEPARD

The OLD FOLKS take it harder than JUNIOR

SOMETIMES IT SEEMS as if comic books are exciting parents more than they are supposed to excite youthful readers. At least there have been quite a number of irate elders and a few psychiatrists breaking into print lately with charges that the comics are totally bad, and that they are corrupting children's taste, degrading their morals and encouraging crime.

Excitable people frequently accuse certain books, magazines, movies and plays of doing the same thing to adults. The difference is that parents are inclined to fire a broadside of condemnation at the whole field of comic books rather than concentrate on individual offenders. This approach, we believe, is wrong on three counts.

It implies the need of censorship—a malignancy that can spread rapidly once it gets a start.

It complicates the job of coolheaded civic and parent groups and responsible publishers who are trying to promote the better comic books and discourage the reading of trashy ones.

It exaggerates the importance of comics as an evil force in the lives of American children.

Any kid needs some vicarious adventure in his life. The comics help fill that need, as the dime novels did before them. A youngster's taste in adventure stories runs to simple problems solved by simple means. Parents are often shocked when these solutions are achieved with the help of fists, knives and guns. But if a child is healthy and happy it isn't likely that he is going to absorb enough poison from blood-and-thunder cartoon books to steer him toward a career of crime.

The comics have been held responsible for juvenile murders. Perhaps the children involved thought that they got the inspiration to kill from a comic book. Maybe their parents and the authorities thought so, too. We don't.

A comic book might provide a suggestion, but not a motive. If a youngster shuts himself up in the unreal world of lurid comics to the point where they seem to dictate his actions, there must be something pretty bad in his real world that he is trying to run away from.

Juvenile delinquency is the product of pent-up frustrations, stored-up resentments and bottled-up fears. It is not the product of cartoons and captions. But the comics are a handy, obvious, uncomplicated scapegoat. If the adults who crusade against them would only get as steamed up over such basic causes of delinquency as parental ignorance, indifference and cruelty, they might discover that comic books are no more of a menace than Treasure Island or Jack the Giant Killer.

Want to Join Us?

LIFE SEEMS TO BE GROWING more abbreviated as well as more complex. It has been getting that way ever since the early New Deal days when N.R.A. ushered in the parade of alphabetical agencies. In the years that separated WPA from WPB, countless clusters of initials kept popping up in the headlines, leaving the hasty reader to guess as best he could just who was doing what to him now.

The end of the war killed off a lot of these combinations. But the United Nations came along and more than made up for their absence with such things as UNRRA, UNESCO and now UNSCCUR, which is the United Nations Scientific Conference on the Conservation and Utilization of Resources.

There's probably nothing for the conscientious citizen to do except go on memorizing new abbreviations as if they were so many chemical formulas. But that can't keep some of us oldsters from yearning vainly for that simple, far-off time when alphabetical symbols were pretty well confined to the G.A.R. and the W.C.T.U.

Maybe we ought to form an association of our own, the UAOPLAAA (the United Association of Oldsters Protective League for the Abolition of Alphabetical Agencies).

Rise and Shine, but Slowly

AN EMINENT BRITISH DIETITIAN has declared that people who grumble and groan upon arising are people who are not eating what is best for their health. "They do not jump out of bed," he says, as a sort of clincher to his argument. And we can fancy that he says it in a tone of disapproval, tinged with pity.

All of which leaves this department unmoved and unashamed. We are one with those of our fellow men who would as soon jump out the bedroom window as jump out of bed. We would consider such an act eccentric, foolhardy and dangerous, forgivable only in a commuter who has overslept. We subscribe to the belief that morning song should be reserved for the birds, and that prebreakfast joviality is a heartless affront to the rest of the household.

It may be, of course, that the doctor's statement is really a subtle bit of government-inspired propaganda intended to popularize the austerity diet. If that is the case it ought to reconcile many Britons to high starch and low calories.

Sorry, the Booth Is Busy, Sir

THE TELEPHONE PEOPLE have built a new, improved booth that may turn out to be a mixed blessing. Concentrated light on phone and writing shelf, that's fine; tougher rubber floor, okay. But ceiling ventilator—we aren't so sure.

Everybody knows the marathon phone-booth sitter, a hardy character who seals himself in the airless cubicle and conducts interminable love or business affairs. Though the booth is stifling, he can hold out almost indefinitely with no more elaborate equipment than a handful of coins.

With ventilation there's no telling what will happen. But there is a good chance that builders of a better phone booth will find that the world not only beats a path to its door, but comes with lunch, prepared to stay all day.

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